June 17, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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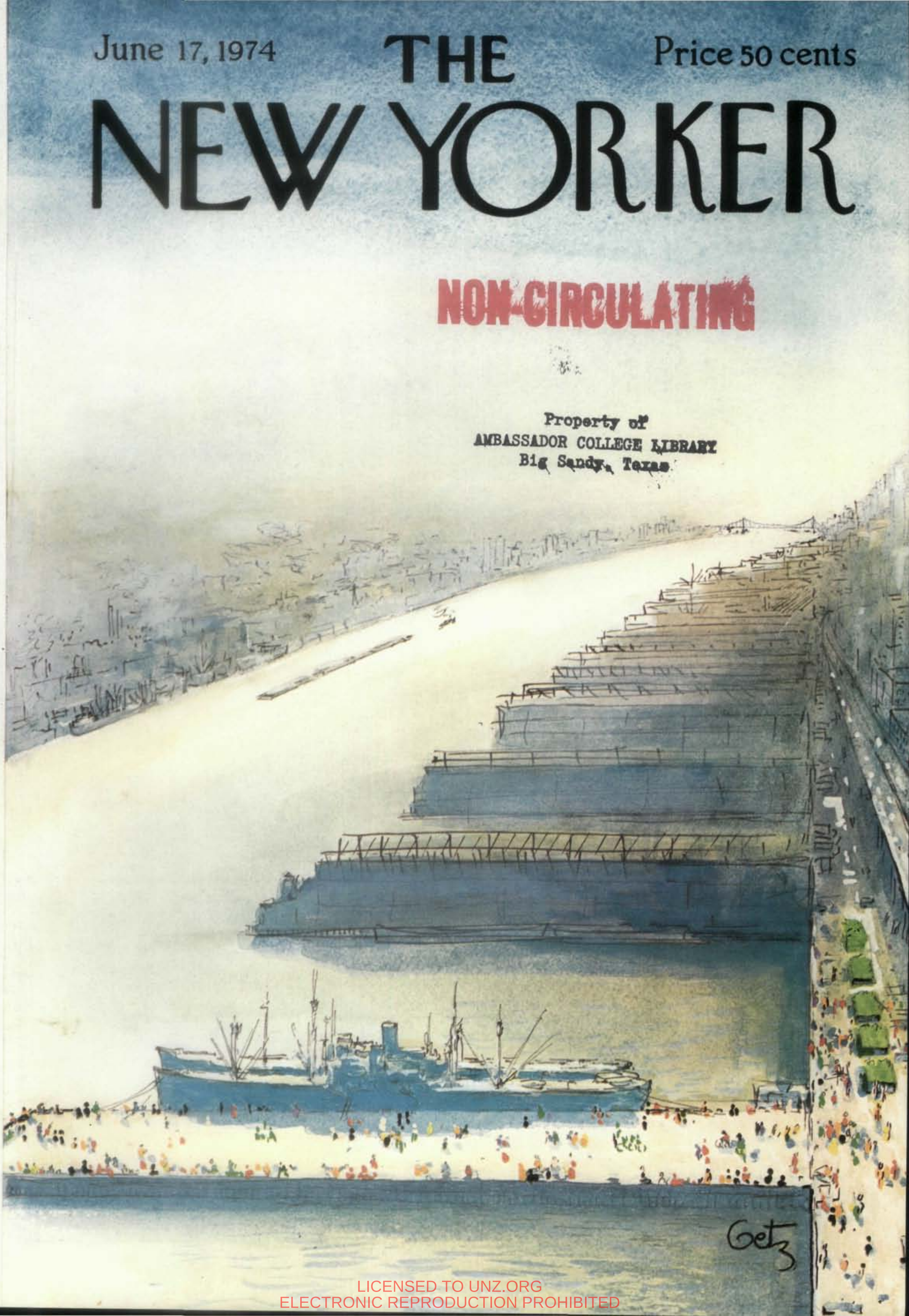

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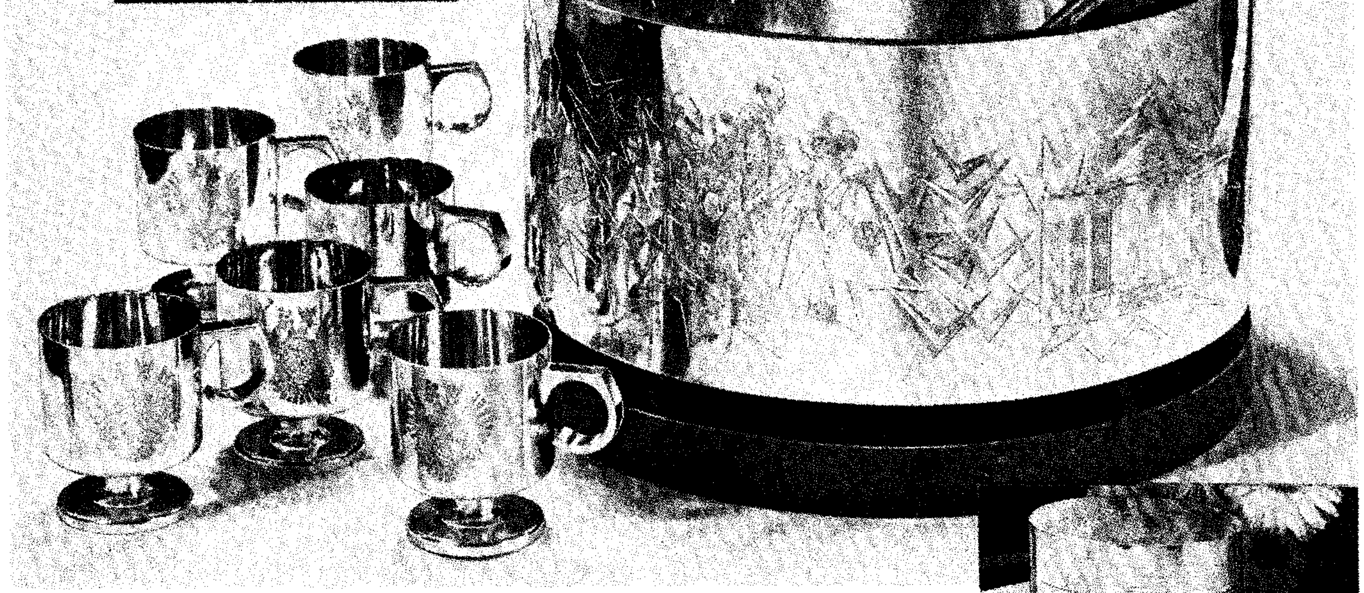

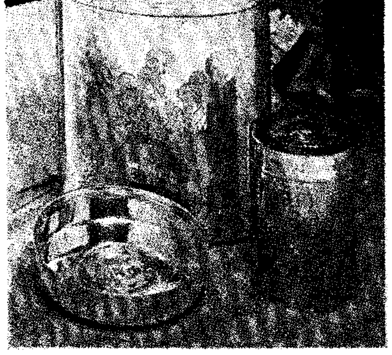

Above, the Punch Bowl set.
Right, the Bon Bon Dish,
Humidor and Cigarette Box.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack, Cynthia Harris, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Circle—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

In the Deepest Part of Sleep—As its final production this season, the Negro Ensemble Company is presenting Charles Fuller's play about one crucial day in a household under great emotional strain. The script has its weaknesses, but the performance, under Israel Hicks's direction, is very strong. The extraordinary Mary Alice appears as a middle-aged woman on the verge of a second mental breakdown, and she is ably supported by Charles Weldon, Todd Davis, and Michele Shay, as husband, son, and trained nurse, respectively. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of one-act comedies that are brought to vigorous life by Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able English actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the drama-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. L, No. 17, June 17, 1974. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1974 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.

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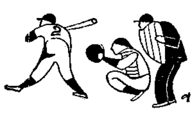
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



tist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SHORT EYES—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE SIRENS—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

SOME PEOPLE, SOME OTHER PEOPLE, AND WHAT THEY FINALLY DO—A comedy by Jordan Crittenden, directed by Charles Aidman. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 879-2600. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THIEVES—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE TOOTH OF CRIME—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays and Saturdays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WORDS AND MUSIC—Sammy Cahn singing a couple of dozen of his own celebrated songs, with some pleasing young folk assisting him. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE YEAR OF THE DRAGON—A play by Frank Chin. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 15.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,881 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** Jane Powell, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 12, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Four Bagatelles," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, June 13, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, June 14, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Illuminations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 2: "Western Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Four Bagatelles," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, June 16, at 1: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Dybbuk," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, June 16, at 7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Bartók No. 3."... ¶ Tuesday, June 18, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Wednesday, June 19, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, June 20, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, June 21, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," and "Bartók No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, June 22, at 2: "Bartók No. 3," "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 22, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Illuminations," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A five-week engagement by a hundred and twenty dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. Opens Tuesday, June 18, and will run through Saturday, July 20. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

ARMENIAN STATE DANCE ENSEMBLE—A company of sixty, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday and Saturday, June 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, June 23, at 3.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—A five-week engagement—Wednesday evening, June 12: "Theatre," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 13: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Friday evening, June 14: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 15: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Sunday matinée, June 16: "Theatre," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Sunday evening, June 16: "Sephardic Song," "Intermezzo," "The Tzaddik," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Following a week's hiatus, programs will resume on Tuesday, June 25. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

DAVE BRUBECK—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with the Two Generations of Brubeck. At nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, through Saturday, June 15.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

BARBARA CARROLL—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, through Thursday, June 13.

RON CARTER—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Bass, with a guitarist, from nine to one, through Saturday, June 15.

BLOSSOM DEARIE—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

ART FARMER—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet and flugelhorn, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, beginning Monday, June 17.

ERROLL GARNER—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Piano, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, June 15.

SONNY GREER / RUSSELL PROCOPE / BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio. Thursdays and Fridays, from nine to one.

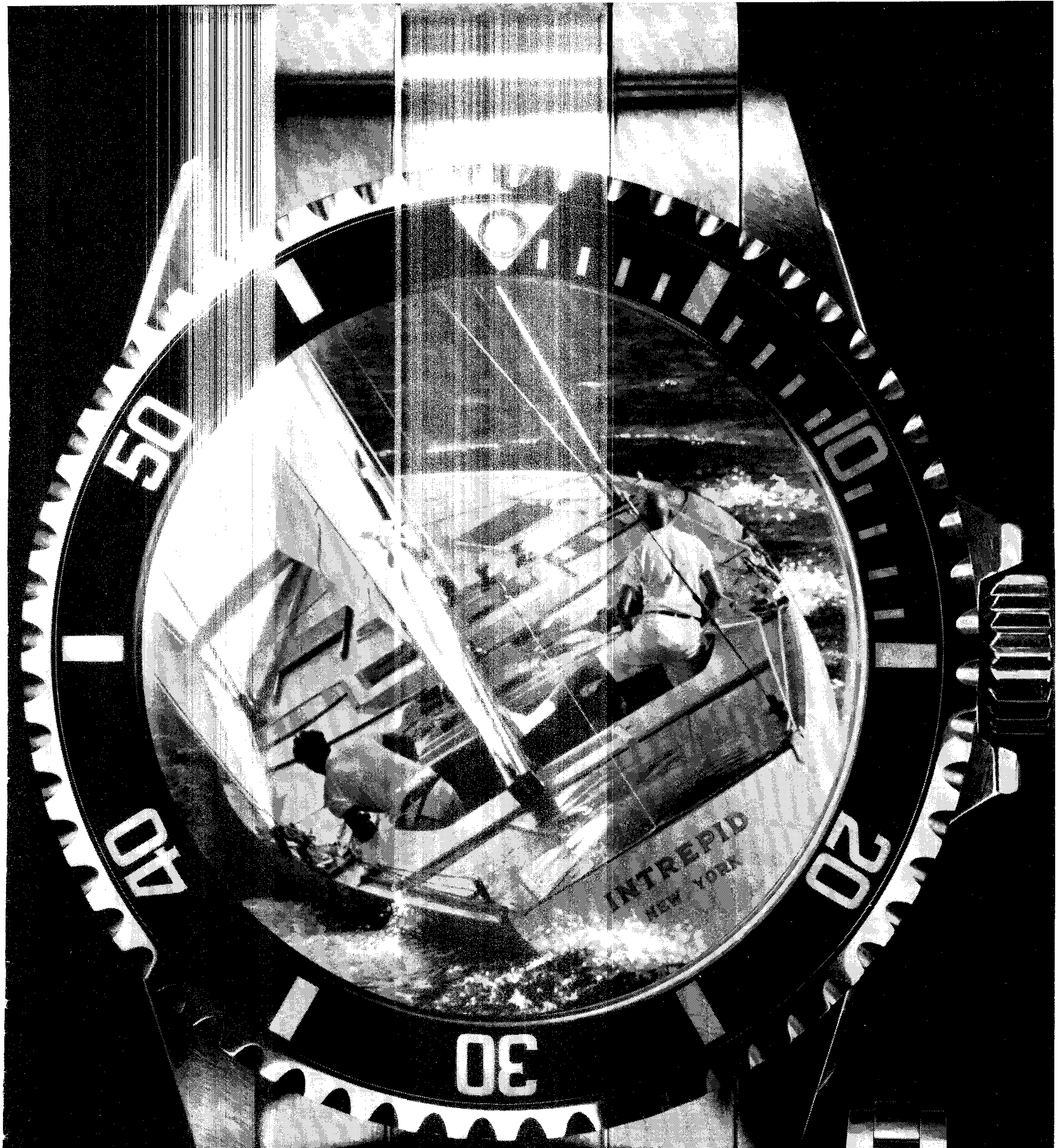
CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

LEE KONITZ—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, heading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

BUDDY RICH—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave.,



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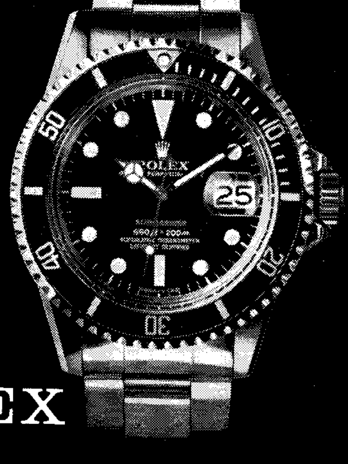

at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

Sonny Rollins—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from ten, beginning Tuesday, June 18.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

McCoy Tyner—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, starting Monday, June 17.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Guitar duo, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, beginning Monday, June 17.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Singer Maureen McGovern and comedian Guido Sarducci alternate through Monday, June 17. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. Reedman Robin Kenyatta, regarded only a few years ago as a daring avant-garde innovator, plays an accessible blend of pop, soul, and jazz with his quartet through Saturday, June 15. Pianist Cedar Walton and his quartet take over on Wednesday, June 19. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This new club seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in, and they are heavily trafficked. A goodly portion of the seating is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously enthusiastic audience. Isis, an exciting eight-woman swing-rock assemblage, rules the stage through Sunday, June 16. On Tuesday, June 18, Melvin Van Peebles, a raw-voiced singer and actor, starts "singing, rapping, and running it down," as he once aptly described his performances. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music by pianist Walter Norris and his bassist. Through Saturday, June 15. On Monday, June 17, guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma begin their friendly rallies of solos and runs. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two-hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself is on the bandstand, heading up an exceptionally capable and rousing septet, consisting of saxophonists Sal Nistico and Sonny Fortune, John Bunch on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Jimmy Maeulin on congas. Two shows Mondays through Fridays; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; the quality of a Cole Porter song, after all, can be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

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Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. Pianist Barbara Carroll, with an occasional look of wild delight on her face, plays full-bodied piano with the assistance of Jay Leonhart on bass. California-based pianist and composer Calvin Jackson starts working with bassist Rusty Gilder on Friday, June 14. From eight to one. Sundays, Dick Hyman presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Valentine, a singing rock quartet of fugitives from various "Hair" companies, performs with a backup band through Saturday, June 15. On Sunday, June 16, Marta Heflin sings some compositions by Peter Link (her husband). Singer Alaina Reed, who is capable of strong, sturdy rhythm-and-blues and soul, will begin a stint here on Tuesday, June 18. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who served the Ellington reed section well from 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd and bassist Johnny Williams play on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, spacious, and cheerless, the setting for this resettled club is quite a contrast to its former home, where musicians and listeners alike felt cramped. The usual business at hand—nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar—shifts emphasis a bit, through Saturday, June 15, to the four-stringed instrument of Ron Carter, the bassists' bassist, who will be accompanied by guitarist Gene Bertoncini. Starting on Sunday, June 16, Bertoncini will collaborate with bassist Mike Moore. The strings vibrate from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is presenting (through Saturday, June 15) the Latin-spiced jazz of Mongo Santamaria and his band. A positively top-notch double bill begins on Monday, June 17: the brilliant McCoy Tyner will guide his quartet through labyrinthine sets opposite a quartet directed by Art Farmer, whose flugelhorn work has recently been bright, strong, and at its innovative peak. On Sundays, clarinettist Art Miller's No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing ensemble, holds forth. Mondays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty; on Sundays from nine until three.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds from nine-thirty to three every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist David Steinberg participates Fridays and Saturdays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band from nine. Various other musicians turn up on Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Quacky Duck is a lively, young rock sextet from New Jersey, whose members include two teen-age sons of Tony Bennett, and whose new album has been straightforwardly entitled "Media Push." The group alternates with another rock band, Heartsfield, through Monday, June 17. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—The renascence of standup comedy has attracted some bright, witty, inventive performers over the past few years—George Carlin, Richard Pryor, and Robert Klein are three of the best known (although none of them have appeared here). These intelligent young comedians share a lively gift for drama; the one-liner has become, for the most part, a thing of the past. They create compressed sketches and vignettes, which, with the aid of skillful voice characterizations and gestures, cover a wide range of subject matter—from politics to street life to the meaning of words to commercials—and their audiences (substantially college students) are youthful, hip, and astute. So far, so good. But Gabriel Kaplan, the young comedian who has lately been getting the prime-time and late-night television exposure—and who *is* appearing here (through Monday, June 17)—is of another cut. For one thing, he lacks the talent for dramatization that the others so conspicuously have. He is an entirely, unenergetic performer, slow and lethargic, and with a delivery as vibrant as a subway conductor announcing stops. Much of his act revolves around "doing the dozens," a childhood street game in which the participants exchange insults, largely ancestral. In skillful hands—both on the street and in a night club—the game combines the disparate qualities of obscenity, wit, and subtlety. In Kaplan's hands, there is no subtlety or wit, and the obscenity slips into merely the risqué, and finally into boredom. On Wednesday, June 19, another comic, Chris Rush, returns to the stand. Although Rush could not at present be considered in the front rank of the new standup comedians, his routines are well timed and effectively enacted. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Pianist Johnny Guarnieri, a distinguished sideman and soloist for over thirty years, heads up a new version of the Gramercy Five, a band that first emerged in 1940 under the leadership of Artie Shaw. The other members are trumpeter Billy Butterfield, drummer Cliff Leeman, guitarist Wayne Wright, and Artie Baker on clarinet. Deadpan clarinettist Woody Allen usually participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. When he's not soloing in his low-keyed, engaging manner, drummer Chico Hamilton seems pleased as punch (as do the customers here) over the inventiveness of the young musical artisans in his quintet. Thurs-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

days through Saturdays from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer Nell Carter trades sets with singer, comedian, and composer Bruce Vilanch through Saturday, June 15. On Tuesday, June 18, Daphne Davis, an impressionist, will begin alternating with singer Janie Olivor. Shows at nine and midnight. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. In her clear, small, unembellished voice, Blossom Dearie sings here Tuesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, whose ways with popular song have been admired and studied by practically every important singer from Frank Sinatra to Roberta Flack, delivers her recitatives from an armchair. Jimmy Lyon, on piano, accompanies her, at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Lee Konitz, still one of the more enjoyable alto saxophonists, heads up a trio on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Vibraharpist Vera Auer and a trio work Fridays and Saturdays. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. The Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet, co-led by a vigorous alto-and-soprano saxophonist and a deft, tasteful guitarist, respectively, perform through Sunday, June 16. Starting Tuesday, June 18, the great hard-driving, crisply melodic tenor master Sonny Rollins pays a week-long visit with his quartet. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater let loose on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of alto saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams. Annie Hurewitz, a young vocalist, also participates. Wednesdays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band performs. Guitarist Tiny Grimes and his trio enliven the Thursday- and Friday-night proceedings. Now almost sixty, Grimes (who dons a pom-pomed golf cap), like practically every other jazz guitarist, owes his soul to Charlie Christian, but, unlike most, he has nurtured the Master's raw bluesiness along with his zigzagging melodies. The result occasionally sounds like B. B. King playing bebop. On Saturdays and Sundays, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and trumpeter Ed Lewis lead a quartet. Quinichette, who played with Basie in the early fifties, was so reverent a disciple of Lester Young that he was once dubbed "the Vice-Prez." Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ**, with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Teddy Diamond plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Saturday, June 15, is the final night in the **PERSIAN ROOM** for British singer Susan Maughan. Her hours are ten during the week, nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pianist Dave Brubeck and the Two Generations of Brubeck perform at dinner and supper on the rooftop through Saturday, June 15. On Monday, June 17, the Pat Galo show checks in. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Erroll Garner will end his dinner and supper piano sessions in the **MAISONETTE** on Saturday, June 15, after which the room will close for the season.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM** are devoted to the songs of the Pointer Sisters. They move out on Saturday, June 15, when the room shuts down for the summer. The dance music issues from the Bob Rosengarden orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Irwin Berman—Painted photosensitized canvases. Through June 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Bravo—A show of paintings of objects rendered with total and utter realism. Through Friday, June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Dennis Byng / Aijiro Wakita / Peter Spinelli—Fifteen cast-Lucite sculptures. / Stone and metal sculptures, metal wall reliefs, and drawings and prints. / Works in concrete painted with acrylic and often embedded with objects such as dishes, shirts, and light bulbs. Through Friday, June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Alexander Calder—Twenty-four Aubusson tapestries that felicitously reproduce the artist's expansive abstract designs in clear red, yellow, blue, white, and black. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Fuchs—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ibbie Holmquist—Paintings, in a sort of Neo-Pointillist technique, of figures, animals, and birds, most of them in exotic settings. Through Saturday, June 15. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Fifty black and colored crayon drawings, watercolors, and pastels by a member of the Nabi group. Through July 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Knox Martin—Graphics, drawings, and small paintings, all of abstract figures. Through Saturday, June 22. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathanael Neujean—Figurative sculptures in bronze. Through Saturday, June 22. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings of unusual energy, by a Canadian artist. Through June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

T. Addison Richards (1820-1900)—Landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties. Through Friday, June 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through July 10. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Sperry—Bronze and aluminum sculptures, mostly global shapes combined with severed sections of a tiny baby-doll figure. Through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucia Wilcox—Recent abstract paintings by an artist who lost her sight two years ago but still manages to find her way around the canvas with colored felt-tipped pens. Through Saturday, June 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5.). . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Sculptures by Alan Buckley and paintings by Peter Gourfain, Aris Koutroulis, and Alan Uglow. Through June 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 12. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions by Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through July 27. . . . **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through June 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FELDMAN**, 33 E. 74th St.: Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and other contemporaries. Through July 25. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Thomas Benton, Thomas Cole, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American folk art, American contemporary artists, and European and American paintings from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Frank Stella, Olitski, Dzubas, and other gallery artists. Through June 29. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Works in various mediums by artists who have never before shown in New York. Through June 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Sports and Games," an exhibition of cartoons, watercolors, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Bailey, Camacho, Danby, and others. Through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—At the **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Examples by gallery artists and students. Through Saturday, June 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Arp, Braque, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, Marini, Miró, Moore, Poncet, and others. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Spattered abstractions with overlying linear and geometric configurations. Through Saturday, June 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Crile—Still-lifes and landscapes, notably some imaginary aerial views of farmlands, GM

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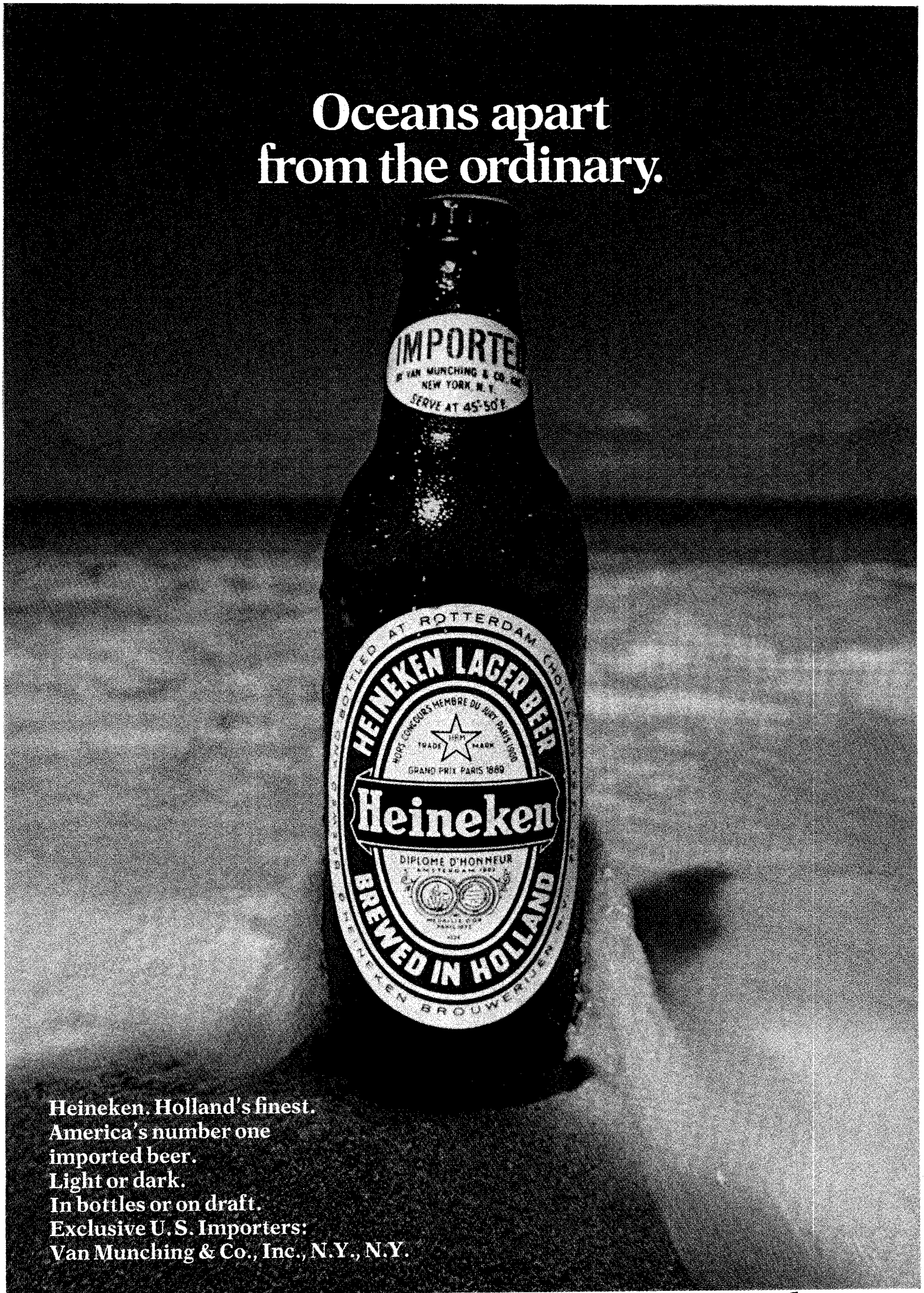
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in watercolor and pastel. Through Wednesday, June 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Osamu Shimoda—Geometric iron sculptures, most of them painted maroon and most appearing precariously balanced. Through June 28. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: A large benefit loan exhibition called "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor." It includes work by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, plus ceramic sculptures by Californians. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: "Western American Art," a show of paintings, bronzes, and drawings by Remington, Bierstadt, Moran, and others. Through July 12. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Agostini / Ben Berns / Carol Cleworth—Drawings and sculptures. / Terra-cotta sculptures. / Oils and charcoal drawings. Through Wednesday, June 19. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Beck / Art Oakes—Surreal paintings. / Rubber and fluorescent-tubing sculptures. Starts Saturday, June 15. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Bennett / Gerald Morin—Paintings of couches and chairs. / Aluminum wall sculptures. Through June 28. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Eleanor Hubbard—Small Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, June 15. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Marilyn Levine / Stuart Shedletsky / R. M. Fischer—Dilapidated boots and satchels translated into ceramic with compelling realism. / Abstract paintings. / Rough wooden constructions. Through Saturday, June 15. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Joyce Rezendes / Missen Herluf Jensen—Paintings. / Drawings inspired by Kurt Vonnegut's "Cat's Cradle." Through July 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Solomon—Paintings based on a diagonal grid. Through Wednesday, June 19. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **a.i.r.**, 97 Wooster St.: Twenty-five Conceptual women artists. Through Saturday, June 15.... **benedek**, 380 West Broadway: Minimal paintings and sculptures by eight artists. Starts Saturday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract paintings. Through June 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: A cross-section of contemporary drawing, by twenty-four artists, who range from pure abstractionists to pure realists. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays 1 to 5.)... **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: Abstract and realist paintings. Through June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **second story spring street society**, 167 Spring St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Saturday, June 15.... **soho 20**, 99 Spring St.: Graphics, paintings, and sculptures by a feminist coöperative called "12 Women Artists of Westchester." Starts Saturday, June 15. (Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Edward Gorey—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through June 29. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—A nine-thousand-pound, eighteen-foot steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X," in which the genes of his forebear Mickey come shining through. Through Aug. 1. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **african-american institute**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four contemporary African artists. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **brata**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by de Kooning, Milton Resnick, Peter Agostini, and others. Through June 28. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **feiden**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnet. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris. Through July 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Second Annual New Talent Festival—A group of galleries are exhibiting works (through Saturday, June 15; some longer) in a wide range of mediums by artists who have never had solo shows here. **uptown:** Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.; Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.; Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.; ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.; Borgenicht; 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.; and Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. **57th street area:** Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.; Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.; Marlborough Graphics, 40 W. 57th St.; Myers, 50 W. 57th St.; Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.; de Nagy, 20 W. 57th St.; Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.; and Pace, 32 E. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. The show is being held on two floors, which some viewers may be unaware of. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... ¶A retrospective. Through July 13. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Richard Avedon—Eight extraordinary photographs of Jacob Israel Avedon, taken by his son between 1967 and 1973. Through Sunday, June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Fritz Henle—Sixty-seven works by a photographer who worked for *Life*, *Mademoiselle*, *Fortune*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. Through July 7. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Norman Lerner / Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Photographs of nudes. / Gravures of the American Indian. Through June 29. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Sonia Landy Sheridan and Keith Smith—Large color photographs, transferred by a heat process to cloth. Through July 14. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—About sixty photographs from the turn of the century through the thirties. Through July 27. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **jewish museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **light**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by four little-known photographers, plus photographs by Lotte Jacobi. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **mid-town "y" gallery**, 334 E. 14th St.: Abbott, Atget, Brassaï, Tice, Weston, and others. Through June 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Sundays, noon to 4.)... **neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Work by Steichen, Stieglitz, and other Old Masters. Through June 29. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **new-york historical society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Seven

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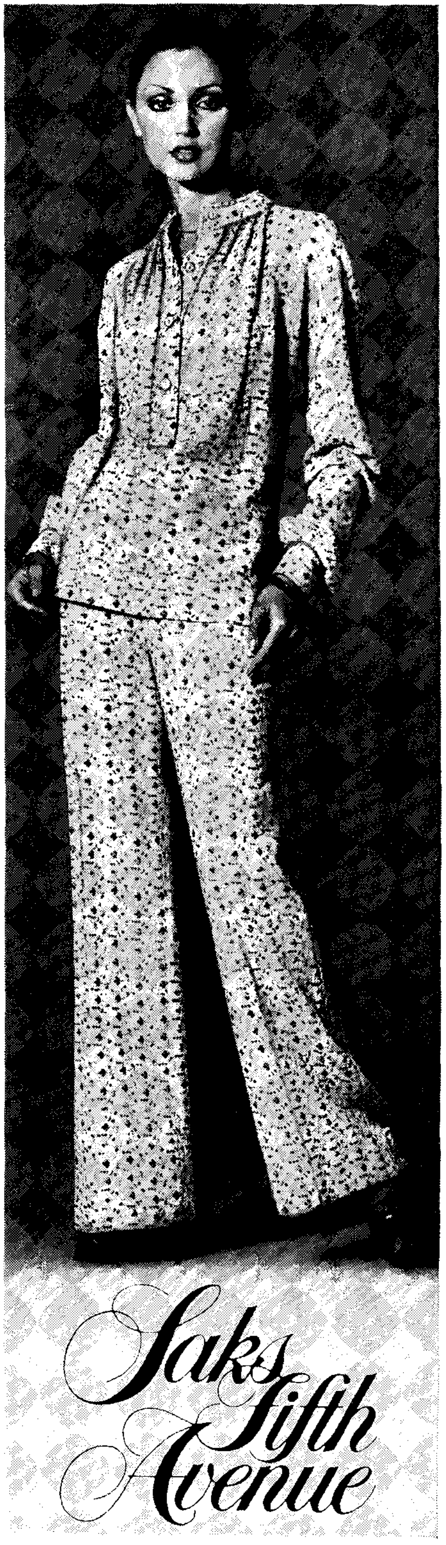

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photographers. Through June 30. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian painters of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through July 14. . . . ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of almost two hundred works surveying seven decades of drawing in France, beginning in the eighteen-eighties with Seurat and Redon and concluding with the death of Matisse in 1954. Starts Thursday, June 13. . . . ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), tracing his work from his early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, his cousin, and his godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through Sunday, June 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Through July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The eleven-foot skeleton of Jumbo is starred in a circus exhibit that includes circus posters and other Big Top memorabilia. Through June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts by E. B. White, John Barth, Anaïs Nin, Elizabeth Hardwick, and others; paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Saul Steinberg, Helen Frankenthaler, Reuben Nakian, and others. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913 (the year of his death), as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Thirty manuscripts by Petrarch, celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. Through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A large show of drawings by the late Robert Smithson—mostly of ideas for projects: spirals, mazes, islands, meandering walls, canals, barges, juggernauts, thickets, fantastic landscapes, and airports. Through Sunday, June 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the career of Max Reinhardt, including stage and costume designs, director promptbooks, and production photographs. Through Aug. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ With customary scholarship, Dr. Lola Szladits, curator of the Berg Collection (along with Dr. Andrew B. Myers, research associate for Sleepy Hollow Restorations, Inc.) has mounted an exhibit devoted to a figure in English and American literature, this one being, as you might have guessed, Washington Irving. The show illustrates the "four worlds" of Irving: "Knickerbocker Wit" (1783-1815); "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." (1815-32); "His Excellency, Washington Irving" (1832-46); and "Squire of Sunnyside" (1846-59). Among several hundred items on display are the only known portion of the manuscript of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" unpublished sketches for Irving's works by F. O. C. Darley, the mid-nineteenth-century book illustrator; and rare editions of *Salmagundi* and "The Sketch Book." Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of a three-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, June 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Colette Boky, Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Richard Best, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Morley Meredith; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 13: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 14: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Anna Moffo, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Gabor Ötvös. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, John Reardon, and Robert Schmoor; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 15: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Evelyn Lear, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Stewart, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—A week-long series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra is in the round, and some of the audience is seated on the floor. For several concerts, the Philharmonic is divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Wednesday, June 12, Orchestra B (with Julius Baker, flute; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Frisch, baritone); Thursday, June 13, Orchestra A (no soloists); Friday, June 14, Orchestra B (with Miss Bryn-Julson); Saturday, June 15, a chamber ensemble in an all-Schoenberg program (with Miss DeGaetani and Mr. Frisch); and Sunday, June 16, the full orchestra (with Maralin Niska, soprano).

RECITALS

Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, June 12, the last in a series of concerts—The Concord String Quartet at 8. . . . ¶ Mary Lindsey, soprano, at 9. . . . ¶ Flavio Varani, piano, at 10.

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 12, at 8:30.)

Rollin Smith—Organ, in an all-Mozart recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, June 19, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Who—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, June 13, at 8, with Maggie Bell; and Friday, June 14, at 8, with Montrose.

Peter Frampton & Frampton's Camel and Spooky Tooth—With Montrose. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 15, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The thirteenth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to music in the Fletcher Henderson style, plus Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 15, at 8.)

Jon Faddis / Lew Soloff Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 16, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Billie Holiday Remembered—Benny Morton, Buddy Tate, Doc Cheatham, Earle Warren, George Wein, George Duvivier, Panama Francis, and Ruth Brisbane. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. at LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, June 17, at 8.)

The Stylistics and Deodato and His Band—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, June 20, at 8.

Tom Paxton—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, June 22, at 8:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will be devoted to music from Vienna and will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Saturday, June 22, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Elly Ameling, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 23, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Sunday, June 16, at 7: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Monday, June 17, at 8: Gunther Schuller conducting the New England Conservatory Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, June 21, at 8: Chuck Mangione with a concert orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 22, at 8: Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann, with David Newman; Freddie Hubbard; and the Joe Farrell quartet, with Joe Beck. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 14, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, June 15-16, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Monday and Tuesday, June 17-18, at 8:05, and Wednesday, June 19, at 4:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. California, Wednesday, June 12, at 2. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, June 21, at 8, and Saturday, June 22, at 2.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Joe Frazier, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, June 17, at 10, followed by a closed-circuit telecast of the Bob Foster-Jorge Ahumada light-heavyweight championship bout in Albuquerque. Preliminary matches at 8:30.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 22. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 15, and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: New York Sets vs. Chicago Aces. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Thursday, June 13, at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 21.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 12, at 2: Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and nineteenth-century porcelains and works of art; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 13, at 2, and Friday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, belonging to many collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: English, Continental, and American silver and *objets de vertu;* from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 13. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 18, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 20, at 2: European ceramics, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 14.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department number, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free events.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 11. (First concerts on Wednesday, June 19—in the event of rain, next evening—and Friday, June 21, at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Sept. 7. Wednesday, June 12, at 7: Benny Goodman and his sextet and Harriet Schock. . . . ¶ Friday, June 14, at 7: The Righteous Brothers. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 7 and 9:30: Melanie. . . . ¶ Monday, June 17, at 6:30: The James Gang, Maggie Bell, and Duke Williams. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 19, at 7: John Sebastian and Howdy Moon. . . . ¶ Friday, June 21, at 7: The Two Generations of Brubeck and John Hammond. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 22, at 7: Todd Rundgren's Utopia. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

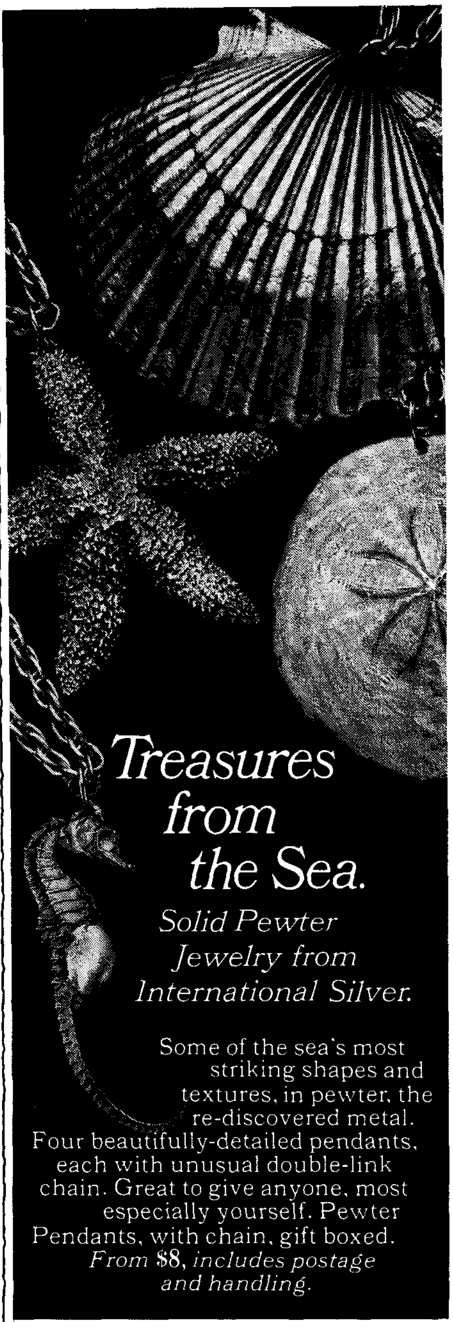
Bryant Park—Thursday, June 13, at 12:15: Bob Cleveland. . . . ¶ Friday, June 14, at 12:15: Sal Pace.

Jazz on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) for the opening concert of the season on Wednesday, June 19, will be supplied by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra, Wild Bill Davis's trio, and Ellis Larkins' duo. (Slip 5, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

Walking Tour—"Wall Street, Historic New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 16. It will meet at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 18: "Mean Streets" and "The Getaway."
From June 19: "The Exorcist."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 15: "Cluny Brown" and "Broken Lullaby."
June 16-18: "The Good Earth" and "Big City."
From June 19: "The Women" and "Dinner at Eight."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 18: "Papillon."
From June 19: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Take the Money and Run" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 18: "Badlands" and "Up the Sandbox."
From June 19: "The Exorcist."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Conversation."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 13: "Where the Lilies Bloom."
From June 14: "The Midnight Man" and "The Day of the Jackal."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Zandy's Bride."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 18: "The Exorcist."
From June 19: "Wedding in Blood."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 16: "The Lords of Flatbush."
June 17-19: Theatre closed.
From June 20: "Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Take the Money and Run" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through June 18: "The Exorcist."
From June 19: "The Parallax View."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
June 12: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
June 13: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "Nobody Waved Goodbye."
June 14: "The Endless Summer" and "On Any Sunday."
June 15: "State of Siege" and "Z."
From June 16: "The Gravy Train."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 17: "The Stoolie."
From June 18: "The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 18: "The Great Gatsby."
From June 19: "The Terminal Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 18: "Papillon."
From June 19: To be announced.

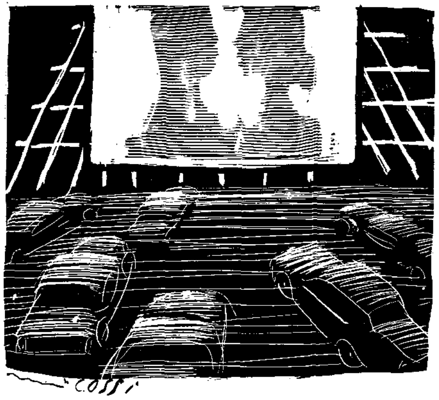
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 13: "The Three Musketeers."
From June 14: "The Midnight Man."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 18: "Where the Lilies Bloom."
From June 19: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Chosen Survivors."



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16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Walking Tall."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 15: "The Last Picture Show" and "Five Easy Pieces."
From June 16: "Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Stoolie."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 14: "Serpico" and "Play It Again, Sam."
June 15-18: "The Paper Chase" and "M*A*S*H."
From June 19: "Conrack."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 18: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From June 19: "Wedding in Blood."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 18 at one or another of the theatres: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"The King of Marvin Gardens" and "Siddhartha"/"Badlands" and "The Last of Sheila"/"The Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival."
From June 19: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through June 18: "The Popeye Follies—His Times and Life" and "A Day at the Races."
June 19: "Steamboat Bill, Jr."
From June 20: "Ninotchka" and "Camille."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 18: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From June 19: "The Sugarland Express" and "Charley Varrick."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Herbie Rides Again."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 18: "Wedding in Blood."
From June 19: "The Exorcist."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
June 12: "The Decameron" and "Medea."
June 13-14: "Brewster McCloud" and "Little Murders."
June 15-16: "Holiday" and "It Happened One Night."
June 17: "The Red and the White" and "Winter Wind."
June 18: "The Trojan Women" and "Antigone."
June 19: "I Vitelloni" and "The Organizer."
From June 20: "Performance" and "One Plus One."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 15: "The Exorcist."
From June 16: "A Free Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 13: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."
From June 14: "Badlands" and "The Getaway."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 15: "Where the Lilies Bloom."
June 16-17: "Red Beard."
June 18: "The Assassin."
June 19-20: "Hoodlum Soldier" and "The Red Angel."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 13: "Band of Assassins" and "Haunted Samurai."
June 14-15: "Kojiro" and "Samurai Saga."
June 16-18: "Save the Tiger" and "Paper Moon."
From June 19: "The Exorcist."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 18: "A Touch of Class" and "Night Watch."
From June 19: "Last Tango in Paris" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through June 18: "Cinderella Liberty."
From June 19: "Conrack."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 18: "The Sting."
From June 19: "The Exorcist."

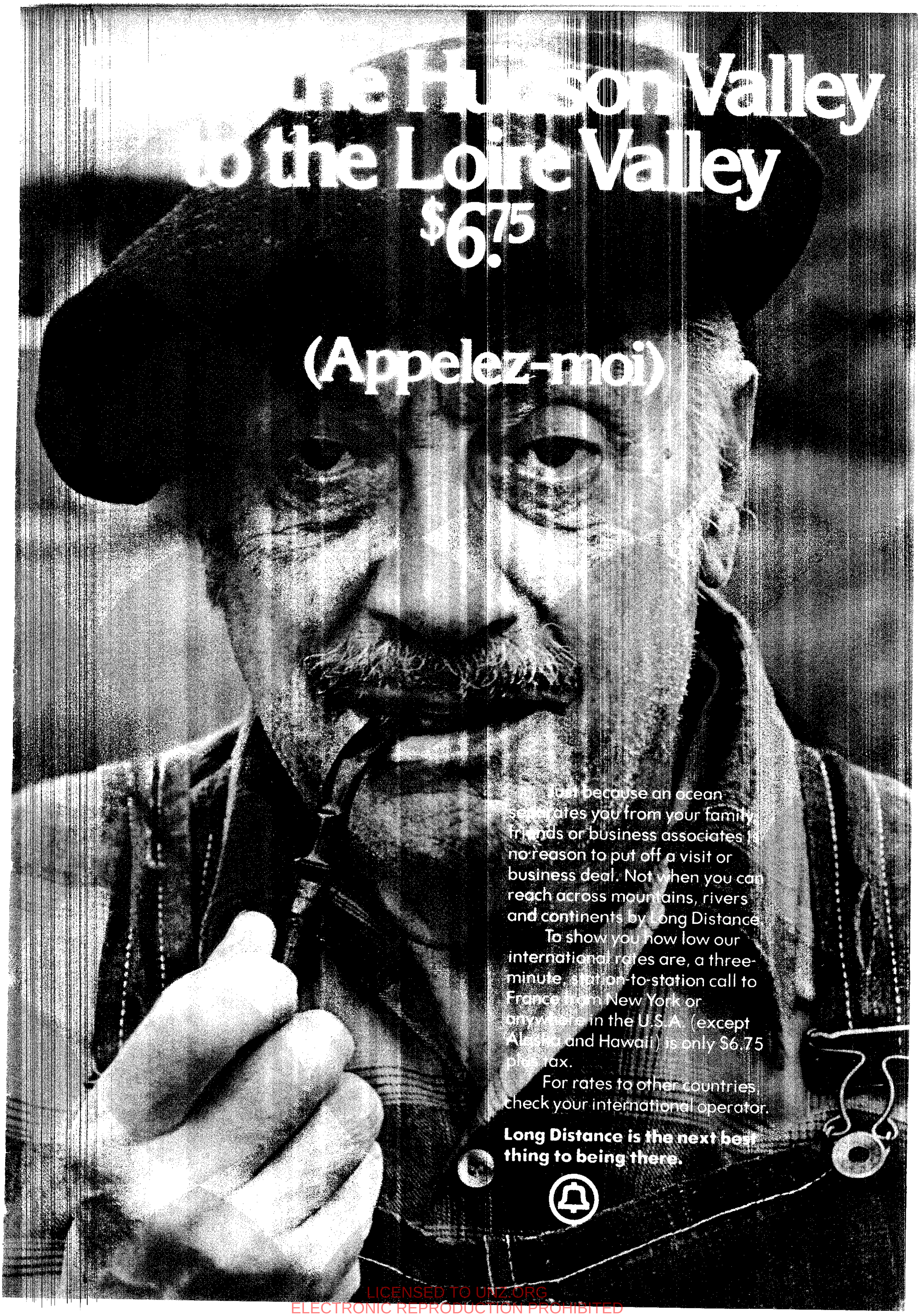
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 18: "Papillon."
From June 19: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, June 14-16: "A Star Is Born" (1937; Janet Gaynor and Fredric March) and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; Carole Lombard and Fredric March).... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursday through Saturday, June 13-16.... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eleven programs in a series of films directed by Raoul Walsh: June 13 at 5:30: "Distant Drums" (1951), with Gary Cooper. ... June 13 at 8: "Objective, Burma!" (1945), with Errol Flynn.... June 14 at 2: "Pursued" (1947), with Teresa Wright and Robert Mitchum.... June 15 at 3: "Distant Drums."... June 15 at 5:30: "Pursued."... June 16 at 5:30: "White Heat" (1949), with James Cagney and Virginia Mayo.... June 17 at 2: "Background to Danger" (1943), with George Raft and Sydney Greenstreet. ... June 17 at 5:30: "Gentleman Jim" (1942), with Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. ... June 18 at 5:30: "Cheyenne" (1947), with Dennis Morgan and Jane Wyman.... June 20 at 5:30: "Silver River" (1948), with Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan.... June 20 at 8: "The Enforcer" (1951), with Humphrey Bogart.... ¶ Other, non-Walsh films, scheduled during this period are: June 12 at 5:30: "Under Two Flags" (1922), directed by Tod Browning, with Priscilla Dean and James Kirkwood.... June 14 at 5:30 and June 15 at noon: United States comedy films, 1911-16.... June 16 at 12:30 and 3: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Linda Darnell.... June 18 at 2 and June 19 at 5:30:



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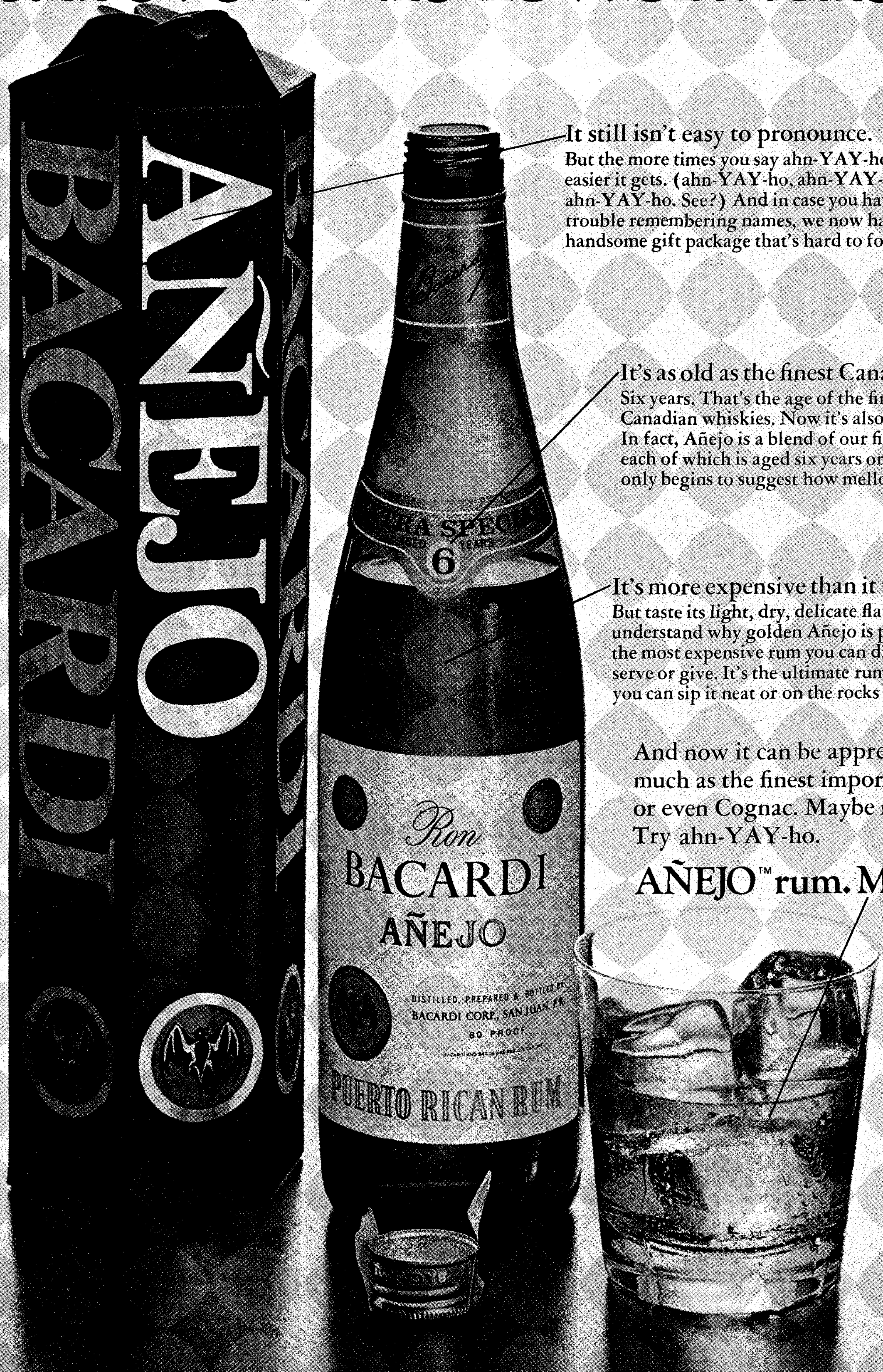
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"Under Two Flags" (1936), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of Charles Laughton films: June 13: "Hobson's Choice" (1954), directed by David Lean, with John Mills. . . . June 15-16: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), with Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters. . . . June 19: "This Land Is Mine" (1943), directed by Jean Renoir, with Maureen O'Hara. . . . June 20: "Rembrandt" (1936), directed by Alexander Korda, with Elsa Lanchester. . . . ¶ June 12: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ June 14: "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montagu Love. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine Antigone by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

The Assassin—Directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; June 18.)

Badlands—Terrence Malick's début picture, set at the end of the fifties, is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a killing spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Reviewed in these pages 3/18/74.) (Gramercy, and Quad Cinema; through June 18. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting June 14.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Paramount; through June 13.)

Band of Assassins (1970)—The familiar Mifune in a film by Tadashi Sawashima, pretty distinguished but pretty complicated in its swivels of plot about themes of factionalism and hero worship in 1863. Mifune is the leader of a band of "protectors;" the respect handed out to them lies in terror, but when a kindlier reign comes to power the king of the terrorists is still highly regarded, in a very Japanese fashion, for his loyalty to his beliefs. And then beheaded. The film is violent but also quirkily funny and subtle. In Japanese. (Regency; through June 13.)

Big City (1937)—Luise Rainer, wanly dying of leukemia, as the immigrant wife of a taxidriver (Spencer Tracy) involved in a taxi war. William Demarest turns up, and in the final scramble on the New York docks, so do Jack Dempsey, Man Mountain Dean, Maxie Rosenbloom, and sundry other sporting figures. The picture doesn't hold together, and although Tracy struggles with the material, he can't win. Frank Borzage directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16-18.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 18.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13-14.)

Broken Lullaby (1932; originally called "The Man I Killed")—Ernst Lubitsch, the master of light and frivolous film art, seems to be doing penance for his own wit in this pacifist drama, adapted from a play by Maurice Rostand. Phillips Holmes, unspeakably handsome but a more unspeakable actor, is the sickly, sensitive French musician who kills a German soldier (also a musician . . .) in the trenches. Remorseful, he goes to Germany and settles in with the dead man's family (Lionel Barrymore is the father) and fianceé (Nancy Carroll, miserably miscast, with a fat braid around her head). Lubitsch can't entirely escape his own talent, and the film is beautifully crafted, but he mistook drab, sentimental hokum for ironic, poetic tragedy. The picture was a box-office fiasco, despite the excessive praise of Robert E. Sherwood, who said, "It is the best talking picture that has yet been seen and heard." Not by a long shot. With ZaSu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 15.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Elgin; starting June 20.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting June 19.)

Charley Varrick—Walter Matthau as a wily bank robber who outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. Unpleasant, noisy, brutal, and with sentimental flourishes. Don Siegel directed. (11/12/73) (23rd St. Cinema; starting June 19.)

Chinatown—With Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway, directed by Roman Polanski. (Coronet; starting June 20.)

Chosen Survivors—A science-fiction film with Jackie Cooper and Alex Cord, directed by Sutton Roley. (Loews Orpheum.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Beacon; through June 18.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a strong final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—Ernst Lubitsch directed this charming light satire on English social conventions, with Jennifer Jones in a rare comic performance that's a delight, and with Charles Boyer as a debonair scrounger. The cast includes Richard Haydn and Una O'Connor as his mother. From a novel by Margery Sharp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 15.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (5th Ave. Cinema, and Beacon; starting June 19.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (34th St. East.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself (Cybill Shepherd). Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor, and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Giovanelli, the tourist shepherd who gives a bemused license to Daisy's bossy silliness, is played by Duilio Del Prete. The lovelorn Mr. Winterbourne, a born loser, is played by Barry Brown. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels: she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Baronet.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Elgin; through June 18.)

The Day of the Jackal (1973)—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (6/2/73) (Eastside Cinema; starting June 14.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her

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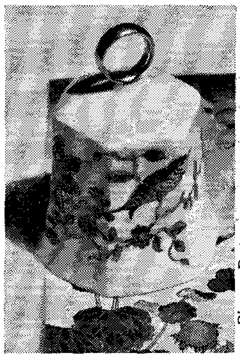

Photos: Pesin

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bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 19.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Beekman; June 14.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Paris; through June 15. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Cinema I; through June 18. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, Playboy, Regency, and Symphony; starting June 19.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (86th St. East; through June 15.)

A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Paris; starting June 16.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Art; through June 18. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting June 14.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

The Good Earth (1937)—Pure M-G-M, and a piece of Hollywood history. A studio expedition to China brought back two million feet of atmospheric shots and eighteen tons of costumes, native animals, dismantled farmhouses, and a village shrine. Then five hundred California acres were landscaped and terraced to simulate a Chinese farm, locusts were rented for a scourge, and Occidentals were chosen for the leads, with Orientals cast in the supporting roles. Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her affecting performance as the stoic O-Lau, the wife of Wang (Paul Muni) who becomes infatuated with Lotus, the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling). Walter Connolly plays a scoundrelly uncle, and Charley Grapewin is the family patriarch. The babies are actually Chinese. From Pearl Buck's novel; directed by Sidney Franklin, with his usual lack of distinction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16-18.)

The Gravy Train—With Stacy Keach and Frederic Forrest, directed by Jack Starrett. (Beekman; starting June 16.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East; through June 18.)

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Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

Haunted Samurai (1971)—Directed by Keiichi Ozawa. In Japanese. (Regency; through June 13.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Beekman; June 13.)

Herbie Rides Again—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Barry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Music Hall.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15-16.)

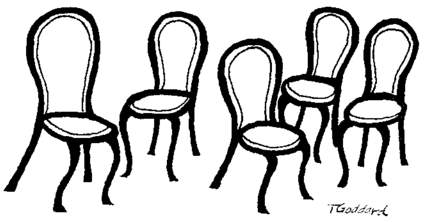
Hoodlum Soldier (1971)—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; June 19-20.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15-16.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Quad Cinema; through June 18.)

Kojiro (1966)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Kikunosuke Onoe. In Japanese. (Regency; June 14-15.)

The Last of Sheila (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably accessible, paradoxically, to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (6/23/73) (Quad Cinema; through June 18.)



The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (86th St. East; through June 15.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 19.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13-14.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, 8th St. Playhouse, Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Coronet; through June 16.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (5th Ave. Cinema; June 15-18.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Art; through June 18.)

Medea (1971)—From the play by Euripides, with Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

The Midnight Man—With Burt Lancaster and Susan Clark, directed by Roland Kibbee and Mr. Lancaster. (Eastside Cinema, and Juliet 1; starting June 14.)

Night Watch—Elizabeth Taylor in a stereotyped thriller directed by Brian Hutton. The one about a rich woman who won't be believed, even by her best friend (Billie Whitelaw), in the middle of a nasty plot. Worth a miss. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 18.)

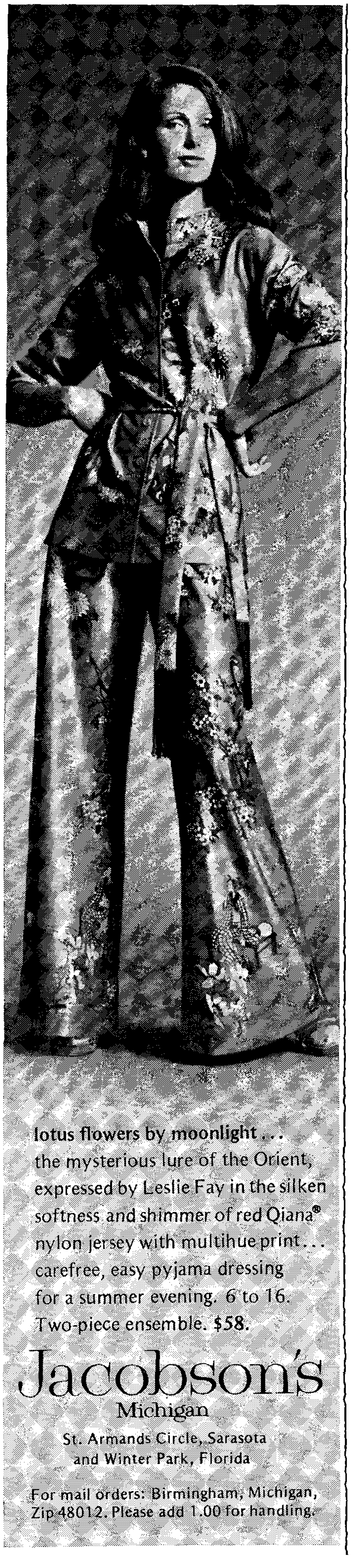
Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Elgin; starting June 20.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy (Peter Kastner) determined to go bad. (Beekman; June 13.)

On Any Sunday (1971)—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Beekman; June 14.)

One Plus One (1968)—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is very fine, subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 20.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; June 15-18.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Regency; June 16-18.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through June 18.)

The Parallax View—With Warren Beatty and Paula Prentiss, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Cinema I; starting June 19.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 20.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; through June 14.)

The Poseidon Adventure (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (Columbia II, Juliet 2, Guild, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and 23rd St. Cinema; through June 18.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

The Red Angel (1963)—Yasuzo Masumura is probably rightly respected in Japan, and this is patently a fine and serious film, but sometimes one needs a strong stomach for pacifist Japanese movies. This is about the Sino-Japanese conflict in 1939, seen through the eyes of a gentle young hospital nurse, but what she sees isn't that gentle on us. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; June 19-20.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; June 16-17.)

Samurai Saga (1959)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Regency; June 14-15.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (Regency; June 16-18.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse; starting June 18.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 14.)

Siddhartha—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (7/23/73) (Quad Cinema; through June 18.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Paramount; through June 13.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Beekman; June 12.)

State of Siege (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (4/14/73 and 5/12/73) (Beekman; June 15.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top, with "The Navigator." It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Reisner. (Elgin; June 19.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and U.A. East. . . . ¶ Symphony; through June 18.)

THE STOOLIE—With Jackie Mason, directed by John Avildsen. (Waverly. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through June 17.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 19.)

THE SUGARLAND EXPRESS—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (23rd St. Cinema; starting June 19.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

THE TERMINAL MAN—From the Michael Crichton novel, with George Segal and Joan Hackett. Directed by Mike Hodges. (Loews Tower East; starting June 19.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things they link together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly in the incomparable Comden and Green's "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M waters regally wet. To be seen at all costs, not because of homesickness for the past, but because of the skill and fun that went into making all this. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; through June 13.)

THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTFOOT—Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis as a quartet of thieves. Written and directed by Michael Cimino. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting June 19.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through June 18.)

UP THE SANDBOX (1972)—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (12/30/72) (Gramercy; through June 18.)

UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and Harry Belafonte, directed by Mr. Poitier. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East; starting June 16.)

I VITELLONI (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

WALKING TALL—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Loews Ciné.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Playboy; through June 18. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Greenwich; starting June 19.)

WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM—Four orphaned children in contemporary Appalachia. Directed by William A. Graham. (Eastside Cinema; through June 13. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through June 15. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 18.)

WINTER WIND (1970)—With Jacques Charrier, directed by Miklós Jancsó. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 19.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman; June 15.)

ZANDY'S BRIDE—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Sutton.)

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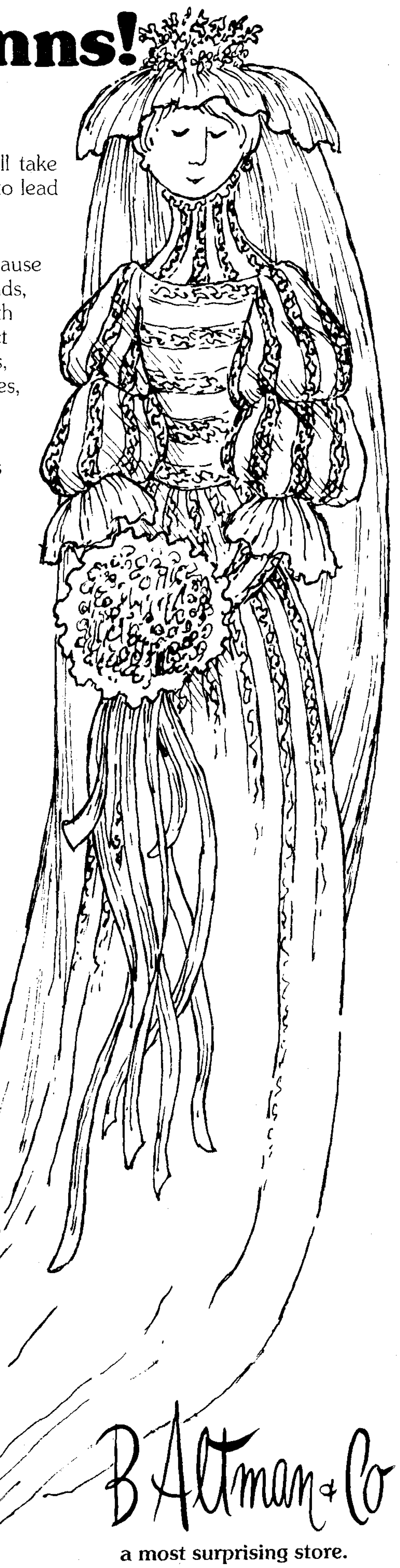

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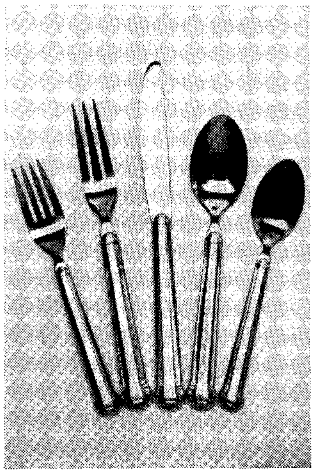

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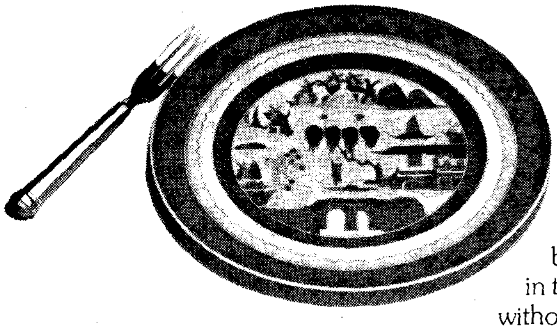

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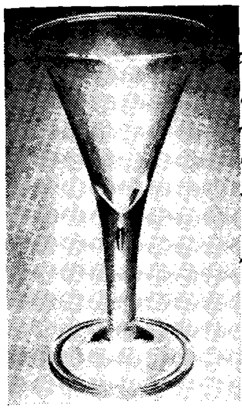

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE yearning for a place in the country has become endemic. Some people long merely for a quiet retreat where they can lop the heads off daisies with a walking stick and discourse with acquired rusticity upon the prevalence of alfalfa thrips in the back forty. Others take a deeper plunge, hang up a sign saying "The Grange," and perhaps even invest in a cow, to discover for themselves the astonishing daintiness with which so unwieldy a creature can place her right hinder hoof in a half-filled pail of milk. But all these bucolic pleasures are doomed to brief tenure. The city, with its appalling advance guard of suburbs, inexorably pursues all who would flee it. And further earthly flight is hopeless. One merely encounters another city advancing upon the land from another direction. Recently, however, a conference of physicists and space-flight technologists met in Princeton and came up with what may be the ultimate answer for those who would escape from the human congestion of this world. The conferees deliberated upon setting up space colonies within one of several gravitationally stable areas, known as Lagrange points, along the moon's orbital path. Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill, a Princeton physicist and an enthusiastic proponent of the scheme, foresees a pioneering colony of some ten thousand people, which could become self-sufficient by making use of the uninterrupted flow of solar energy and by chipping its building materials off the moon. Thereafter, colonies could increase in size and number as more and more people fled the jostle and noise of Earth to find peace in the silence of empty space, and perhaps to hang up a sign saying "Lagrange." Eventually, Dr. O'Neill believes, the earth would sustain few permanent residents, having become "a world-wide park, a beautiful place to visit for a vacation." And the entire project could be achieved, he thoughtfully notes, "without shooting any Indians."

The idea had a certain gaudy fascination for us until we began fiddling around with the arithmetic involved. Let us construct a most favorable case. Instead of shifting the entire population of the earth to what might fittingly be called Exorbia, let us modestly aim at transporting only the net annual increase in our human numbers. In a recent year, this came to seventy-six million people. By simple division, we arrive at the need to boost a staggering 208,219 adults (plus one decimally sizable child) into the vasty reaches of space every single day of the year. To house all these people, the colonies will have to build the completely enclosed and life-sustaining equivalent of more than nine New York Citys annually. Dr. O'Neill has estimated that to provide for the early little colony of ten thousand people a half-million tons of material will be necessary. We ourself have calculated that to provide for seventy-six million people rather more material will be needed than can fit commodiously into the back of a pickup truck. We fooled around with several rate structures for transporting so great a populace to its orbital destination—such as the projected costs of running the space shuttle, and the known costs of United Parcel—and we discovered all such tariffs to be, in every sense, exorbitant. It must be remembered, moreover, that the entire stupendous project outlined here will serve only to leave our overpopulous world exactly where it stands today—a consideration that does not, somehow, stir the blood like a bugle note. Our salvation through science may indeed be found in regions far above the earth, but we probably ought to bear in mind that, when it comes, it will descend from a height no greater than a busy thinker's brain.

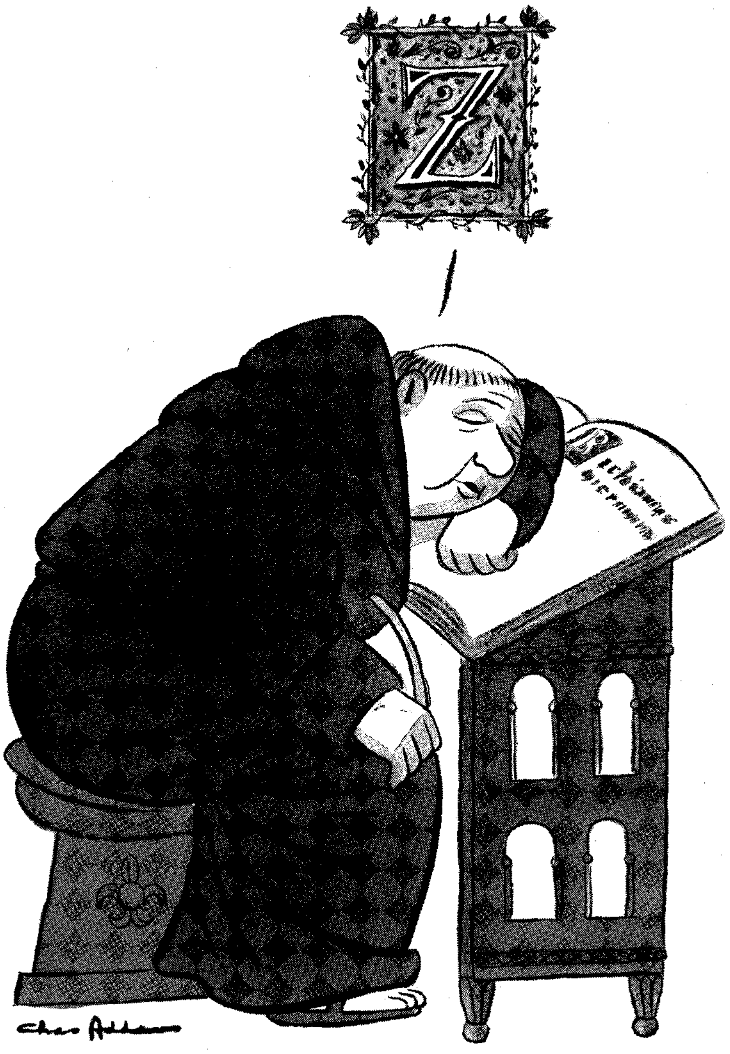
Questions and Answers

FORMER Senator Eugene McCarthy gave a series of four early-evening lectures called "America Revisited" in the auditorium of the New School recently, in which he compared the America of today with the America of Alexis de Tocqueville. We sat in on the last lecture, at which about two hundred people were present, and at the end of which there was a question period. In answer to a very general question—"What is the future of democracy?"—Senator McCarthy said, "I think this is a critical time of testing whether or not the broad projections of democracy are working well in this country. I don't think we can say they are. The ultimate test is whether you have an informed people. And as long as you can feel reasonably sure that the people are *not* adequately informed when they make bad judgments—and I think we're still within that range—I would not lose hope. But we have to give thought to procedures. The Constitution gives only five or six lines to commitment to objectives, and it gives page after page to procedures—to making it work. We've done very little, I would say, in the past hundred years toward making adjustments in the process so as to somehow be more certain that democracy in this century *would* work."

Senator McCarthy answered questions relating to the role of corporations (he believes that they should be more socially responsible) and the Supreme Court (he would have some philosophers and historians as well as lawyers on the Court). Then, inevitably, the discussion moved toward Watergate. A young man in one of the front rows asked whether the Senator thought

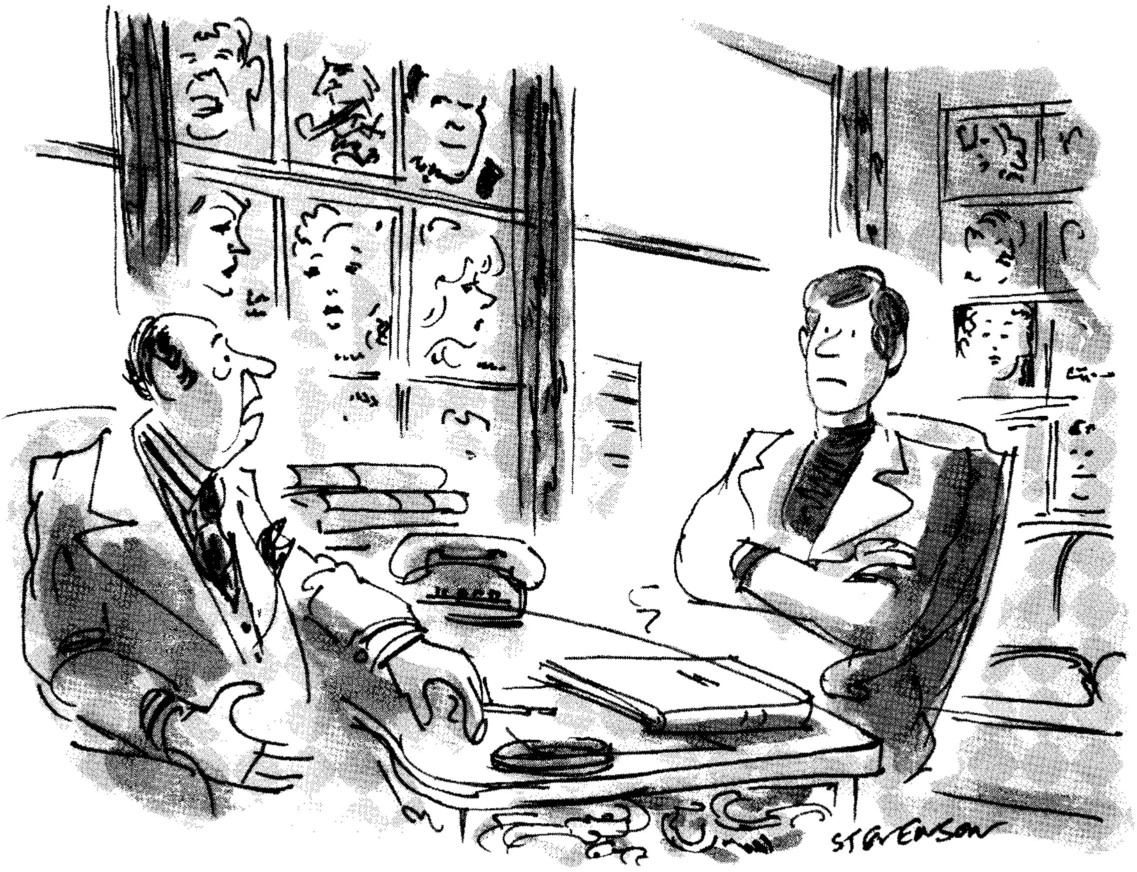
President Nixon should be impeached. Senator McCarthy said, “I don’t think there’s any question but that we ought to have a Constitutional procedure whereby a government like the present one could be brought down—or forced to change its policies—in some manner short of impeachment and short of what’s provided in the Twenty-fifth Amendment. There ought to be a way to displace a government just on grounds of incompetence. And we could do this without a change as drastic as switching to a parliamentary form of government. I think we could draw up a method whereby a vote of Congress, under certain conditions, would depose a President, and then an election by the people could be held within a short time. Impeachment is really an inadequate procedure. In terms of what the Constitution says, you have to prove some kind of moral fault on the part of the President, and I think that probably in recent times the question of *stupidity* has been a much greater problem than questions of corruption or immorality. There’s another aspect to all this, of course, which William Safire brought up recently in a piece in the *Times*. Safire said that you have to be very careful about impeaching and convicting Nixon, because *then* he would be subject to the full force of the criminal law—and no one, supposedly, would want that. Well, I think there *is* a question as to whether a President ought to be immune to the law—maybe there should be a procedure whereby you could let him off, the way they did Agnew—but there’s something to be said, too, for making a President stand the full test. There’s something to be said for the view that there should be no way out of the Presidency except death, disgrace, or defeat. If you want to be President, you take the office on those terms. So I don’t think we ought to say that the President should be immune to prosecution under the laws—it’s just a question of how you get him in a position where those laws can be enforced.”

When the question period had ended, we walked with the Senator to the corner of Twelfth Street and Sixth Avenue. We asked him about his plans for the future, and he told us that he is completing a book, which deals with the same topics as his lectures at the New School, and which is scheduled to be published next year. “When the Founding Fathers drew up the Constitution, it probably didn’t occur to them that one of their own kind would commit common crimes,” he remarked as we walked. “Like most politicians, they were thinking mainly about the next thirty or forty years. They were talking about George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. They were saying, in effect, ‘Look, we’re talking about each other. We’re not going to assume that anyone here would be felonious. One of us might conceivably commit treason, or some really noble thing like that—or, of course, he might have his minor faults.’ But of anything in between those two extremes the Founding Fathers would have said, ‘This is not the character of the people here at this great convention.’ ” We had reached the corner, and Senator McCarthy left us with a friendly wave—he was on his way to a dinner engagement—saying, “If I were a little younger, you know, I might start a movement.”



Bryant Park

IN much the way that the capitals of Corinthian columns provide nesting places for pigeons, the broad steps at the foot of William Cullen Bryant’s statue in Bryant Park form a convenient lunch-hour stage. A generous ledge is left amid the steps, on which singers, musicians, dancers, and soapbox orators (without their soapboxes) can do their stuff while a pickup audience gathers about fifty feet away. Many of the midday strollers in the park are office workers; woolly-haired, platform-shoed, sometimes garbed in the executive mode, they have the subdued mood of prison inmates released into the yard for their daily hour of sunshine and exercise. They are far neater and “better behaved” than the crowds—no doubt composed of many of the same people—that carouse in Central Park on Sundays, and, indeed, they seem to be waiting patiently for the weekend, or for some other liberation that they can’t bring off for themselves. This summer, a number of local businesses and the city are sponsoring a series of Monday lunch-hour performances in front of Bryant’s statue, and we chanced upon one of these performances the other week. Under the effigy’s gloomy gaze, Don Reno, Bill Harrell, and the Tennessee Cutups Bluegrass Band were strumming and fiddling and singing their way through “When the Saints,” and a fair-sized audience was looking happily on. A few people tapped their toes, a few clapped their hands, but most were still. Don Reno sang with a tenor voice as clear as the blue sky, and Bill Harrell’s baritone lifted it and gave it warmth. At the edge of the open space between the band and the crowd, a young man was dancing. He was slender and dark, and was wearing a sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off and “Smiley 9” inked on the back, and he had a curly black beard and a glinting eye that suggested Pan. The audience applauded him as well as the band when the number ended. Reno and Harrell and the others swung into "The Orange Blossom Special," and then they did "Long Black Veil." As they sang the slow, lugubrious song, a woman emerged from the crowd and danced. She was fiftyish and pear-shaped, wearing a faded plaid cardigan and gray pants; she carried a black plastic bag in her right hand and had a powder-blue veil tied like a kerchief around a smiling, kitchen-weathered face; she looked like Nikita Khrushchev. Where the young man had jigged, the woman hulaed, and the crowd loved it. Whistles and cheers went up. Then the band started "Salty Dog Blues," and the woman and the man were *both* out there dancing and leading the celebration—flipped-out housewife and mailroom layabout, Aunt Esther and Rodriguez, age and youth, folly and bravado.



"You have real talent, definite star quality, and, I think, a great future. But our agency only handles comebacks."

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The Facts

A FRIEND of ours, the wife of a psychiatrist, reports that her husband, who recently gave up cigarettes, has taken to talking in his sleep. The other midnight, he announced, "It's not just interesting, it's beautiful!"

Reading alongside him, his wife laid down her book. "What is beautiful?" she inquired.

"The world," he answered.

"And why is the world beautiful?"

Her mate smiled beatifically. "Eight thousand years of civilizations, and all of them overlapping," he said.

"That is beautiful," she agreed. "But tell me some more of what you mean."

No luck. Suddenly stern, the psychiatrist said, "Look. I've given you the facts. You take it from there."

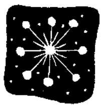
In-House

AT Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Opera is helping to celebrate its sixth annual June Festival with an unusual double bill, consisting of Bartók's haunting "Bluebeard's Castle" and Puccini's comic "Gianni Schicchi." Although the two operas date from roughly the same period ("Bluebeard" was written in 1911, "Schicchi" in 1917-18), they are poles apart musically and dramatically. "Bluebeard," an opaque musical dialogue between husband and wife, is either a psychological version of the famous fairy tale or a universal myth about man's perpetual isolation. "Schicchi" is the funny, fast-moving story of a fourteenth-century Florentine fixer who impersonates a dead man and dictates a new will, outwitting a pack of greedy relatives. Both operas have fairly small casts—an important asset in a period of restrictive labor contracts and astronomical deficits—and both have been mounted with an unusual blend of economy and imagination. Most unusual of all, the productions are completely in-house affairs, designed, directed, and conducted by members of the permanent artistic staff. The resulting rise in Metropolitan morale has been spectacular.

We dropped by the opera house last week for a preview of the double bill, and began our visit in the fifth-floor office of David Reppa, the tall, quiet staff designer, who did the sets for both productions. Mr. Reppa showed us working models for "Bluebeard" and "Schicchi," and noted that from the visual point of view the two operas were exact opposites. " 'Bluebeard' reflects a state of mind," he said, pointing to a tiny tilted stage surrounded by three black walls, "so we've used ten projectors and made it a light show. Our basic castle is projected grillwork. Then, as Bluebeard's wife, Judith, opens the seven doors, we see giant pictures on the rear screen which parallel the text. For example, when Judith opens the door to Bluebeard's armory, you see modern tanks and planes. Then, as she recoils in horror and talks about blood dripping from the walls, you see the devastated cities that are the result of modern warfare. 'Gianni Schicchi,' on the other hand, is a realistic plot that takes place in 1299, at the beginning of the Renaissance. Our set—which is Buoso Donati's bedroom—was adapted from the Palazzo Davanzati, the oldest private house in Florence." Mr. Reppa paused before the miniature "Schicchi" set, which had beige stone walls, a half-finished fresco on the left, and a large bed with a panelled walnut headboard on a dais to the right. "Donati is well-to-do but not terribly rich," Mr. Reppa said. "His money is tied up in property—fields, mills, houses—so he's not part of the rising commercial class. At the same time, he's progressive enough to commission a fresco for his bedroom, which is unfinished at the time of his death. In the costumes I tried to indicate the generation gap that existed at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The costumes of the family, which represents medieval Florence, are quite Giotto in feeling, while the new bourgeoisie—Schicchi; his daughter, Lauretta; and her lover, Rinuccio—wear the elegant, showy fashions of the early Renaissance."

We descended to the auditorium, where we found Bluebeard (David Ward) and Mrs. Bluebeard (Shirley Verrett) engaged in a domestic argument over a set of keys as Bodo Igesz, the director, paced their movements. "David, can you actively, protectively put Shirley away to this side before you sing 'Trusting you, I love you'?" Mr. Igesz asked, putting his arm around Miss Verrett's shoulders and pushing her gently to stage left. Mr. Ward—a commanding figure with gray hair and a gray beard—nodded, and followed Mr. Igesz's suggestion. "We're going to have to be *very* precise," said Mr. Igesz, "because this will be a dark stage, with overhead follow spots."

During a pause in the rehearsal, we asked Mr. Igesz—a slight, intense man with blond hair and deep-set brown eyes—what he thought "Bluebeard" was about. "This opera deals with man's loneliness in the world—his search for a partner and his inability to achieve that partnership," Mr. Igesz told us. "Remember that it begins in darkness and ends in darkness. Judith eventually joins the other wives and becomes a memory, but there may be many more Judiths. If you decide that the doors in the castle open to reveal man's personal secrets, you realize that Judith, by asking too much, makes the relationship between herself and Bluebeard impossible. It's a very pessimistic work, with a marvellous, lyrical score and tremendous production problems. If you do it realistically, you come up with something resembling a Boris Karloff movie. If you take the abstract route, as we have, you may confuse the audience with too much symbolism. However, that's a risk we're prepared to take."



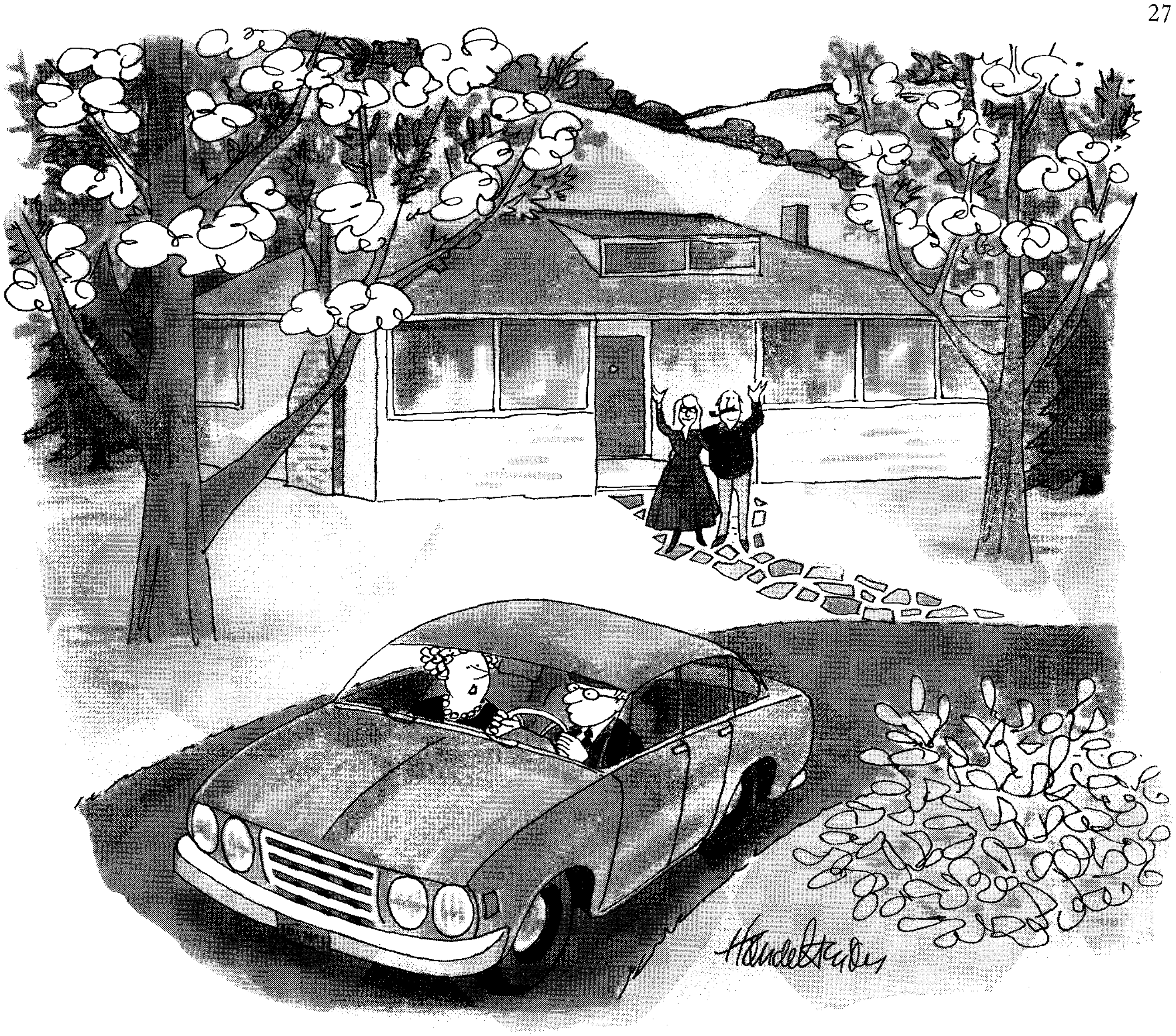
Our last stop was a basement rehearsal room where Sixten Ehrling, the compact Swedish maestro, was conducting a *Sitzprobe*, or orchestra reading, of "Gianni Schicchi." The Metropolitan orchestra, which had not played the score in sixteen years, was working through the music with considerable caution as Mr. Ehrling adjusted tempi and dynamics every few pages. The "Schicchi" cast—fifteen principals and ten alternates—sat in two rows of bleachers at the back of the orchestra and sailed through the complicated ensembles with precision and gusto. ("Schicchi" has only three real arias, and a great deal of ensemble work.) When Mr. Ehrling reached Schicchi's famous explanation of how he intends to impersonate the dead man, he asked the orchestra to increase the tempo toward the end of the aria. "We want to pick up a little but maintain a smooth line from one bar to the next," he said. "Now, before fifty-two, orchestra, please cut down your dynamics one step so we can hear Mr. Guarrera."

As Frank Guarrera (Gianni Schicchi) finished his aria with a ringing G, we slipped out of the rehearsal room and fell into conversation with Fabrizio Melano, a scholarly-looking young director, who was in charge of the Puccini work. "I took the realistic approach," he said, "and before we started rehearsals I invented an elaborate family tree for the Donatis, so that the relationships between the relatives would be precise. Then I showed my cast Pasolini's film of the 'Decameron' to give them some idea of the violent, dirty, unstable society of the late Middle Ages. Finally, we spent several days on spoken improvisations; I wanted each singer to build his own character, and I wanted them all to come onstage with the feeling that they really *were* a family. Both David Reppa and I see 'Schicchi' as a transition from the tight, narrow medieval world of the Donatis to the expanding horizons of the Renaissance. The person who brings the Renaissance into the family is Rinuccio, who, because he loves Schicchi's daughter, allies himself with the future. Gianni Schicchi, of course, is the 'new man' of the Renaissance—resourceful, intelligent, cunning, quick to spot any advantage. Dante mentions him in the 'Inferno,' so it's quite possible that Schicchi was a real person. For me Schicchi represents the beginning of modern Florence, that peculiar mixture of business sense and artistic activity which has become an important part of our cultural heritage. At the very end of the opera, the two young lovers sing their final duet looking at the rooftops of the Florence we know today—the Duomo, Giotto's tower, the Palazzo Vecchio. They are anticipating the future, because none of those buildings were visible in 1299."

Fly-Up

THE other evening, we watched eight Brownies turn into eight Junior Girl Scouts in the basement auditorium of the Epiphany Roman Catholic Church, on East Twenty-first Street. There are four levels of Girl Scouts—Brownies, Juniors, Cadettes, and Seniors—and the girls go from one level to another through a traditional Girl Scout ritual called a Fly-Up. We sat on a folding chair next to Frank Gorman, aged eight. In front of us were empty chairs where the Girl Scouts were going to sit, and in front of them was the stage. The room reminded us of a Grange Hall in the Midwest. "My mother typed this out," Frank said, pointing to a mimeographed sheet with the lyrics of "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" which we had found on our seat. Under the Girl Scouts' seats we noticed foot-long candles stuck through aluminum pie tins, so the drips wouldn't get on their hands.

At the beginning of the ceremony, a Cadette gave the command "Color guard, advance." Three sets of three girls marched in, with an American flag, with a Girl Scout flag, and with a Brownie flag. Thirteen Brownies, twenty-eight Juniors, and eleven Cadettes marched in behind them. (No Seniors took part.) The American flag was big, and it kept bumping the ventilator ducts on the ceiling. We said the Pledge of Allegiance (which was something we hadn't done in quite a while, and which we enjoyed), and we sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then the Cadette said, "Color guard, post your colors," and the girls, after some jockeying around, got the flags to stand up in their holders, to the left of the stage. Mrs. Josephine Bennett, Troop Coördinator for Epiphany Parish, made a speech in which she thanked the leaders of the three Epiphany Parish troops—Mrs. Sue Ferguson, Mrs. Muriel Gannon, Mrs. Joan Fealey (who had to stay home with her daughter Karen, who had bronchitis), Mrs. Kathleen Gorman, Miss Julia Hubbard, Mrs. Patricia Gilligan, Mrs. Connie O'Rourke, Mrs. Phyllis Passaretti, and Mrs. Michele Quirk. The girls applauded after each name, and since they all were wearing white gloves with their uniforms, the sound was muffled, like the sound of many hymnals being closed. Mrs. Bennett also thanked Mr. Richard Capuano,



"They may live in the sticks, but they seem to have read everything Norman Mailer ever wrote."

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for finding an extra flag stand for the ceremony.

Then it was awards time. Brownie Margaret Espinoza came up on the stage and explained the significance of the first award, the World Friendship Pin. "The World Friendship Pin is worn by girls all over the world to show they are friends," she said, and sat down. All the Brownies got World Friendship Pins. Then Father Joseph Chao handed out awards for Brownies who had learned the Rosary, and all but three of the Brownies got one. Next, Mrs. Bennett handed out badges; all the Juniors and Cadettes won badges. Patricia Dillon, a Junior, won ten badges (Active Citizen, Community Safety, Indian Lore, Art in the Round, Books, Magic Carpet, Home Health and Safety, Cook, Personal Health, and Troop Dramatics). Catherine Gorman, a Cadette, won fifteen badges and four Challenge Awards. You have to work harder for a Challenge Award than for a badge. One of the most popular Challenge Award programs is Knowing Yourself. Keith Ferguson, aged seven, who was sitting on the other side of Frank Gorman, became restless during the presentations and kicked over his empty White Rock Cream Soda can a total of four times.

"Now it's time for the Fly-Up ceremony," said Mrs. Bennett, and all the girls went "Oooh!" In the middle of the stage was an upside-down card table with crêpe paper draped between the legs like the cables of a suspension bridge. Eight Brownies walked in a line up to the bridge, where Mrs. Gilligan took off their Brownie caps and gave each one a patch in the shape of a pair of wings. Then each Brownie stepped across the bridge to a Junior who was waiting for her on the other side with a new green Girl Scout hat and a pin. After all the Brownies had crossed, they stood in a line facing the audience and sang one verse of "Make New Friends but Keep the Old." A father with a U.S.M.C. tattoo on his arm walked up to the stage to get a good picture. Then all the Brownies—now Juniors—went back to their seats.

After a skit called "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" (which involved a small amount of audience participation) and a candlelight singing of "Taps," the ceremony was over. We stood around with Patricia Dillon and helped ourselves to some of the best punch we have ever tasted. (Kudos, Mrs. Gannon!) We asked some of the Brownies how they had liked the Fly-Up. Suzanne O'Rourke said, "It's important, because you become a special person to America when you become a Girl Scout." Therese Silvia said she had liked it a lot. "I was scared," she said. Just then a Brownie's mother grabbed her daughter, who was horsing around. "Don't do this running," said the mother. "Don't embarrass me."

THE SCHOOL

Well, we had all these children out planting trees, see, because we figured that . . . that was part of their education, to see how, you know, the root systems . . . and also the sense of responsibility, taking care of things, being individually responsible. You know what I mean. And the trees all died. They were orange trees. I don't know why they died, they just died. Something wrong with the soil possibly or maybe the stuff we got from the nursery . . . wasn't the best. We complained about it. So we've got thirty kids there, each kid had his or her own little tree to plant, and we've got these thirty dead trees. All these kids looking at these little brown sticks, it was depressing.

It wouldn't have been so bad except that . . . Before that, just a couple of weeks before the thing with the trees, the snakes all died. But I think that the snakes—well, the reason that the snakes kicked off was that . . . you remember, the boiler was shut off for four days because of the strike, and that was explicable. It was something you could explain to the kids because of the strike. I mean, none of their parents would let them cross the picket line and they knew there was a strike going on and what it meant. So when things got started up again and we found the snakes they weren't too disturbed.

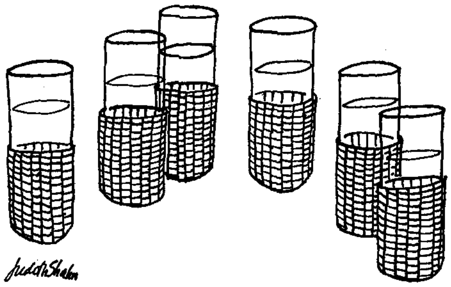
With the herb gardens it was probably a case of overwatering, and at least now they know not to overwater. The children were very conscientious with the herb gardens and some of them probably . . . you know, slipped them a little extra water when we weren't looking. Or maybe . . . well, I don't like to think about sabotage, although it did occur to us. I mean, it was something that crossed our minds. We were thinking that way probably because before that the gerbils had died, and the white mice had died, and the salamander . . . well, now they know not to carry them around in plastic bags.

Of course we *expected* the tropical fish to die, that was no surprise. Those numbers, you look at them crooked and they're belly-up on the surface. But the lesson plan called for a tropical-fish input at that point, there was nothing we could do, it happens every year, you just have to hurry past it.

We weren't even supposed to have a puppy.

We weren't even supposed to have one, it was just a puppy the Murdoch girl found under a Gristede's truck one day and she was afraid the truck would run over it when the driver had finished making his delivery, so she stuck it in her knapsack and brought it to school with her. So we had this puppy. As soon as I saw the puppy I thought, Oh Christ, I bet it will live for about two weeks and then . . . And that's what it did. It wasn't supposed to be in the classroom at all, there's some kind of regulation about it, but you can't tell them they can't have a puppy when the puppy is already there, right in front of them, running around on the floor and yap yap yapping. They named it Edgar—that is, they named it after me. They had a lot of fun running after it and yelling, "Here, Edgar! Nice Edgar!" Then they'd laugh like hell. They enjoyed the ambiguity. I enjoyed it myself. I don't mind being kidded. They made a little house for it in the supply closet and all that. I don't know what it died of. Distemper, I guess. It probably hadn't had any shots. I got it out of there before the kids got to school. I checked the supply closet each morning, routinely, because I knew what was going to happen. I gave it to the custodian.

And then there was this Korean orphan that the class adopted through the Help the Children program, all the kids brought in a quarter a month, that was the idea. It was an unfortunate thing, the kid's name was Kim and maybe we adopted him too late or something. The cause of death was not stated in the letter we got, they suggested we adopt another child instead and sent us some interesting case histories, but we didn't have the heart. The class took it pretty hard, they began (I think; nobody ever said anything to me directly) to feel that maybe there was something wrong with the school. But I don't think there's anything wrong with the school, particularly, I've seen better and I've seen worse. It was just a run of bad luck. We had an extraordinary number of parents passing away, for instance. There were I think two heart attacks and two suicides, one drowning, and four killed together in a car accident. One stroke. And we had the usual heavy mortality rate among the grandparents, or maybe it was heavier this year, it seemed so. And finally the tragedy.



The tragedy occurred when Matthew Wein and Tony Mavrogordo were playing over where they're excavating for the new federal office building. There were all these big wooden beams stacked, you know, at the edge of the excavation. There's a court case coming out of that, the parents are claiming that the beams were poorly stacked. I don't know what's true and what's not. It's been a strange year.

I forgot to mention Billy Brandt's father, who was knifed fatally when he grappled with a masked intruder in his home.

One day, we had a discussion in class. They asked me, where did they go? The trees, the salamander, the tropical fish, Edgar, the poppas and mommas, Matthew and Tony, where did they go? And I said, I don't know, I don't know. And they said, who knows? and I said, nobody knows. And they said, is death that which gives meaning to life? and I said, no, life is that which gives meaning to life. Then they said, but isn't death, considered as a fundamental datum, the means by which the taken-for-granted mundanity of the everyday may be transcended in the direction of—

I said, yes, maybe.

They said, we don't like it.

I said, that's sound.

They said, it's a bloody shame!

I said, it is.

They said, will you make love now with Helen (our teaching assistant) so that we can see how it is done? We know you like Helen.

I do like Helen but I said that I would not.

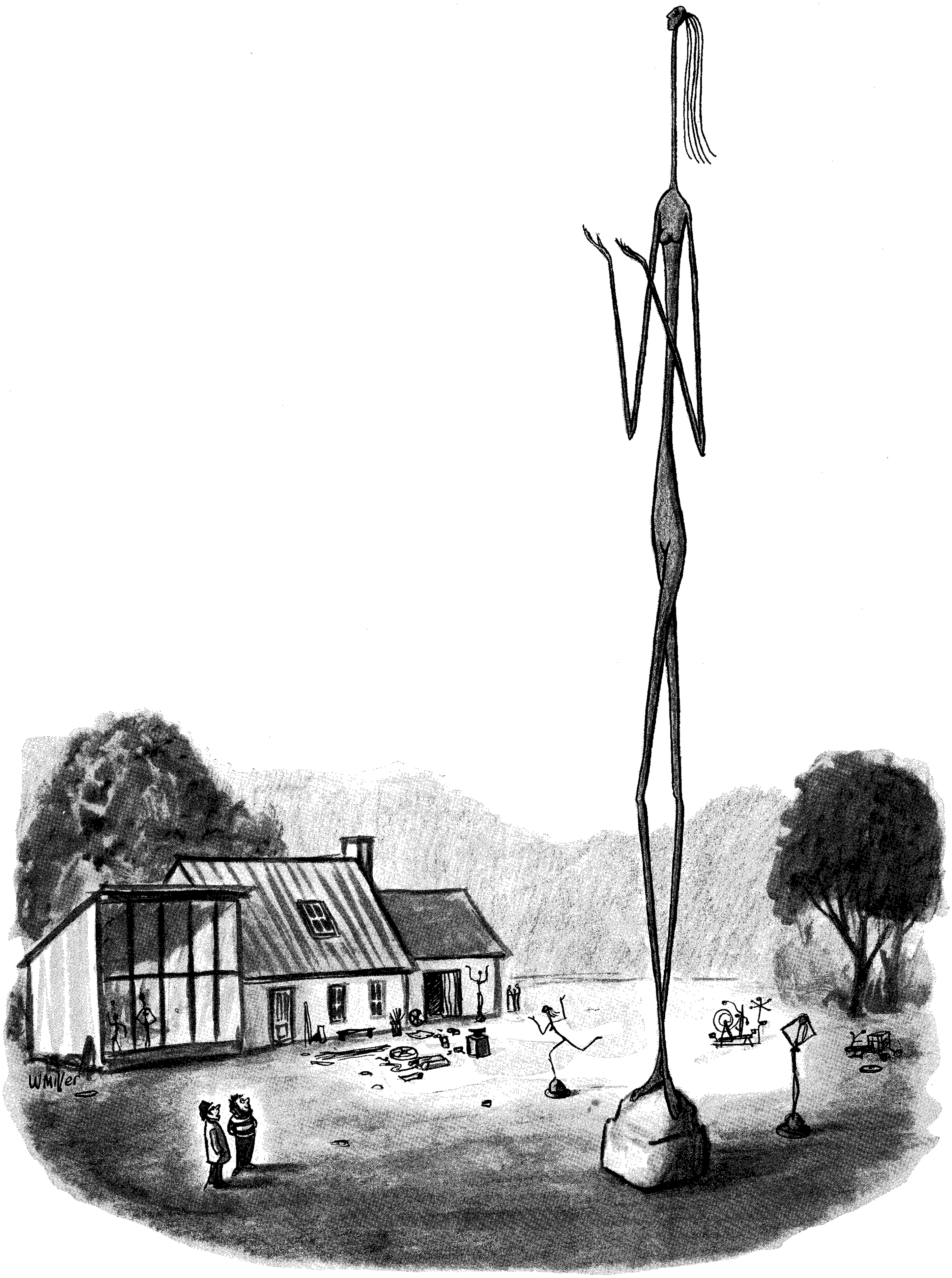
We've heard so much about it, they said, but we've never seen it.

I said I would be fired and that it was never, or almost never, done as a demonstration. Helen looked out of the window.

They said, please, please make love with Helen, we require an assertion of value, we are frightened.

I said that they shouldn't be frightened (although I am often frightened) and that there was value everywhere. Helen came and embraced me. I kissed her a few times on the brow. We held each other. The children were excited. Then there was a knock on the door, I opened the door, and the new gerbil walked in. The children cheered wildly.

—Donald Barthelme



"Sam, it's the most sensitive thing you've ever done!"

SIR CECIL'S RIDE

THE taxi might have been out of control, rattling off down the mountain, rounding the curves by luck. Constantin stood putting the change away, filthy little tickets of money that he buttoned in the pocket of his shorts. A dark-green Humber that came whirring sedately over the pass hesitated alongside them offering wordless rescue—the car itself raising eyebrows at two Europeans on the roadside in the heat. (This driver was white, coming up from the club at Deep Water Bay.) The second car slipped over the precipice with finality, like an emissary that has offered terms and been rejected: let battle commence.

"You wanted to walk," Constantin said. "And now we're going to walk."

It was not that she wanted to walk but that she wanted to be with him on the Sundays he spent walking. He knew this, and supposed he was challenging her to confess it like a fault. "It is here," he said, and they turned off the Magazine Gap Road onto a shoulder of gravel. There was an opening in scrub, then the path. There was even a lettered sign—three English words set on a tilted post, in soil so dry you might have lifted the pole out of the ground like a dead plant.

His finger prodded a skyline. "Our path goes right across that chain of hills." She could see it zigzag, disappear, flick out again. "And comes down at Repulse Bay." The names were often like this—combative, ballistic: Magazine, Repulse. It was a fact, universal, of colonial life.

He took her wrist and swung it lightly, let it go. The girl ambled contentedly, relieved of the dis-ease of being where he was not. Only too glad to have left, because of him, the green, ordered side of the island where the city was a plaster lozenge in long agglomerations of Chinese towns, and habitation seethed in a snake dance along the shore. To have left the sister who said, "You're daft," sullenly, from bed, as she pulled on sandals, tugged at mousy curls, dropped the comb in her pocket as sole equipment for the journey. In the bedroom windows, vegetation was as dense on slopes and heights as tenements were below, the tropics terraced around irruptions of pastel villas that climbed into humidity—pale houses ripped open by looters during the Japanese withdrawal, some scaffolded, others already restored.

In the city you might glance up any teeming street of stairs to find jungle at the top in a green overhang. The passageways of steps that led up from Queen's Road were stacked, like shelves, with merchandise—whole walls of print materials in bolts, looped-up cascades of plastic handbags, Niagaras of colored belts, rafts and wheels of paper flowers for funerals, everything your heart could desire from UNRRA supplies to ivory penknives, table napkins from Swatow, and trays from Amoy stencilled with vermillion dragons. Ascending like an offering, all this branched at last into extravagant green leaf.

Her checkered dress had exhaled its last breath of starch in the boiling cab. She had no hat and as she walked her eyes squeezed up against the sun. She had not learned to wear sunglasses, was always taking them off to see the colors. He kissed her salty wrist and again released it. He said, "I am too young to be involved with women half my age." Constantin was thirty-six.

He would explain to her about the path. Constantin knew all kinds of things, every thing. "It was an early governor who laid it out. Just as you wanted to walk, he wanted to ride. The roads of the island, such as they then were, palled. In any case, roads take the shortest route. By winding round and round these hills you get an illusion of distance, as if you were not on an island. Thus Sir Cecil rode."

The girl saw the track winding round and round. "All this for his recreation." In the tone of her parents. "Hundreds of coolies laboring for months."

"Or a handful of overworked ones, mostly women. He would have told himself it served some larger purpose. That is generally the way."

"Now it is," she said. "In those times they didn't bother."

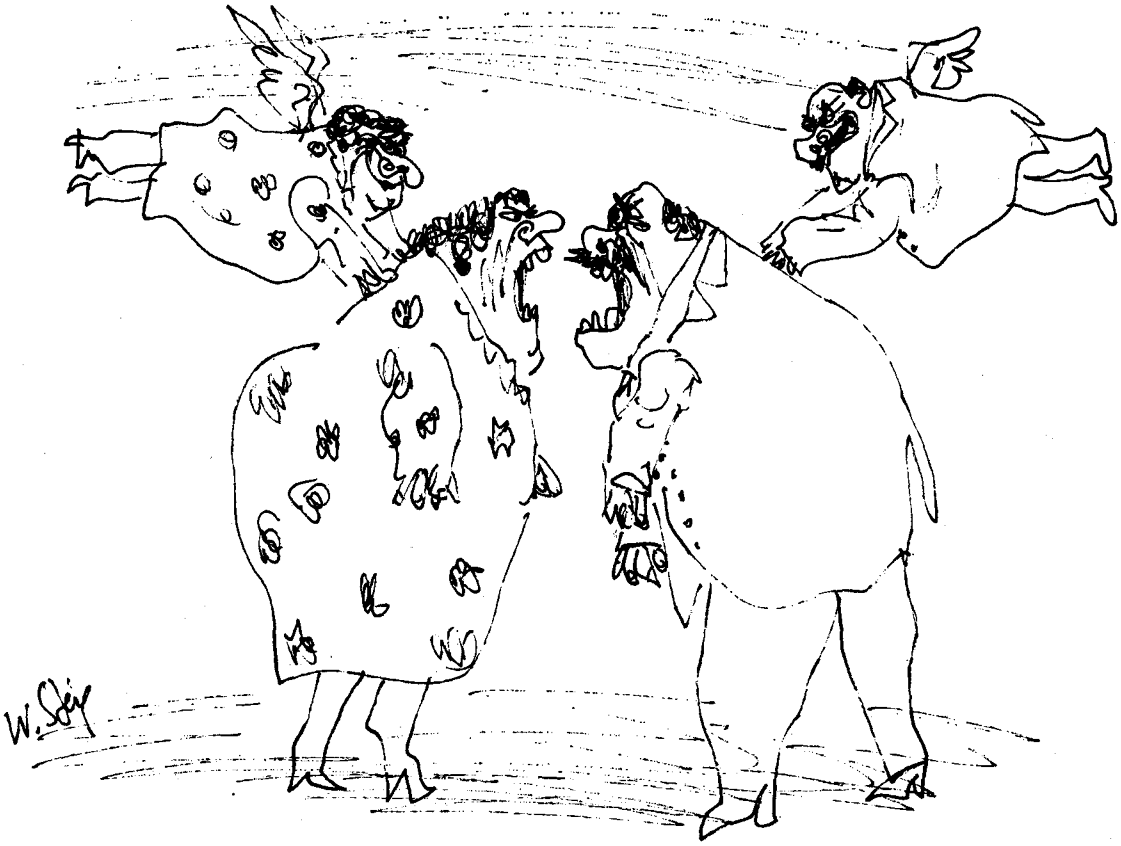
But she did not know Sir Cecil's dates.

"You think hypocrisy is new?"

"Only with regard to empires."

How could she talk of the past, who had no past to speak of?

The bay appeared on the left—or, it would be, west. Warships idled—a dove-grey carrier, a cruiser, sloops. All movement there came from merchantmen, ferries, junks, and from a Sunday line of little yachts racing out past Ly-ee-mun. Between island and mainland a concrete sea shone like an aerodrome on which the craft sped or stayed. For the yachtsmen it would be green water, ruffling the hull and cool-rushing through the fingers you trailed over the side. At Ly-ee-mun, where the girl



once sailed with Freddy from the Secret Service, the water was deepest, and deeply blue. Freddy flung overboard the crusts of their sandwiches, saying, "Bong appitee, fish." She had watched the receding bread briefly inflate, almost expecting the snapper or garrupa to rise to it, like carp. Freddy was lovable. It was Constantin she loved.

The underbrush became an occasional roasting bush, became strewn rubbish, fell away entirely. They had come now to the start of silence, where none of the road noises could follow and no sound lay ahead, not even an aromatic rustle in shrubbery. The scene enlarged to receive them, as they matched to it their pace, their solitude, their expectations.

It was less like land than a monstrous topography involving the emotional language of maps—faults, depressions, relief; it might have been a chart layered in colors of intensifying aridity. The hills were empty everywhere, scarcely prickled with growth: naked, like flesh—no, like hide, or like some unsociable material, canvas, calico. It was the cadaver of a landscape, making you realize how upholstered, how nourished and overfed were hills elsewhere.

In fact you would have said a zone, not a country, a geology still simmering on who knew what banked fires. It was cracked and gashed to the bone, it was scooped and seamed by landslips or the rains. The valleys were ravines, dried watercourses, moraines of tumbled stone. And the sky, all sun, was crowded with mountains, clear of birds. No living sign, no indication of humanity—not even of human error.

He and she might have been first in this convulsed desert, but for the path.

The path narrowed, intent and serious. It was beaten earth, merely, and small stones. He had said, "Our path"—yet no route had ever more conclusively rejected possession, association. Except in regard to Sir Cecil.

She saw hillsides passing, and felt that he and she made their way up and down and put the appalling scene to some purpose. He, as if from far off, watched the pair of them creeping among all this obduracy. The hills of the mainland, on which at times he walked, were redder still, less tufted even than these of the island: the real thing, the hills of South China.

He said, "I have just a memory of the gorges in the north. I was—what—two, not even three. It is hard to impress a baby, but even a baby was impressed. When we came out of Russia it was across Siberia and down those gorges." Constantin was safely British now, and had a passport. He had gone to schools in England and been brave for England in the war, and the least they could do was make him British: this least they had done. In the nature of things he could never be English. But a passport cannot be overestimated when you have passed your childhood stateless in Shanghai.

Constantin, securely British, remained foreign in ways that, giving intense pleasure to the girl, displeased in other quarters. He spoke the Shanghai dialect and had a Cantonese teacher twice a week. These were only some of his excesses. He could sing, for instance, and in French; had given her a copy of the memoirs, newly published, of Benois, from the bookshop in Ice House Street. In German prison camps, after Arnhem, he had translated Novalis to pass the time. None of this was usual, and some of it—though not the part about the book—had been reported to Whitehall, Eyes Only, in the pouch.

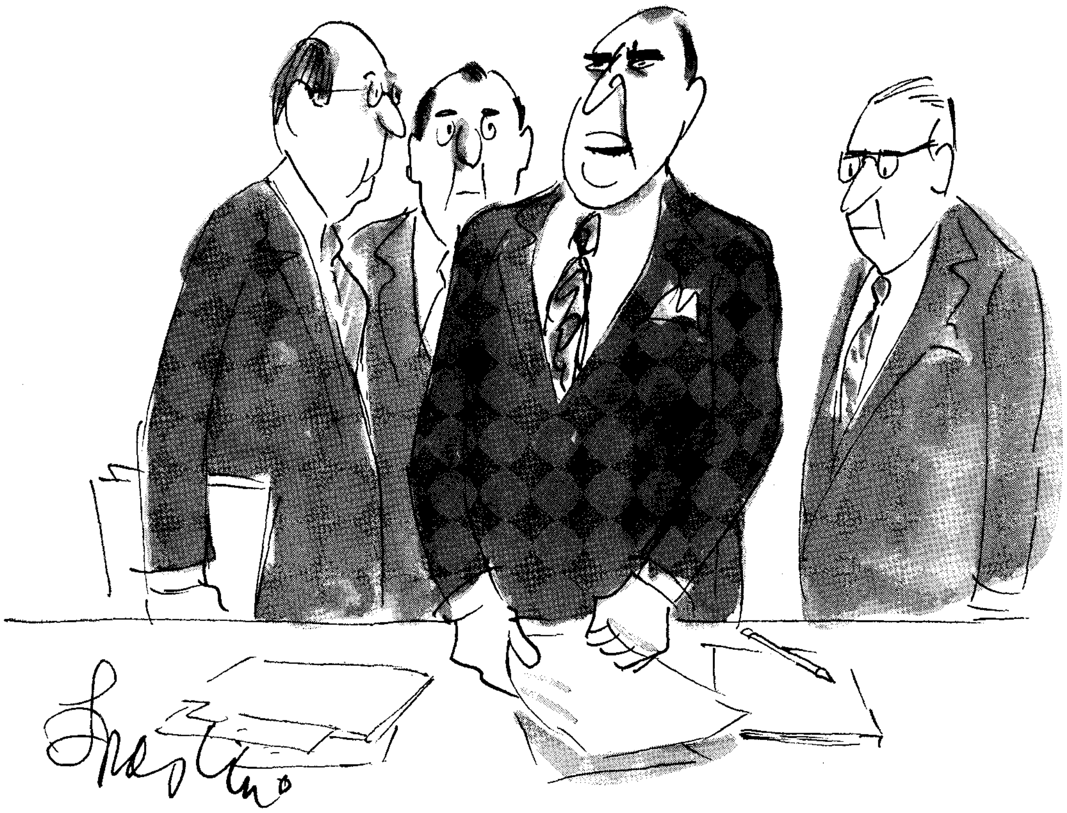
The back of her neck absorbed heat defenselessly, though it was up to her to have brought the hat.

The sea surfaced again, as a modesty piece in the cleft of two brown hills. It was mineral green below an aberrant cloud—green of the jade that would be sold everywhere in the city except at the best jewellers, who, to a European clientele, showed no jade except the rarest: to them, Dakotas flying out of Rangoon and Saigon brought cargoes of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, all that. Nor did they show much gold (which otherwise was everywhere too, mostly in teeth but also on pens, watchbands, bangles, and the rims of spectacles, and wadding up hailstorms of cheap jade rings in Queen's Road windows); but had, each, an elderly Sikh with turban and rifle on a cane chair at the door: a cigar-store Indian.

So the girl reflected—feeling, all but seeing, the ring on her finger as she walked and looked at the green sea. One of the tacking yachts came into view; and went about, as they watched it—doing just for them its solo turn on jade sea. They saw it pause, shake its white self upright out of its element; saw the sails briefly flail and slacken, the boom swinging in a panic of independence, at an utter loss, until it leant, once more triangular, with its other shoulder on the wind.

Freddy of M.I. 5—or 6, or 7—was a good sailor, no shouting, content to munch sandwiches and come in last.

They had arrived at a ramp of stones,



"I may not be right, but, by God, that doesn't mean I'm wrong."

• •

WOLVES IN THE ZOO

They look like shaggy dogs, but wrongly drawn,
And a legend on their cage tells us there is
No evidence that any of their kind
Has ever attacked man, woman, or child.

Now it turns out there were no babies dropped
In sacrifice, delaying tactics, from
Siberian sleds; now it turns out, so late,
That Little Red Ridinghood and her Gran

Were the aggressors with the slavering fangs
And telltale tails; now it turns out, at last,
That gray wolf and timber wolf are nearly gone,
Done out of being by the tales we tell

Told us by Nanny in the nursery—
Young sparks we were, to set such forest fires
As blazed from story into history,
And put such bounty on their wolfish heads

As brought the few survivors to our terms,
Surrendered in happy Babylon among
The peacock dusting off the path of dust,
The tiger pacing in the striped shade.

—Howard Nemerov

• •

down which they slipped and slid, reaching the bottom with a thud and a short run. She supposed the horse—Sir Cecil's—had managed this with its usual aplomb. She began to understand why Sir Cecil rode.

"That's the last we'll see of the sea," said Constantin, as if they were embarked on some endless journey to the interior. He said these things and they were always true. People would look at him in the street, curious that authority should inspire no fear.

"Granite and erosion," he observed of the land in which they were now locked. There was grandeur in this bleached place where even the least of the hills strove, in its outline, to become a mountain. Not to the girl, with her undeveloped sense of such beauty—it was one of the things he hoped to change in her. The feeling for nature, when it comes strained through literature, is too luxuriant, too soulful: *vieux jardins reflétés par les yeux*—too much of that.

"Say some lines to me, Elizabeth." You could open her at any page. Total recall, but of some previous existence—the virtuoso performance of a singer who otherwise knows not a word of the language. She had begun at the end, looked up the last chapter of experience, and how would she ever work her way out into this incarnate present?

The dress was soaked right round its checkered middle. The girl touched her burning hair and the tendrils at her ears, wet as if she had been in the sea. She did not mind all that much his wanting to change her; it showed a stake in the outcome. Without change, there was the threat of the colonial dames, their baffled sexlessness, their eternal deplorings, the life is artificial, is artificial. Scheherazades of endless grievance—the No. 1 Boy who took opium, the amah who boiled my pink shantung, the cook who, though recommended by Mildred at Jardine's, had done something peculiar with the New Zealand lamb.

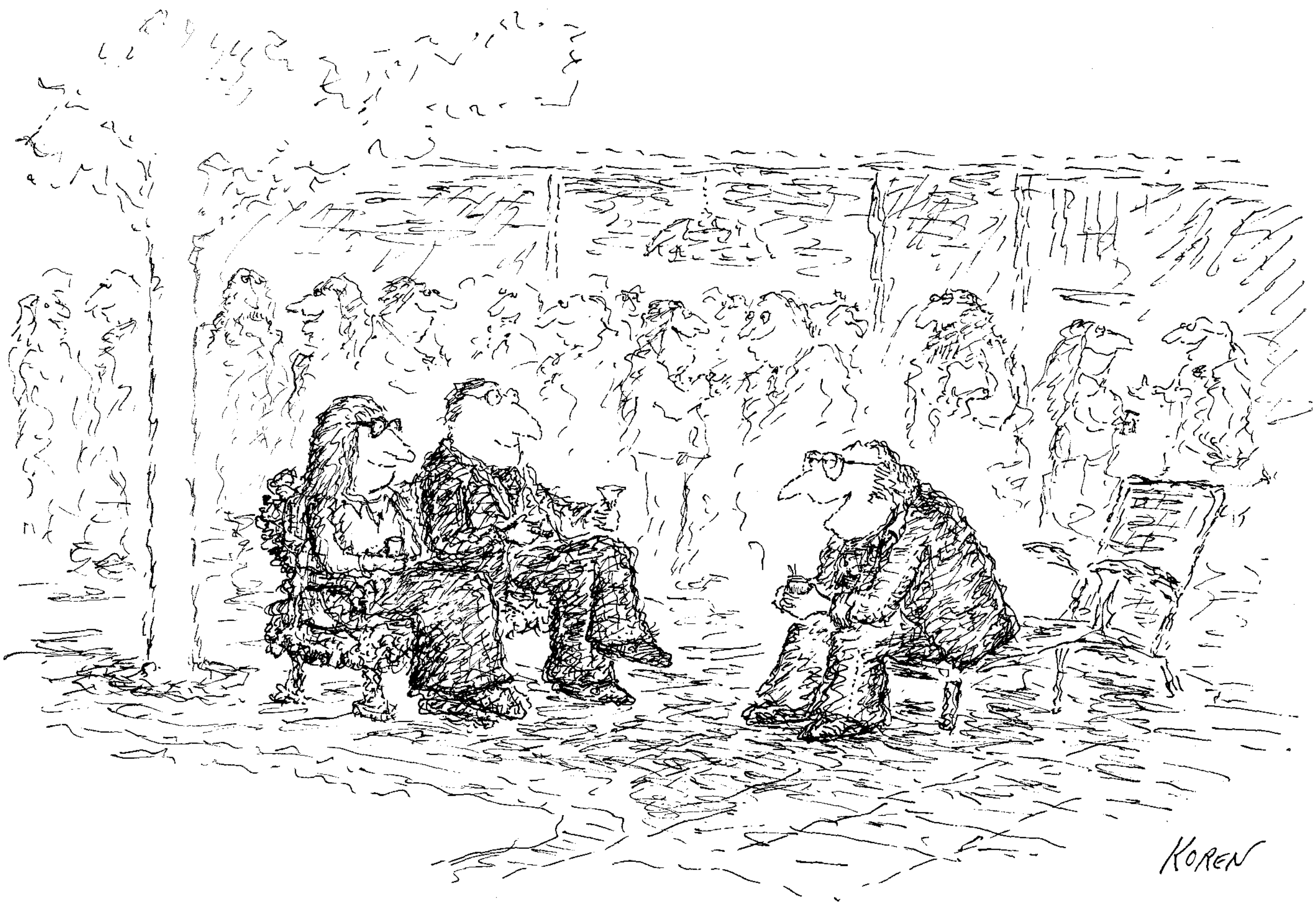
Hand in hand they slithered down another declivity, then passed singly along a ledge. Mountains parted to admit more mountains, and again the path ran jaggedly ahead at apparent random, as if a child had scored the map. Rocks were jumbled like stale cake: up through your shoes they tingled with noon, and in the worst of them grooves had been chipped so that the beast, or person, might make his way across.

The girl wondered about Sir Cecil, who rode in white, whose white sun helmet, and perhaps breast, were looped with gold; who sought and created such arduous silence in which to hear stirrups chinking, hooves ringing, and the heavy breath of horse and man.

Not necessarily of the prevailing view that to proceed at all was to be in some form of flight, she yet perceived that Sir Cecil might have sought distraction here from possibilities that were almost infinite: a wife, silently aggrieved or harshly vocal; the lack of any wife; bereavement, separation, perversion. Remorse was perhaps expiated, or reflection developed, in these lone exertions. Such things passed in her head like scenery, with (the wife theme being dominant) a shiver of long skirts, a flickering of high-boned collar, and Chinese boys in pale gowns and slippers plying punkahs in darkened rooms. While the rider, erect, deliberate, moved on through vacant summer with something like purity.

Sir Whatsit, the present governor, had been in prison like everybody else. Receptions had now resumed at Government House—tastefully modernized by the Japanese during the governor's absence, though with the doubtful addition of the pagoda. Invitations arrived tactile with gold, everyone attended. Nobody went to the camp at Stanley, far out at Tai Tam, where names and deaths were scratched around disintegrating walls, along with the calendars of Xs which in their beginning had no known end. No man or woman released from there could get the tongue around such reality. After a lifetime passed in denouncing the artificial, actuality had stunned them trivial forever. The sentences beginning "When we were in Stanley" all ended with the tale of weevils in the rice cake, or the loss of the hoarded shoes. There had been breakdowns since, but not anyone with backbone.

The War Crimes people gave parties that lasted all night. Opposite the cathedral, Japanese prisoners were kept in enclosures behind the barracks, waiting for the War Crimes to get to them. Their prisoners, our prisoners, it was catch as catch can. You walked past the wire, the prisoners were hanging about, suspended for the enactment of justice. In autumn they were let out on the road an hour or two each day to rake the leaves. They wore olive fatigues and were under guard of a sentry—who would be a boy of perhaps eighteen, with yellow hair and glasses, or dark hair and pimples, himself barely out of custody from home or school. The trees behind the barracks had great red flowers in spring: Flame of the Forest, Constantin said.



“I used to be a management consultant, but now I’m into making up songs and poems.”

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“How long were you in prison, Constantin?”

“One hundred and sixty-six days, all perishing cold.” The khaki shirt stuck wetly to his back, the black hair wetly to his head. “Also thirty days of prison hospital.” A swatch of flesh was missing from his leg, leaving a purple cavity along the shinbone. Once he had drawn a map for her, like an old soldier, marking in the north bank of the Rhine, a bridge, the Polish brigade, the First Airborne Division. He had told her that the colonel’s head was blown off while they stood together, and how he had lain for days untended in an upper bunk in a shed for captive wounded. All this was decently enclosed in war; it was like delivering a string of obscenities as polite conversation. The immense indecency of war he kept, a colossal secret, to himself. Folding the map he had laughed and said, “A thin red line of heroes,” sounding like Freddy. He had kept folding until the map was small, and made this joke and pressed it into her hand.

At Government House they were wearing braided uniforms and suits of white duck, and in the evening scarlet cummerbunds and decorations. They were wearing long kid gloves that buttoned back to expose the fingers, and hats with veiling stirred by ceiling fans. The girl stood there on platform soles holding a glass while Princess Elizabeth became engaged six thousand miles away, or India became a nation, or a viscount with protuberant eyes was passed from hand to hand. She sat on a gilt chair while a Georgian poet told a carefully selected audience about light in poetry, on his way to Japan; and was later unsuccessful in obtaining his book from Kelly & Walsh in Chater Road. A colonel of the Inniskillings in a saffron kilt had taken her aside—“I’d like to tell you *my* little jingle”—but her apprehensions were unjustified, as it was only about the typhoon season:

June, too soon;
July, stand by;
August, it must;
September, remember;
October, all over.

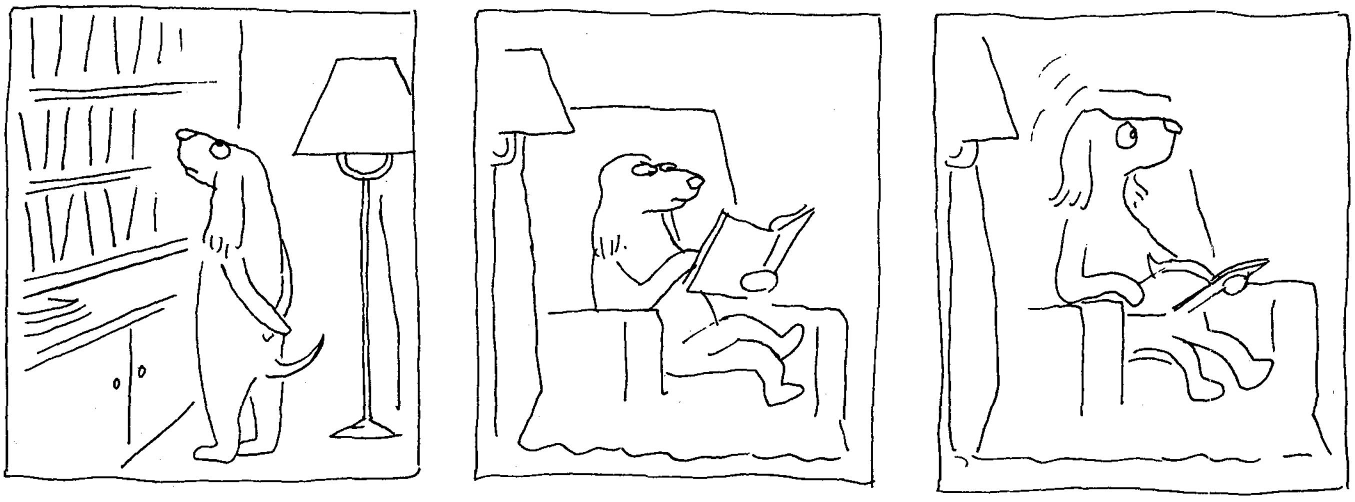
He told her that a great liner had nosed its way into the post office in the typhoon just before the war. And that the last typhoon had halved the sampan population which, don’t misunderstand me, was in any case getting out of hand.

From the windows of all this you could see China across the bay. You were in the Far East; you were so remote from the familiar that your immediate surroundings were described as Far.

She turned to discover the distance they had come, but hills were mirrored behind as ahead, disclosing nothing. The morning sense of putting the earth to their purpose shrivelled to the ache of a remembered gaffe, ludicrous as having brought the comb. There could be here no human disturbance of the slightest significance. To detonate the scene would be to impose on it the same aspect as before. Without birds, there was not even the sort of tension into which a shot might be fired.

The day that India was independent, cannon were fired in the afternoon. Up on the tennis courts at May Road, people stopped playing and said “India,” and “I only hope they have the sense,” and it was the same at the golf clubs with the lovely names, “Shek-O,” “Fanling,” where men called Tug and Taffy and Bongo leant on their niblicks, fatalistic for the first time: “Who knows?” Certitude belonged, like the crimson carpet in the Peninsula Hotel, to the great Before-the-War.

“In motion,” Constantin said, “there



is a salutary exhaustion. It drives out the devil."

Constantin came and went in civilian dress to Nanking, to Harbin, to Kwangchowan, about the King's business—for, with the passport, he had acquired a king. He told her, "Going to China does not give importance; one becomes less important the farther one gets into China." He returned, put on his uniform, and sat down to write the long reports that, coupled with his trip through the gorges and his accomplishments, gave displeasure. "What are you telling them?" "The inevitable, Elizabeth." A fat man came from London with displeasure plain on his plain face. The truth can only be told, like poetry, to a carefully selected audience; that was part of the indecency of war, of peace. If he were to marry the girl she would have to know of his despair over this. They would talk about it beforehand as something central to their domestic lives, like income or birth control.

"Love," he said. "I have not been in love since I was your age." He might have added, "Until now," but had a moral obligation not to do this. Or persuaded himself of these larger considerations: that is generally the way. He must not match, from knowledge, the immeasurable solemnity of youth; he would be vigilant. The price of vigilance is eternal liberty. All the advantages being nevertheless hers, unrealized, even the intensity with which she trots along, two steps to his one. Montaigne playing with his cat wondered, Is she the plaything or am I?

The girl's thoughts were all of marching—of route marches, forced marches, marches bearing packs and rifles, boots, boots, boots, the Children of Israel, the retreat from Moscow. A sense of proportion lightened the step only briefly: reasonableness, like the fatalism of the taipans leaning on their niblicks, could not be sustained. Napoleon had in any case ridden—like Sir Cecil. It was stupefying to think that Sir Cecil had done this repeatedly.

A shadow at the limit of vision resolved itself into spars of growth—a blur of hot bushes, not beautiful enough for a mirage. A dried, greenish stain spread with slow precision at the rate of their approach. I can do this, the girl promised herself, neither slackening nor accelerating the automatic placing of her feet, not taking stock of her sunstruck body nor in any way threatening by disruption of gait or posture her ability to arrive. There would be the descent to the sea, still, and the last slopes leading down to the hotel there. The arcades and awnings of the hotel verandah cast their hallucinatory shadow before: thirst escaped at last from agonizing confinement, overwhelming her in reckless foreknowledge of dripping tumbler and slaked throat. Imagination ran riot over orangeade and ginger beer.

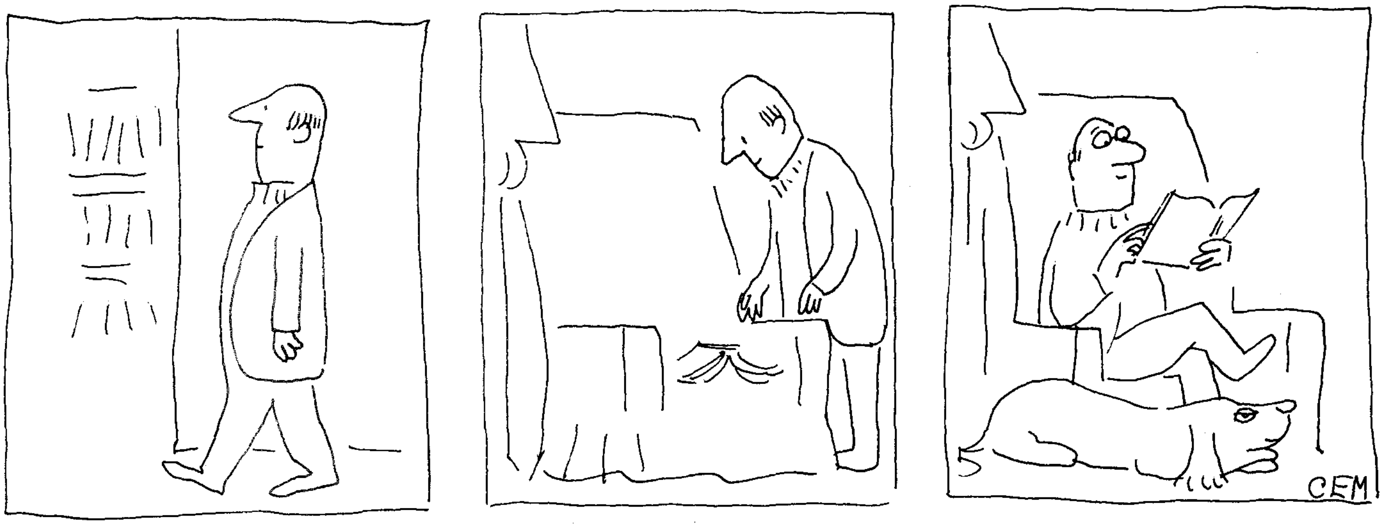
She was proud not to have complained, to have swallowed without comment the stuff about salutary exhaustion. But, now the enterprise was assessable, she did marvel that this had been done to her. If I had collapsed, if there had been an accident . . . With a taste of repugnance, she thought how he had said, "You wanted to walk." She hoped he was not going to give her grievances against him; she hoped, if so, she would not nurture them in the local tradition of the everlasting wrong.

The degree of thirst was a new experience, reductive as pain. Soldiers in the desert passed round a flask to wet their lips, not taking more than their honor-bound swallow—she had seen Gary Cooper in "Beau Geste." He and she could have brought the flask, at least. Another black mark for Constantin, who, knowing every thing, had known how far, how hot.

Fronded trees showed themselves, thinly inclined, congregated in search of shelter rather than to furnish it. It was the place where a watercourse had been channelled down. As they came up they could see the stream falling on a cement conduit and disappearing under a causeway. The causeway was formed by a kind of concrete coffin graven with the imperial imprint: with the medieval crest, the motto in French.

"You're mad!" Constantin shouted as the girl knelt to drink—striking up her cupped hands, splashing water over her dress and tears into her eyes. She plunged her forearms into the slide of water, defiant, as if they too might contract typhoid there, or dysentery, or blackwater fever. She sat to take off her sandals that unclamped themselves painfully, the buckles branded grittily onto the instep. Each foot, when washed, instantly dried. He sat down under the trees, trees in name only, the trunks slender as bamboos, and watched her doing this. At her age there was beauty even when looking a sight. Beauty all-powerful, and as vulnerable as her blistered neck.

She sat near him in the shade of strange afternoon. He had taken off his shirt. Touch was unthinkable, she could scarcely bear the pressure of clothes, she had spread her hands wide on the grass of the oasis. There was the mottling light, the shine of water and the sound. There was the life—of beetles, butterflies—renewed in these leaves and grasses. There was the glow of reflected, unremitting day; and the spell. One would have thought it necessary to conjure up such fullness, to coax or dramatize it into expansive being. Its having sought them out here, taken them unawares, a million to one,



imposed a decent silence, a tribute already shaped with remembrance.

Ludicrous, if you thought about it, this squatting on the ledge of a great rock in the China Sea. Yet he looked on in silence at her outspread arms, her sunburnt leg and checkered dress, her shoes capsized on the coat of arms, her tender neck.

Soon it would be as before; he would get up and put on his shirt—and at length did so. He washed in lethal waters; he brought her shoes. He took her hands and pulled her to her feet, and put dry lips to her salty hair. He said that they could not stay there forever. There was untruth in this: something would stay, and he could not, putting on his shirt, make it all as before.

THEY were out of this in a hundred paces, and stood again on a long spine of the rock. Where there should have been a prospect of the sea, and the grand staircase of fields descending to it, there was the tin sky, the carcasses of hills. Far, far off, at many miles, there was the winding incision of a path—some other path, not conceivably theirs.

Constantin said, "We've come damn nearly halfway."

The girl had always held disappointment to be the cruellest sensation, mocking you back into childhood. And now this landscape reeled with disappointment, was disappointment brutally incarnate. She tried—on her tongue that had become, quite simply, thirst—she tried the syllables "I cannot." But did not speak them—and in this place tears evaporated before they could be shed. Reasonable comparisons were long since gone, nothing whatever being relative to the present case. There was no holding this fire in the hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus.

She thought on Sir Cecil, who rode while others walked and was cruel to animals.

They had ceased to sweat. Her arm where it emerged from the sleeve was aged and crumpled, like the shredding worst of the paper money you reserved for the Kowloon Ferry. When the path was plain before them she would shut her eyes now on rings of purple that remained as rainbows beneath the lids. Her steps, no longer regular, no longer an even two to his one, blundered into him. "Sorry." She had a pebble in her shoe, and shook it out in walking rather than ask for quarter. Constantin walked straight and strong, driving out the devil, and paused only when she had fallen far behind. She would come stumbling up, asleep; they would resume. He had seen a lot of this in the army, the sergeants shouting "You, there!" He said without rancor, "Pull yourself together."

She flashed awake. "Shut up."

He laughed. "When I was a sergeant, I was obeyed. More so than when I became an officer." Constantin had been commissioned in the field during the Italian campaign. A signal had been delivered; he had been told to join the officers. "Which meant, one left the shade of the tree where one was, and crawled on one's belly to another tree to join the brass. This was in the Alban Hills."

She dreamed a classical landscape, wooded; an ellipse of lake in an emerald valley; the cool shade of the Italian campaign. Anger withered like everything else, and she kept pace.

You had to remember that the rains fell here, the unimaginable rains. There were months when the rains fell every day, rain or shine; they could fall in bright sunlight, and this scene of dehydrated clarity could not be exempt. The rain collapsed on you, there was always more where it came from. Thus it fell without any sense of release on either side. One must believe in rain here too, sluicing out primeval sediment from crannies, rinsing stones down streaming canyons in a wash of mud.

It was as if the island were leading a double life. The rains belonged on the green, other side, where mildew was a topic, whole lives were lived around mildew and the houses had electric hot rooms for leather and wool, and chintz chairs were put out in the sun on a dry day like a row of invalids, and there were few dry days. The rains were part of all that, like the invitations on which the gilt lettering might be read like Braille, and the salad being washed in permanganate, and the black taffeta New Look of the French consul's daughter; people shouting "You're mad," "You're daft," "You, there," at any exercise of will.

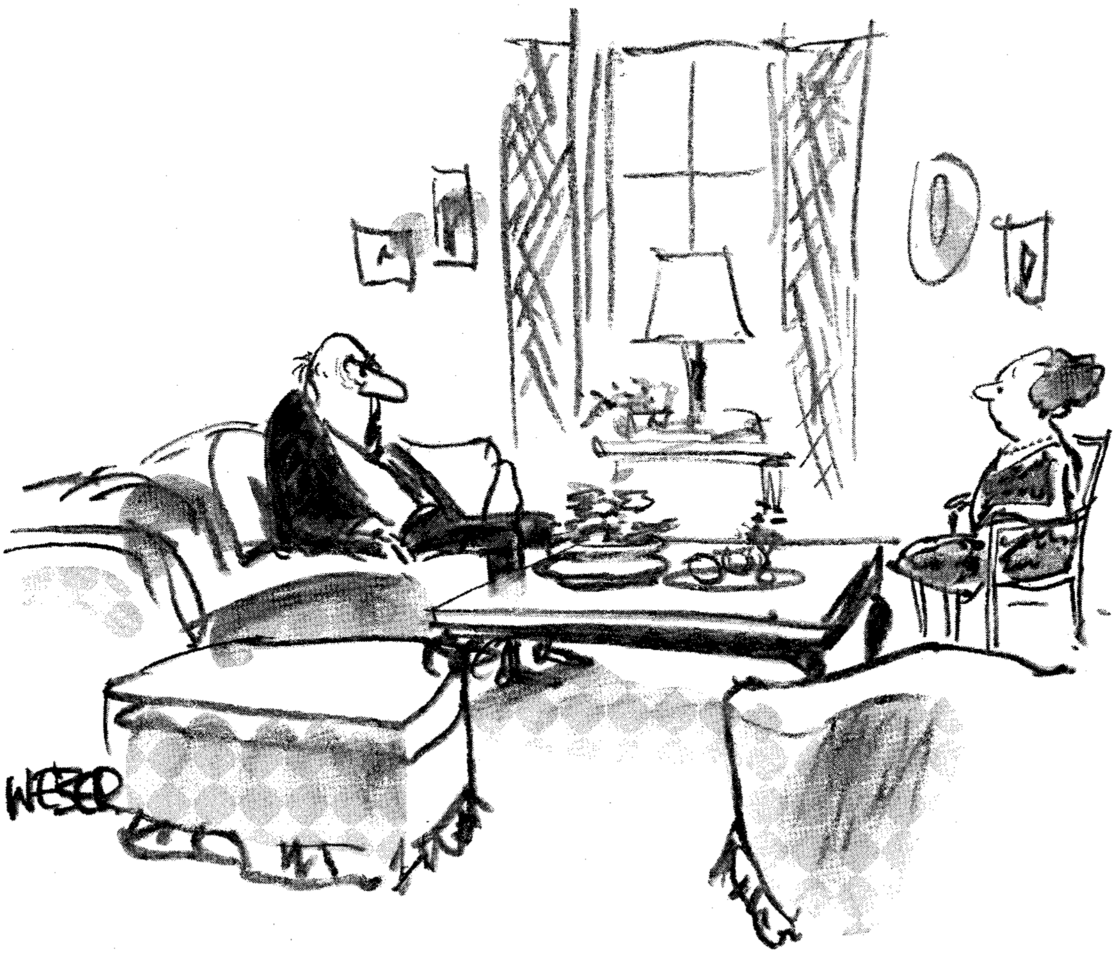
Sir Cecil might have rode in rain, oblivious; but for them this place was dry for a lifetime. It was a dust in which you might have come upon the bleached skeleton of a horse—the jawbone and smooth sockets, the serried ranks of phantom teeth.

That the earth should be so indifferent, or malevolent—the earth you had scarcely begun to harm.

Constantin said, "It is no use having expectations. We will know when the end is near."

The knowledge would come in shifts of air and changes of soil, from smells of plants and of the approaching sea—atmospheric matters apparent, also, to Sir Cecil's horse in its time, pricking its ears and picking up its feet and quickening its dank sides. The end would have come from such things as these, even before the scrub began again—a bristle, a tussock, a clump, a scrabbling of cover out of which hills less and less rekindled.

As to other forms of knowing, it



"True. We do eat right; we do get plenty of exercise; we have our health, which is the main thing. But I still say to hell with everything!"

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was clear that knowledge ought to arise from, and in atonement of, a degree of suffering otherwise monstrously or comically useless: the raw material having been provided, it was the supposed duty of experience to make order of itself in such a way. That no such duty was recognized except by herself, that no abstract, mechanical process stood ready to perform its mitigating service, began to be realized by the girl and to threaten her with new, immeasurable labors. Nothing at any rate could be expected promptly or directly. Even immediate perception ran the risk of foundering in its impending reclamation by human systems, drowned in the relief of normalcy, submerged ignominiously in the very ginger beer.

"This is the last ascent." Not comfort or a concession, it was information. When he got home, exorcised, he would calculate miles exactly on a map. He would enjoy his bath, his dinner. Today of all days, might believe himself in love.

The final pass was banked with a parapet of stones. Downward, the track innocently altered character, disappearing briefly into undergrowth and emerging already charged with rural purpose, quite at their service. They leant on the stone brink of all this change.

She saw the sky emptied of hills at last, vertiginous, and the great sea. The valley at their feet swelling with colors and fertility, scalloped with crops, with the cream-green gardens of the hotel and the curve of white sand. She looked out to promontories, inlets, and the turreted folly of a billionaire. In the foreground, people were painted in attitudes of exertion or repose. Trousered in black, women flowed through fields, rhythmic to the bamboo on their shoulder. Under a circlet of straw, a man rested, fatalistic, on a hoe; and presently ran his comb through the landscape's hair. Cars sent up spangles from the shore, there were umbrellas, there were beach huts woven like kraals. Mothers who could turn any beach to Brighton fidgeted on deck chairs and called, high-pitched, for Ronnie and Tess to make it their last dip.

How they pretended they had been at it all the time, that nothing had happened. How swiftly they took up their positions.

In the arc of new-peeled sky and late ocean, the dark innumerable islands extended far out toward Lantau. Like flung stones—or as countries might look, set on the curve of the earth, if only you could see the globe entire.

"The whole world before you," Constantin was saying.

On the hotel terrace someone would be bringing a telephone out of doors. Important messages would be carried on salvers by Cantonese in white jackets, in the wake of the trays of all-important drinks. A young woman walked, stately, with a flowered parasol, while colonels told about typhoons and a golden spaniel gasped beneath a chair.

If you could see the globe entire.

Winding round and round one gets the illusion of distance, as if one were not on an island, the filament going back to there and forward from here at apparent random. She knew she would not marry this man, and that it would come about in grief not to be mastered in advance, endurance enlarging as the earth raised the stakes. And that for the present they would proceed on false assumptions—assumptions shed in her huge fatigue, like arms and equipment discarded on the march, which, whether recovered or regretted at some later stage, had become an intolerable encumbrance in extremity.

She now drew away from the balustrade of stones. On the terrace below, Sir Cecil swung down into the throng of waiting houseboys saying Master, and, crop and helmet in hand, walked up the steps into the world. Above, like the ship they had seen pause on the morning sea, she stood up out of her element, in helpless independence, before turning, as she must, along the unmade furrow of some other course.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

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We are seeking an experienced bright, alert man to supervise female employees on the second shift. Some knowledge of light foot presses desirable.—*Adv. in the Narragansett (R.I.) Times.*

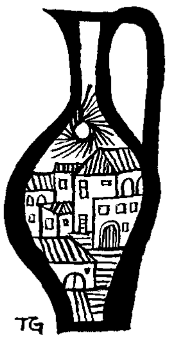
Most alert men have *that*, for goodness' sake.

ANNALS OF LAW

A SCRAP OF BLACK CLOTH—I

A FEW people began arriving at the Quaker meetinghouse just off the corner of Main and Sixth Streets in a quiet, lower-middle-class neighborhood of Elmira, New York, at a little before eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, November 9, 1969. Although the Elmira Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends had fewer than a dozen members at the time, they had contributed enough money to buy a new meetinghouse, and this was their first use of it. Formerly a Methodist chapel, it lacked the dour appearance that so often characterizes that denomination's houses of worship; it was a small, inviting place with gray shingled siding and white trim and, in front, a defiant little square tower with a mock battlement top. Altogether, the building suited its new owners, who were also modest, friendly, determined, and, by general standards, a bit odd. That autumn Sunday, they passed through the front door into a dark, wood-panelled vestibule and climbed a flight of stairs to a door that gave onto a room of twenty-five by fifteen feet—bare except for a small table and a couple of dozen folding chairs lining its walls—which the Quakers were going to use for their weekly meetings instead of the large room downstairs. As the members came in, they quietly took seats and sat meditating. Now and then, one of them suddenly spoke out—to tell a story that illustrated a moral or religious principle, or to make a brief declaration of spiritual belief, or to confess a personal failure of conscience. That morning, an unusual number of remarks concerned the effects of the war in Vietnam on the life and spirit of man.

The religious meeting ended at noon, and afterward the members turned to a discussion of worldly topics that involved them collectively, such as arrangements for making monthly payments on the mortgage for their new quarters, and a decision on the kind of advice that should be given to a local boy who opposed the war and had appealed to a member of the Meeting for help in staying out of the Army. Once these matters were disposed of, the clerk of the Meeting—a square-faced middle-aged man by the name of Werner Salle, who owned and ran a refrigeration-and-air-conditioning business in town—brought up the forthcoming protest against the war, which was generally known by the title Vietnam Moratorium, or, more often, simply the Moratorium. (Either designation was somewhat inaccurate, for both properly belonged to a protest held the previous month throughout the country under the auspices of various radical student groups, which tended to put off generally conservative people like the Quakers. Officials of the Nixon Administration had predicted a small and violent turnout for the October event, but it had been an unexpectedly large and peaceable success, and subsequently the idea and the name were taken over by more acceptable anti-war sponsors, who planned similar demonstrations for the following months.) The local Moratorium was to be held on the fourteenth and fifteenth—the coming Friday and Saturday—and now Salle asked for suggestions about what members of the Meeting who wanted to participate might do for the cause of peace. He said that he had met with a few people from various church and community groups who were trying to organize a small anti-war movement and they had made various proposals: placing a pro-Moratorium advertisement in the local newspaper; putting up pro-Moratorium posters and distributing pro-Moratorium leaflets and handbills in certain heavily travelled places in and around Elmira; keeping the meetinghouse open Friday and Saturday for a vigil; joining a major march and rally in Washington on Saturday; and wearing black armbands as symbols of mourning for those who had been killed in the war. These suggestions were unanimously agreed to by the members, and a couple of them volunteered to arrange for the newspaper advertisement and to find out more about plans being made by some students at Elmira College for bus transportation to Washington. Then the coming Wednesday evening was set for a work session at which members and outsiders who might want to contribute to the anti-war effort would make posters, leaflets, and armbands.



Although the people at the meeting felt that such attempts to add to the growing public demands for peace in Southeast Asia were, at best, frustratingly modest, they felt that as a religious group there was little more they could do to express their opposition to the war. Division over the war was again approaching the point of crisis in the nation, with anti-war leaders vowing to drive President Nixon out of office, as they had driven President Johnson out of office, unless the war was ended at once, on practically any terms. And Mr. Nixon, vowing that he would not be "affected whatever" by such protests, had turned Vice-President Agnew loose on the Administration's opponents after the success of the first Moratorium. Agnew called the demonstrators—several million of whom had marched and rallied in hundreds of large and small protests across the country in October—"merchants of hate" and "parasites of passion," and warned that the rest of the American people could "afford to separate them from our society, with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." Since the threat to separate the Administration's adversaries from society clearly implied the use of force—either government force, which would have required suspension of the Constitution, or vigilante force, which would have brought anarchy and an official excuse for repression of dissidents in the name of order—some people feared that if the protests were too successful they might prompt President Nixon to strike out at his enemies more forcefully than he already had.

Despite this danger and the personal risk that anyone who stood up to the Administration took, millions of people across the country seemed to feel that they had to act in some way to show their revulsion against the war. The handful of Quakers who got together in Elmira, for instance, hoped that the name "Quaker" itself would reassure local citizens, who were generally conservative and inclined to support the President, that it was not radical to oppose the war. Once people got over the fear of behaving like radicals, this theory went, they might be willing to speak out against the war locally and thereby add their numbers, however small, to the growing public protests against the Administration's policies. "At the time, there was almost no overt opposition to the war in this area," a member of the Elmira Meeting explained later. "Most people here are accustomed to trusting and obeying authority, wherever it resides. Everybody seemed to be asleep in their consciences, but we believed that a good many of them were deeply disturbed about the war. Our hope was

SHE ARRIVES AT NIGHT, UNEXPECTED

Your visit does not disturb me,
I am like an oak, you—
A recurrent vine?
You have changed little.
Your child has worn you little.
This apple reminds me of your heart.
Have you read the papers?
Not recently.
The war lingers
Like a wound too wide to stitch. Talk!
Our common enemy is silence. There lurks
No hidden order. What was obscure
We obscured. What was obscene we
Made obscene.
Have you seen my friend?
When I last saw him,
A half-grown beard covered his cheeks
Like rust. He gnawed the rind of an orange.
"Are you still writing?" he asked.
"Most of us have given it up."
My poetry *has* given me trouble.
It does not . . . communicate.
I write things into extinction.

Your blond hair is still like the sun
After rain. You probably still hide your teeth
When you laugh. See?
Nothing changes. He wrote me later:
"No man can be precisely
What he wants. That is the first
Secret. The rest beware of.
And beware fools of all orders.
Much I cannot express. Yours."
I can't understand him.
You are concerned with the detail
Of life. He is not there?
When did he leave you?
Weeks. I have been alone.
I pierced your body, never your heart.
The delight we unleashed
Was a private violence.
When I kiss the lips of the poster on my wall,
I injure no one. I did not expect you.
Your breath is still pleasant—
We touch, but cannot be near.

—William Logan

• •

that we could waken the pro-life spirit in some of them." At the same time, none of the Quakers expected much to come of their efforts. "The work we did," Salle said afterward, "was an attempt to express through our own actions what we thought God would want us to do—without our thinking of ourselves as agents of God and without our thinking that this was going to end the war or have any large effect. We believed that we could change things, but only gradually, as each individual expression of conscience must in time."

A few days before the Quakers made their plans at the meeting in Elmira, President Nixon delivered a nationally broadcast speech in which he appealed to "the great silent majority of Americans" to rally to his support on the war issue, and vast numbers of his listeners—seventy-seven per cent, according to a Gallup poll—responded favorably to his plea. That set the stage for a confrontation between the anti-war and pro-war sides, and it was widely feared that there would be an uncontrollable eruption of violence, with terrible consequences for the nation. To a large extent, the Administration created this fear and then used it to persuade citizens to stay away from Washington during the November protest there. In the early part of that month, the Department of Justice spokesman, John W. Dean III, announced intelligence reports on plans by the Weathermen, by ultra-conservatives, and by street gangs organized by both sides to have a showdown in the capital. And as people like the members of the Elmira Meeting were getting ready to support the Moratorium, pro-war groups were getting ready to oppose it. About that time, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Young Americans for Freedom announced that they would rally and march by the tens of thousands in demonstrations to be held across the country in the coming days. Tuesday was to be Veterans Day, and it was to highlight Honor America Week, a patriotic event deliberately designed to drown out the pleas for peace.

On Wednesday evening, half a dozen members of the Elmira Meeting got together as planned in a tall buff-colored Victorian house next door to their meetinghouse (both of which they had purchased for ten thousand dollars) and set to work making posters, leaflets, and armbands. During the course of the session, they were joined by eight or ten non-Quakers, most of them Elmira College students, and the group turned out a large number of appeals to their neighbors in the area to support the Moratorium. A couple of the women who were on hand spent the evening cutting armbands out of a few yards of black silk that Salle had bought that morning at J. C. Penney. One of them remarked on the fine quality of the material, and Salle apologized for buying anything so expensive for such brief use. "I was in a hurry, and didn't pay any attention to the cost," he explained.

AMONG those present at both the Sunday meeting and the Wednesday work session was Charles James—a tall, very thin man of forty-one with dark hair, a long, rather troubled-looking face, and an unexpectedly cheerful manner—who had moved to the area a few months before to take a job teaching eleventh-grade English at a high school in Addison, a small town about fifteen miles west of Elmira. When James left the Wednesday meeting, he took along a batch of mimeographed leaflets and two arm-

95¢ EACH
1.09 a LB
3 FOR 75¢
89¢ A BUNCH
LORENZ

• •

bands, and drove to his home, in Horseheads, just north of Elmira. James and his wife, Neva—a graceful, good-looking woman in her late thirties, with shoulder-length black hair parted in the middle and heavy black brows—had supper after he got home, and he spent some time with their four daughters, who ranged in age from seven to sixteen. Then he and his wife sat down in the living room to talk about what they should do to support the Moratorium. Both of them were reluctant to do anything that might make them stand out unduly and give them a reputation for being troublemakers, and, as former residents of upstate towns that were much the same as Horseheads and Addison, they knew that almost any noticeable divergence from accepted modes of conduct would be looked upon with suspicion. As it happened, the bus company that had agreed to rent a bus for the trip from Elmira to Washington sponsored by students from Elmira College was unable to provide a driver, because its regular drivers were so alarmed by F.B.I. warnings about violence during the Moratorium that they refused to make the run. James wanted to drive his family's Volkswagen bus in its place, but his wife said, "You'll get in trouble with the school. Don't do it." After thinking it over, he finally agreed with her, and accepted her suggestion that they demonstrate where they stood on the war by spending the coming Saturday at the Quaker vigil in Elmira. Still, James felt guilty about doing so little for the cause of peace—no more, he pointed out, than joining others who felt the same as they did already—and proposed that Neva and he wear the armbands he had brought home. At least, he said, that gesture might compel those they worked with to stop and think about whether they were actually supporting the war by not openly opposing it. Neva James said that it would be pointless for her to wear an armband to her job—at Elmira College, where she was in charge of student financial aid—because she knew it would have no positive effect on her co-workers, and she saw no reason to be stared at and talked about for no purpose. At that, James realized that he, too, was reluctant to cause a stir among the people *he* worked with by making an essentially pointless gesture. "The main question on my mind at the time was how willing was I to take the stares and cracks from other members of the faculty," he said later. "I viewed wearing an armband as the most restrained way possible to make a statement about the war. It certainly didn't seem to be a cataclysmic thing to do."

Mrs. James agreed. "We were determined not to do anything rash," she has recalled. "The Quakers felt that any illegal or extreme act would frighten local people, as well as violate our beliefs and defeat our purpose. We had to be very careful not to do *anything* that could seem radical to *anybody*. So the armband looked like the best solution—a symbol more than an act." She paused for a moment, and then added, "But even that much wasn't easy for Charles to do. It has always been extremely difficult for him to do things that might make someone else disapprove of him. He's always found it very hard to take unpopular stands. And yet he holds some unpopular views, so he's had a great conflict in being himself and dealing with society at the same time. Those moments when he *has* stood up for himself have been very traumatic for him."

Small as the gesture of wearing a black armband to work seemed to both the Jameses, he put off his decision about it throughout the evening and the next day. A television program that the Jameses had intended to watch that night was preëmpted by a live broadcast of another Agnew speech—this one attacking the major television networks for having allowed their commentators to deliver "instant" analyses of the President's silent-majority speech the week before and for being controlled by an "unelected élite." Agnew warned, "It is time that the networks were made more responsive to the views of the nation and more responsible to the people they serve." Under the circumstances, James was alarmed by the unmistakable message of the speech: Conform or be silenced. And he was unsettled by the realization that if the Administration was prepared to take on giant corporations like those owning the networks—which, he strongly believed, had said far too little rather than too much about its shortcomings—there was even more danger facing the individual who spoke out against the President's policies than people like James had thought. "Even so, I considered wearing an armband a very small way to protest," he said recently. "In fact, I was kind of ashamed of myself for not doing more."

When James woke up on Friday morning, the fourteenth, he saw the piece of black silk lying on the dresser and knew that the time for him to make up his mind was at hand. Still, he put off his decision for the moment, and went to have breakfast. He and his wife didn't discuss the subject at the table, and when he got ready to go to work he forgot about the problem. But as he was knotting his necktie in front of the mirror on the dresser, he glanced down and saw the armband. "I was suddenly held by the feeling that the armband lying there symbolized a life-and-death question," he said afterward. "I was struck by the awareness that after at least twenty-five centuries of civilization men still find within themselves the will to deliberately and, when possible, carefully kill each other. And often this killing occurs while they look at one another, face to face, and willingly behold dying and death. I considered my wearing the armband—considered its value and considered the possible glares and frowns of colleagues at school. Then I was staggered all over again at the thought of man's willful killing of man. I realized that I could not responsibly leave the armband behind and go through even another day. If my wearing it could bring someone, anyone, to consider that some people do believe in the preciousness of life and dare to say so, then our world would have a better chance of survival. Our Quaker Meeting had made the armband for this purpose. The rest was up to me. Those years of writing letters, preaching, speaking, arguing, and marching against the war would be rendered hollow if I didn't wear it. I wore it."

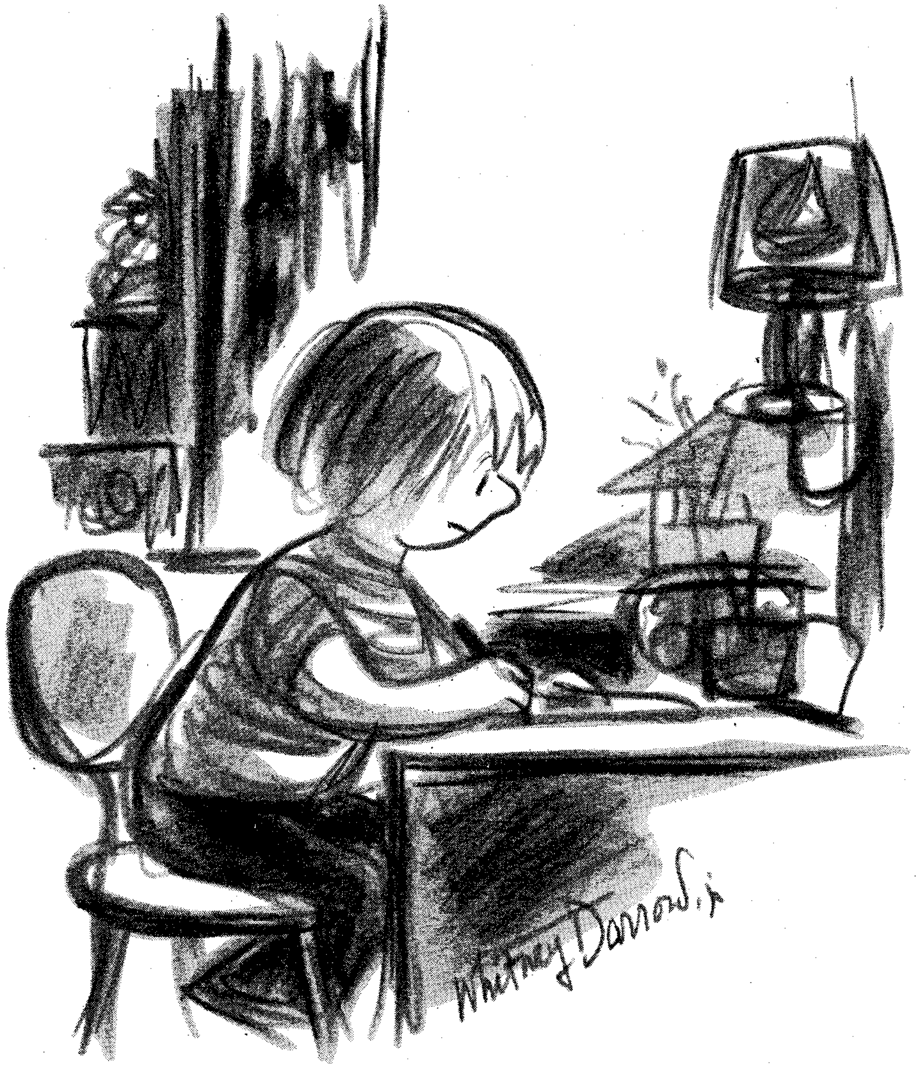
James was born and brought up in the small upstate town of Hornell, where his father owned a prosperous florist business that had been in the family for two generations. Young Charles was the only son, and was expected to take over the business someday, but even after he flunked out of horticultural school at Cornell in his first year for bad attendance and worse grades, he couldn't bring himself to disappoint his father by announcing that he didn't want to spend his life selling flowers and shrubbery, and he went back home and dutifully entered the florist business. "As a kid, I wanted to believe in things—I was a believer by instinct—and it was important for me to stand up for what I believed in," he said recently. "One belief I had was that a man has a right to his own life. But I was constantly subjected to pressure to live someone else's kind of life and go into the family business. I had a terribly strong desire to be my own person, and I had a very deep faith in Christ. I wanted to be a minister, but I was afraid to go ahead and become one." Seven years after he left Cornell—including three years in the Air Force during the Korean war and close to five years in the family business—Charles James, married and the father of two children, was still working for C. G. James & Company, Florists. But that year, 1955, he decided to make the break at last and enter the Methodist ministry. Making the decision was easier than announcing it, though, and when he finally got up the nerve and blurted out the news to his father, Charles fainted and was unconscious for two hours.

For eight years, James was an undergraduate or seminarian, and during this period he also served as a full-time parish minister. "I was so conservative that my fellow-ministers kidded me about it," he said not long ago. "I carried the Bible with me all the time, and they thought I was overdoing it. I guess I was—from their viewpoint, anyway. It was a long time before I came to feel that many of them no longer believed in what the church, or Christianity in general, stood for, and that they had turned into bureaucrats in clerical clothes. I guess that often happens to people who set out to do good and then discover that it can't be done in the system they're a part of. When I finally realized that, I was ready to get out."

Neva James, who had been strictly raised as a Methodist, had strongly supported her husband's decision to enter the ministry, and she even more strongly opposed his decision to leave it. "I thought we could keep working inside the church for what we believed in," she said afterward. "From childhood, I had been taught, and had believed, that the church was the true way to goodness, and that if one was really committed to the church one could help relieve suffering in the world."

As James listened to his wife describe her feelings during that period, he nodded, and said, "For those first few years, I believed that the members of the church felt as we did. But then I began to see that it was all a fraud. They didn't believe in the words of the church—those were merely sermons to be sat through on Sunday, not words to live by. In my innocence and naïveté, I hadn't realized that in reality I was just presiding over a social club."

Neva James was unwilling to give up all they had worked for, and begged him to reconsider his decision to leave the church. Then one day she was



"Dear Aunt Dorothy: Thank you very much for the nice record for my birthday. It's the first time I've ever heard a whale sing."

Scotch and the single girl.

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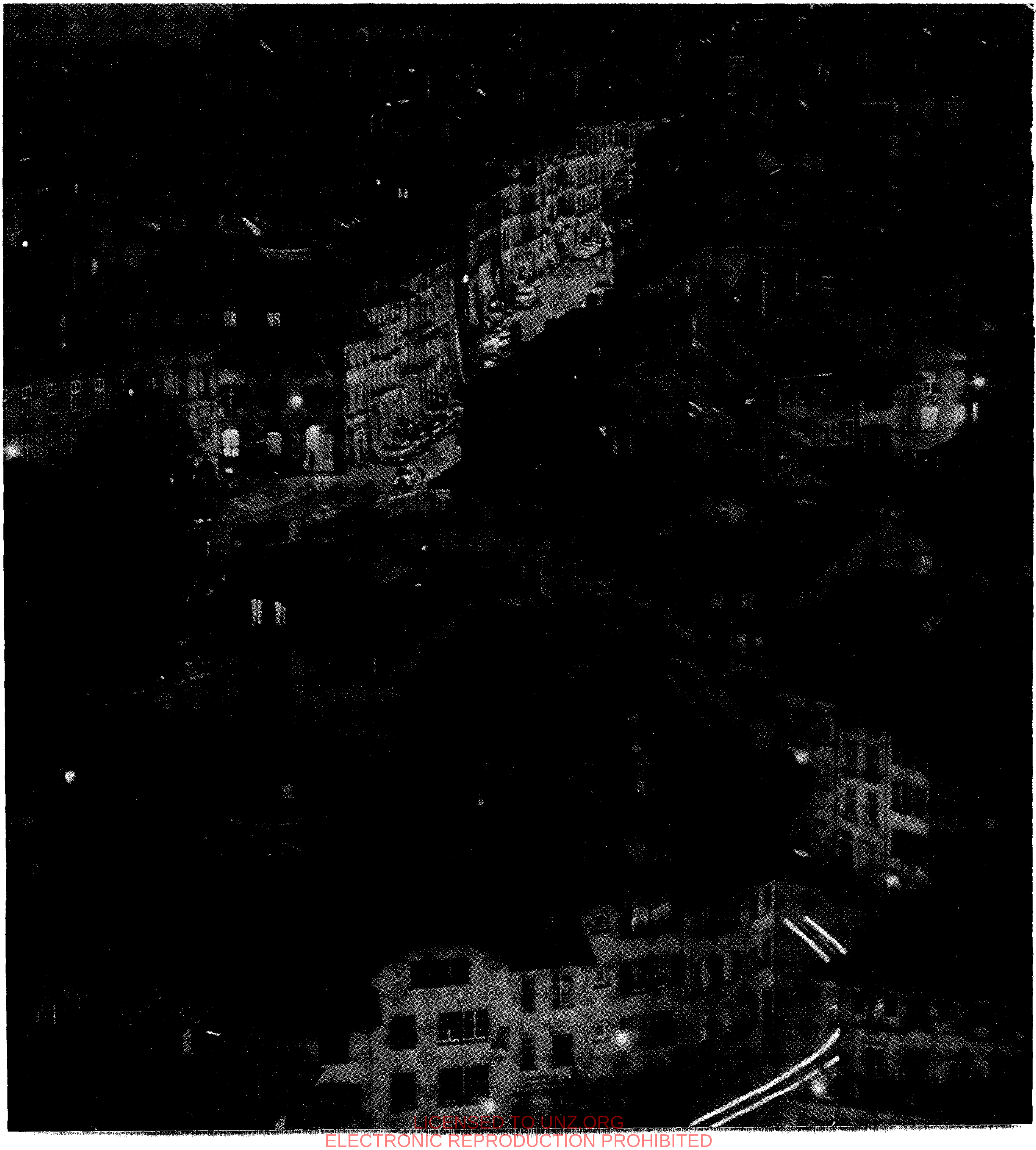
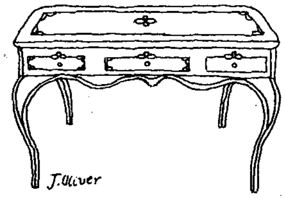


reading "Walden," and ran across a famous passage—"I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. . . . If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." The realization that she might retain her hopes even if her way of life changed gave her some encouragement, but she wasn't ready to give up the church yet, and clung to the belief that her husband would change his mind. Then she had her fourth child, at a time when she was exhausted by overwork in the parish and at home and weakened by her fear of leaving the church. Finally, she collapsed and had to be hospitalized for a week. "When I came home, I stayed away from church one Sunday while Charles was holding services," she said later. "I lay there on the sofa, and as I listened to the organ music I picked up the hymnal and started reading the words that went with the music. The difference between those lovely thoughts and the disappointing practices of the church made me decide then to go along with Charles."

In the course of training for the ministry, he had picked up a bachelor's degree in education, with a major in English and history, and shortly after he resigned from the church he got a job teaching English in a public high school in Bainbridge, a small upstate town. The Jameses spent four years there quite contentedly, but then they decided that perhaps they were rusting away and might enjoy city life more—at least as a change. In the summer of 1967, they moved to New York City, where James got a job teaching English to non-English-speaking Puerto Rican children at the Arturo Toscanini Junior High School, in the Bronx. The Jameses settled in a quiet section of Flushing, where the schools seemed fairly placid and safe for their children, and before long they got used to, and even enjoyed, the pace and demands of city life. After a year, James began to feel that they had made the right choice, but then, just as he got into his second year's work, there was a citywide teachers' strike—the ugly Ocean Hill-Brownsville dispute concerning decentralization of control over public schools—which lasted more than two months. He refused to join the great majority of teachers who supported the strike against decentralization, because he felt that it was largely motivated by racism and was harming the schoolchildren without helping anyone else. As a result, he was called a "scab" by other teachers and a "nigger-lover" by white parents, and his children, who attended daily demonstrations against the strike, were taunted and harassed by pickets.

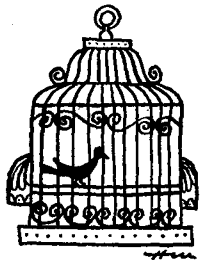
"We were very naïve, and I suppose that if we had known the danger we faced we wouldn't have done what we did," Mrs. James recalled. "Where we had come from, people are very polite, and if they disagree with you they rarely tell you so. But in the city people aren't like that. They just let you know—right out—that they hate you. I had never seen that kind of hostility before, and I wasn't prepared for the abuse and obscenities and threats. The area we lived in in Flushing was all white, and when we went to a community meeting there about the strike we were the only people out of eight hundred who opposed it. When the moderator asked for a show of hands of those who were against the strike and we raised ours, the audience booed and screamed and cursed us. I was called on by the moderator to express the opposite view from the majority, and when I stood up to speak they screamed and booed some more. I was terrified. It was like a newsreel of some South American dictatorship or of Germany in the thirties. I hadn't really realized until then what was meant by 'the tyranny of the majority.' Anyway, I clenched my hands and swallowed, and said that they all claimed there wasn't any intimidation in the strike but that I felt very intimidated at the moment. I said that when I was escorting some black children to school that morning one of the pickets had leaned over to the nearest child and said, 'You black bastard!' At that, a woman in the audience screamed, 'You liar!' and began running down the aisle. They stopped her before she got to me. Afterward, people wrote 'nigger-lover' on our garage door, and telephoned us with threats and obscenities. We were so innocent—foolish, really. We invited blacks into our apartment for strategy meetings, and before long not a person on the block would speak to us. It got so bad that a woman friend met me every afternoon at the subway stop when I came home from work and walked with me the few blocks to where we lived."



Despite the hostility and fear the Jameses experienced, they look back on their two years in New York with some fondness—chiefly because of the friends they made there. One of them was a black minister by the name of Timothy Mitchell, who was one of the leaders of the anti-strike minority. "He had a profound influence on us," James explained. "He showed us how to be very sure of what we believed in before we went out and took a stand. That was something I had never learned to do, and Tim taught me how. He showed me that once you commit yourself to a position with intelligence and enlightenment, it doesn't matter how others respond to you. You don't try to convince your opponents or trick them to win. All you do is tell what you think is the truth—always." The Jameses also made a few close friends among other teachers who opposed the strike and among members of the Flushing Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, which they began to attend during that period. Both of them found the friendly and sympathetic outlook of the Quakers far more congenial than the personally distant traditional attitude of the Methodists.

James, in particular, was irresistibly attracted by the Quakers' belief in nonviolence. His parents had believed, and taught him to believe, in the inevitability of retribution and in unquestioning patriotism. "Maybe that's why I enlisted in the Air Force after the terrible slaughter of American troops in Korea in the summer of 1950," he said. "But I had a problem even then about reconciling Christianity with killing, although I never was in combat. I didn't resolve the conflict at the time, but afterward I became increasingly convinced that no man has a right to violate another man through war, any more than he has a right in civil society to murder someone. I felt that it was the fault of leaders everywhere who hadn't really tried to find other ways of resolving quarrels. In the end, the people had to go off and kill and be killed because of their leaders' mistakes. But in this country right and wrong seldom get discussed except as abstract moral principles, and when I was young I could never find anybody to talk this over with. If you are serious about serious things, I learned, you are disliked. You are supposed to be serious only about unimportant things, like baseball and beer. Most American men probably know who the second baseman on the Yankees is, but most of them probably don't know who their congressman is. Anyway, after I got out of the service I read a lot about American history and foreign affairs, and came away convinced that our foreign policy has been the same as our domestic policy toward minorities ever since the Indians were driven off their land. When I saw that, I decided I couldn't participate in the manly business of killing any longer. It was the first time in my life that I had had anything more than an abstract moral feeling to base my actions on. By the time we moved to New York, my mind was fixed. And as soon as the Vietnam war became real to me, in 1966, so did my position on it. That was the beginning. All my life, I had been unable to take a position and stick to it. I didn't have the courage or the conviction to make my views clear. I needed a way to stand up—even if it was a small, maybe futile way."

Late in the spring of 1969, the Jameses got ready to move again. New York City was not their kind of place, they agreed—its rage and violence and turmoil were too much for them—and they decided to move back upstate to the kind of community they felt more at home in. But they made their decision with some uneasiness, for they knew that in such places any failure to conform to the prevailing outlook and general mode of living could cause trouble, too. Still, they wanted to put down some roots at last, and to bring up their children in comparative safety and peace. There were several openings for high-school English teachers upstate, and James finally took one at Addison High School, a few miles from Elmira. Before driving to Addison for his interview with the principal of the school district, James had his hair, which he had let grow rather long, cut very short. He wore a dark suit, a white shirt, and a plain, narrow tie for the interview, but on his way to it he was so nervous about his appearance that he stopped off and had his hair cut again. He got the job without any difficulty, and then the Jameses rented half of a two-family house in Horseheads, which was over twenty miles from Addison and in another school district. "We didn't want to live in the same community where Charles taught, because we knew that some of our less orthodox views would be sure to get back to the school, and might cause some ill feeling," Mrs. James explained recently. "Also, we didn't want the children to go to school in the same system where their father worked. We'd had enough trouble with that in the city."



As for James, he didn't want *any* kind of trouble. "What I want," he told his wife, "is to be not a teacher but a man who is teaching."

ADDISON, a rather bleak village of some two thousand inhabitants, is situated in the pleasant low hills of what is known as "the southern tier" of upstate New York—just above the Pennsylvania border. The business district of the town is a block long and is mostly made up of two- and three-story buildings of red or rust brick. There are a few drab shops, the Ritz Café, a gas station, and the Central Cigar Store, which has a large sign hanging out in front that says "Billiards—Guns—Ammo." One block off the main street is Addison High School, a fairly imposing structure designed in what might be called Grecian Academic. The main section, which was built forty-odd years ago, is a two-story red brick building with a peaked roof; in the center is a broad, buff-colored wood portico supported by six columns, and on top of the roof above that is a two-tiered clock tower. Directly across the street, on the lawn in front of a small shingle house, is a painted wood Uncle Sam holding a flagpole.

At a little before eight o'clock on the morning of November 14, 1969, Charles James drove through Addison, parked his car in a large lot beside the school, and hurried in to his homeroom to get ready for the arrival of his students. Almost as soon as he had taken off his topcoat and sat down behind his desk, the high-school principal—a bald, bespectacled, middle-aged man named Carl Pillard, who had been a math and gym teacher before he became a school administrator—came into the room and sat down in a chair beside James's desk. "Some of the students will be wearing armbands today," Pillard told him. "Just act like nothing has happened. Pay no attention to them." James nodded, and at that moment Pillard noticed the armband on his sleeve. He seemed startled, but he said nothing, and a minute later he left the room. Five minutes afterward, a woman teacher hurried in and told James that if students wore armbands to school the teachers were instructed to ignore them. James merely nodded again, and said that he understood. "When nothing more happened immediately, I figured that was the end of it," he said later. "If students who wore armbands were to be ignored, it seemed likely that faculty members who wore armbands would be ignored, too."

James's homeroom period lasted about twenty minutes, after which he had a free hour to finish preparing for his first class—poetry for students who were not going on to college. "They were a particular challenge to me, because I was convinced they could do very well with poetry if given a chance," he said. "That morning, we were comparing certain aspects of poems by Matthew Arnold, Karl Shapiro, and Ogden Nash, and the kids were really going at it."

Suddenly the wall telephone buzzed, and James answered. It was Pillard, who told him to come to his office immediately, and hung up. James was uneasy about leaving his class unattended—the previous year, he had stepped out into the corridor for five minutes at his school in the Bronx and returned to find that a desk had been thrown out the third-floor window—but since he had been ordered to report at once, he asked his students to behave themselves for a few minutes and left. When he entered the principal's office, Pillard demanded, "Why are you wearing that armband?"

James was stunned. "I felt as if I had just been flung onto an ice floe," he said later. "I couldn't believe that I was expected to describe a lifetime of development and belief in one answer." He looked at Pillard for a time, and then turned his head and stared out the window. Finally, he looked back at Pillard and said, "Because I am against killing."

The answer didn't satisfy Pillard, who told him that if he continued wearing the armband parents and other members of the community—who vote on the school budget—would become incensed at the school for not disciplining him, and said that by noon everyone in Addison would know about the armband. "There could be serious trouble," he added.

At that, James smiled and asked, "You mean they'd be upset by my asserting my rights but they wouldn't be upset if you took my rights away?"

Pillard ignored the question and accused James of "taking a political position" by wearing the armband. That interpretation had never occurred to James, and again he stared in disbelief at the principal without answering the charge. Finally, Pillard said, "I'm going to have to ask you to remove the armband."

James was having difficulty controlling himself and was trembling nervously. He later said, "I always get severely agitated when there is a confrontation that involves a collision of principles and when, at the same time, it's obvious that there's no possibility of

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really talking things over sensibly. That was the kind of situation it was, and I felt great anxiety." To put Pillard off long enough to give himself some time to recover from the shock of what was happening, James asked to be allowed to think it over. "I have a wife and four children to consider."

"If you know what you're going to do, you know right now," Pillard retorted.

James had meant more than his responsibility for supporting his family, but he didn't explain what he had in mind, because he was sure that Pillard wouldn't understand. "I knew that my children would stand in disappointed wonder if I let a man take from me my statement of belief, my simple protest against killing," James said later. Then, with a self-depreciating smile, he added, "And after that thought there were images of sermons I had preached and prayers I had offered for people like Socrates, Antigone, St. Joan, George Fox, Daniel Berrigan, and I asked myself, 'Where is the reality? What can possibly be real at this moment?' " Finally, Pillard demanded a decision from him, and James said, "I choose to leave the armband on."

Pillard ordered him to go to the office of the principal of the school district, Edward J. Brown, which was in the same building. James replied that he had to check on his class first, and left. The students there seemed to be behaving themselves, and after asking them to carry on James walked slowly down the long corridor to Brown's office. Brown had had limited experience as a teacher, having spent two years teaching mathematics and fifteen years as an administrator. A tall, slender, middle-aged man with deep-set eyes, a thin, clamped mouth, and the stern demeanor of a person who was not accustomed to being crossed, Brown was obviously expecting him. "Why are you wearing that armband?" he demanded.

Since the question was the same as the one that Pillard had first asked him, James concluded that the reason for the delay before he was summoned was to give the principals time to devise a common strategy for dealing with him. By this point, he was determined to stick by his decision not to take off the armband, and was now more sure of himself and more relaxed than he had been when Pillard confronted him. Looking at Brown, James answered him as he had answered Pillard: "Because I am against killing."

"You are not being responsible toward the students," Brown said.

"I think I am," James replied, and went on to explain that for years educators had urged that school faculties contain various kinds of teachers, with varied viewpoints, since youngsters learn from their teachers not only about the world but about people. "Children get their first ideas about character and personal relationships outside the family from observing their teachers in contact with themselves and with other students," James told him. "It's the whole atmosphere, with its many stimuli, that helps inform and excite children about the world. If all teachers were the same, and had the same attitude and the same approach, there would be no excitement and little learning."

Brown looked at him as if to say that James was not there to deliver a lecture on pedagogy, and said, "I am responsible for these children."

"I guess he meant that exposing them to me any further would be irresponsible of him," James said afterward. "I could see almost at once that Brown was fully prepared to dehumanize me by not letting me stand up for myself, and to humiliate me for stepping even this tiny bit out of line by letting my students and my colleagues and my family know that I had backed down. I don't believe he cared about the students. What he cared about most was that his authority had been challenged."

"This is a political act," Brown said. "It is an illegal act. You are acting against the President of the United States, Mr. Nixon."

Concluding from this that Pillard's similar charge had been devised by Brown, James denied that he had any political motive, and added that, as both Brown and he knew, President Nixon had not been responsible for the war. Brown ignored the point, and asked why he hadn't worn the armband when he applied for the job. Taken aback by the foolish nature of the question, James answered, "For the same reason that I didn't come in then with a chalice and a wafer—it wasn't the right day." By this stage, he observed later, it was clear to him that they "were just bartering phrases, not exchanging ideas," and that any chance of talking over the issue sensibly was lost, probably for good.

Brown stated that in his opinion the Moratorium was a political event and that James's use of the school as a forum for expressing his political views was both unethical and illegal for a teacher; that while teachers could properly raise a controversial issue in

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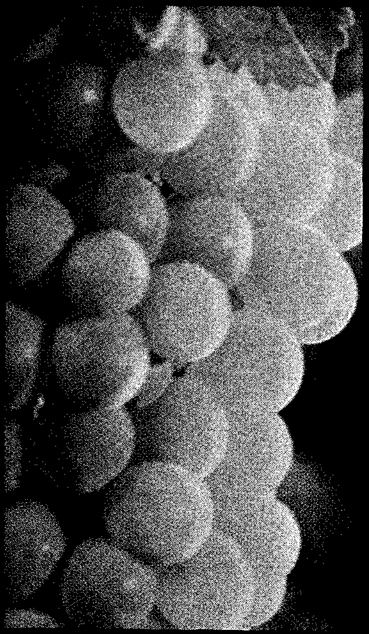

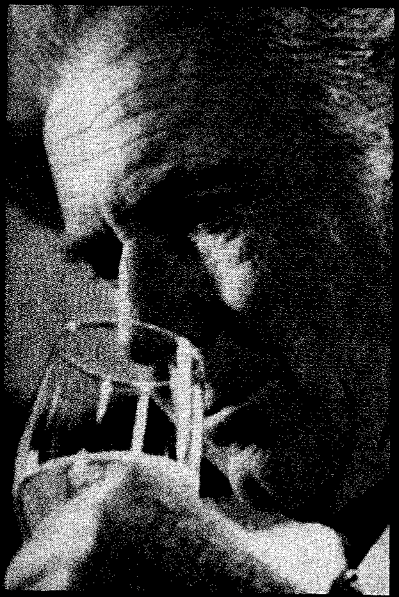

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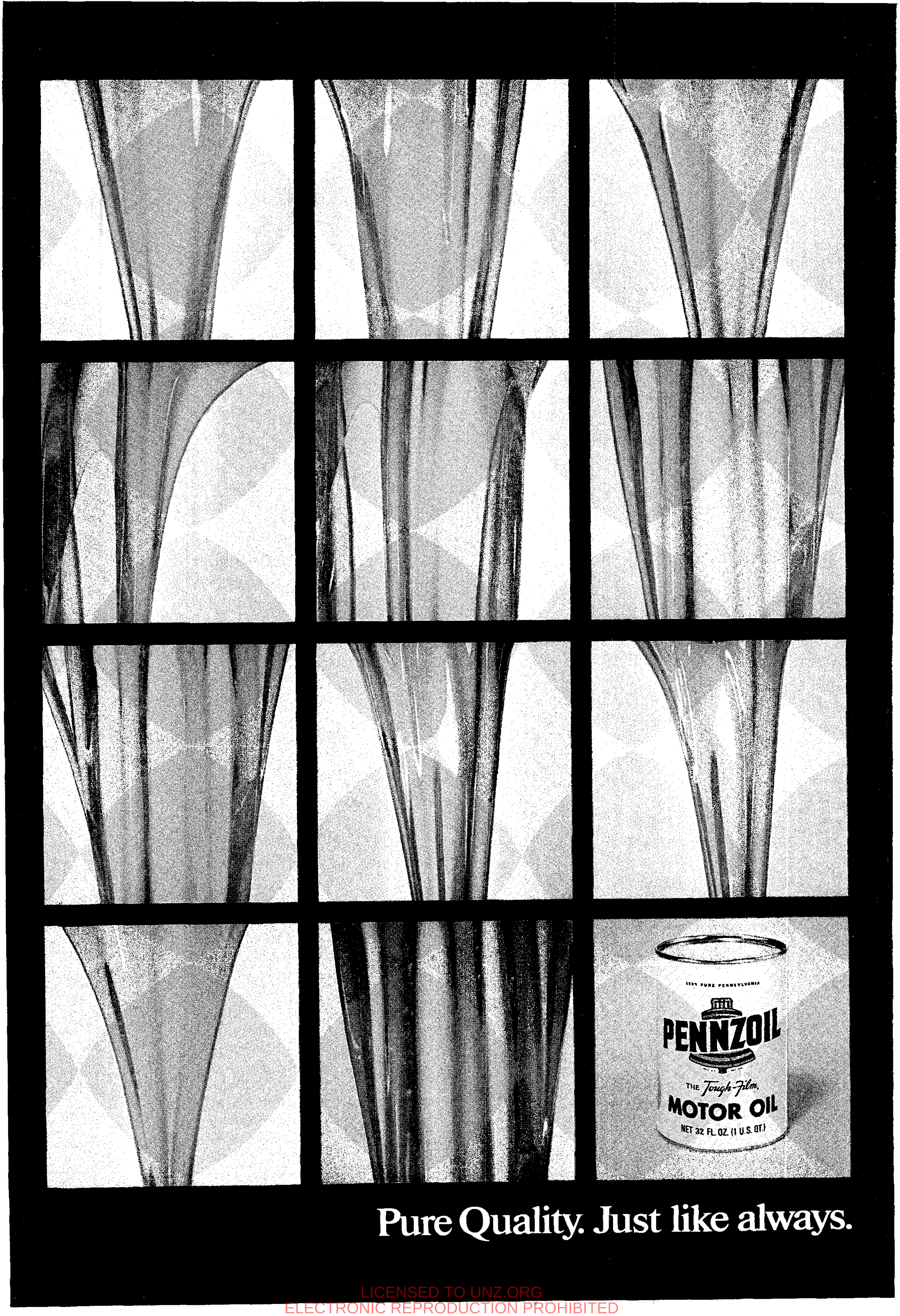
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class if the subject was relevant to the course being taught, they were obliged at the same time to present "objectively all known points of view on the issue;" that the armband could have a disruptive effect on the students and a divisive effect on the faculty; that as principal of the school district he would get legal advice on the propriety of a teacher's wearing an armband to express his opposition to the war; and that in the meantime James would either take off the armband or leave the school. James refused to remove the armband, whereupon Brown told him that he was suspended, and ordered him to go back to his classroom, pick up his personal belongings, and leave the building. James asked if he should go at the midday break, and Brown shook his head angrily. "Oh, no," he said. "Right now. I want you to get your things together and leave the building right now."

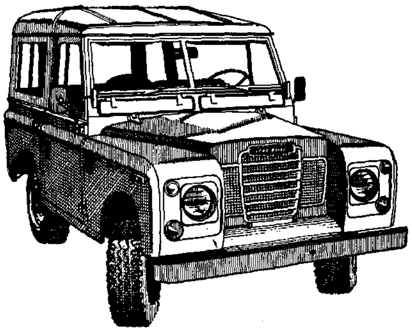
While James was packing his belongings, the teacher who headed the English Department came in, and he told her what had happened. On a number of occasions, she had praised him for his teaching skills and his hard work to make his classes a success, and now her eyes filled with tears. "I don't understand," she said. "What could they be thinking of? What are they trying to do?" James comforted her, and then said that he had only one request. Several weeks before, Brown had given him permission to assign one of his classes some plays by O'Neill and Miller and a novel by Faulkner—a rather surprising approval, since not long before Brown had denied another teacher permission to take an English class to see a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," on the ground that it was too suggestive for impressionable young minds. Now James asked the department head, "Just promise me that the kids will get a chance to read those new books when they come in."

He had packed and was about to leave when Pillard hurried in and told him to march his class to the cafeteria, even though it was not the lunch period. "I assumed that the idea was to get me to disobey an order that didn't involve my basic rights, and provide other grounds for firing me," James said later. "So I marched the kids to the cafeteria, and then I marched myself on out of the school."

DAZED by his superiors' reaction to a scrap of black cloth on his sleeve, James drove absentmindedly back toward Elmira on his usual route, which took him through Corning. Suddenly he decided that the best thing he could do would be to take immediate constructive action to give himself a feeling of hope, and he drove directly to the local board of education and filled out an application form for a teaching job in the Corning public-school system. Cheered and emboldened by this act, he then stopped off at a street-corner telephone booth and called the American Civil Liberties Union, in New York City, which, he knew, had often given legal advice and help to people who got in one kind of trouble or another when they opposed the war in Vietnam. The person on the other end told him to get in touch with the nearest A.C.L.U. chapter in the area, which was in Ithaca, and gave him a name and a telephone number. Up to this point, James had not thought about the act of wearing an armband as embracing any specific legal right. In fact, in his discussions with his wife and his thoughts on the subject, he hadn't considered the legal aspects of his act at all. "I just assumed that I had some kind of a right to express my conscience," he explained afterward. "All I meant to do was express my belief in the primacy and the preciousness of life. When I was thrown out of school for that expression, I took it for granted that I would be vindicated."

James put off making the call to Ithaca for the time being, and resumed his drive to Elmira, to join the vigil being held at the Quaker meetinghouse, where he was to meet his wife after work. He knew that he should call and tell her what had happened, but he couldn't bring himself to just then; he suspected that she viewed the armband as an ineffective protest and would be appalled that he had lost his job for it, so he decided that he would sort out his thoughts before he spoke to her. At the outskirts of Elmira, James changed his mind about going directly to the vigil and turned onto the road to Big Flats, a small town where an old friend was the Methodist minister. James had a long, intense talk with the minister, who strongly supported the stand he had taken. Relieved and encouraged by his friend's words, James went on to the vigil. Only half a dozen people were present, and, after meditating for a time, James broke the silence in the room. "Guess what happened to me for wearing the armband," he said. "I just lost my job."

Two members who were also wear-



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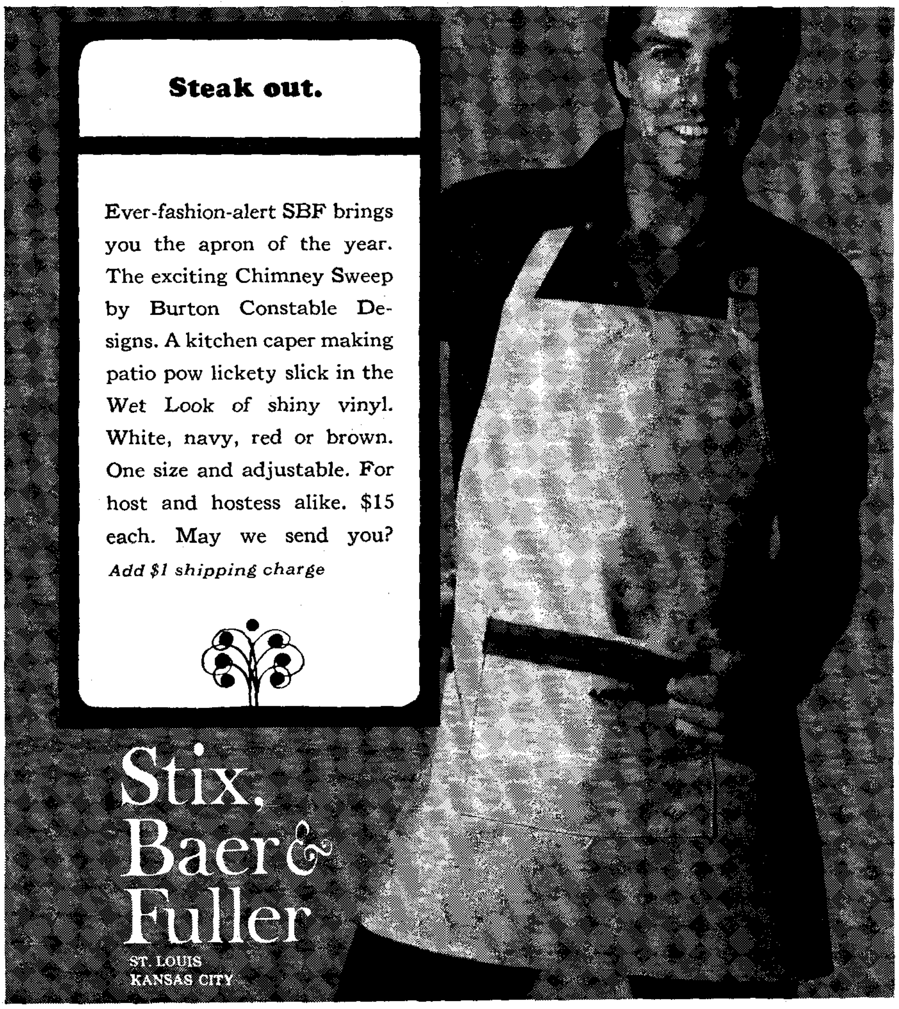

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ing armbands gasped, and Salle, who had bought the material for the armbands and was wearing one, too, looked shaken. He asked what had happened, and James described the events of that morning. When he finished, Salle said, "This is a serious, frightening situation in a democracy. We can't just sit here and let it happen." After the group discussed what might be done, Salle suggested that he get in touch with a local newspaper reporter whom he knew, in order to inform people about the episode and generate some public pressure on Brown to reinstate James. But James disagreed with the proposal, because he feared that it might be a mistake to publicize the matter and perhaps antagonize Brown further before he had a chance to think over the case and see that he had behaved improperly. But then James decided that he had better take Salle's advice. As he explained afterward, "I realized that Brown had already blown things up way out of proportion to their real meaning, and that if I didn't react quickly and effectively he would get away with what seemed to me to be basically a tyrannical act."

James and Salle went to the Quakers' house next door, where some members and outside volunteers were finishing a last batch of posters urging local participation in the nationwide series of rallies and marches the following day. A woman was on the telephone lining up people who might want to join the group that was going to Washington early the next morning for the march to be held there. When she paused between calls, Salle used the phone to ring up the reporter he knew, a woman called Peg Gallagher, of the Elmira *Star-Gazette*, who listened to his account of James's suspension and promised to come right over. James then telephoned the representative of the Civil Liberties Union in Ithaca—Jules Burgevin, a professor of education at Ithaca College—and told him what had happened. "They can't do that!" Burgevin cried, and promised to get in touch immediately with his chapter's legal adviser and call back.

James was deeply anxious about his wife's reaction when she learned about the official reaction to his armband, and he told Salle that he wanted to know as soon as she arrived at the vigil, so that he could be the one to tell her. But when she came into the meetinghouse, James was next door being interviewed by Mrs. Gallagher. Salle quickly went up to Mrs. James. "I've got bad news for you, Neva," he said. "You'd better sit down." Before she had time to, he went on, "Charles has lost his job."

She swayed, and quickly sat down. "I couldn't imagine what Charles had done," she said afterward. "We had both been so careful. Then, when I learned why he had been fired, I was just indignant. I decided that if something like a little black armband was that offensive to these people, it was useless to be careful, so why try?" She hurried next door to find her husband, who was stricken by a sense of guilt when he saw her and realized that she knew what had happened—that, once again, he had brought difficulty and pain into her life. Approaching him, she took his face in her hands and kissed him gently. Then she smiled and said, "Now that you're unemployed, why don't you drive our bus to Washington?" James grinned and said that he would.

Not long afterward, Burgevin called back and told James that the adviser to the local A.C.L.U. chapter—Harrop Freeman, a professor at Cornell Law School—felt that Brown had violated James's Constitutional right of free speech. Surprised by this conclusion, James pointed out that he had worn the armband to make his religious conviction and his moral conscience known, and asked if the issue wasn't more properly one of freedom of religion. Burgevin explained that in Freeman's opinion the Supreme Court and other federal courts had interpreted acts like wearing armbands to constitute what was called "symbolic expression," which was akin to "pure speech." James was a little perturbed by being told why he had done what he had done, but he didn't press his point. Burgevin went on to say that Freeman and he had drawn up a letter, which had just been sent to Brown, and read it to James. The key paragraph stated:

> Students and faculty in high schools have the right to wear armbands to show their stands on issues. This is an expression of free speech. The local school cannot rule on length of hair, clothing worn and other similar matters. The local school cannot regulate this for students or faculty.

The trouble with the letter was that it was wrong—or at least debatable—on one crucial point. Although the Court had ruled that students did not lose their right of free speech "at the schoolhouse gate"—including the right to wear black armbands—no precisely relevant ruling on teachers' right of free speech while they were in school had ever been handed down by the federal courts. It was several months be-

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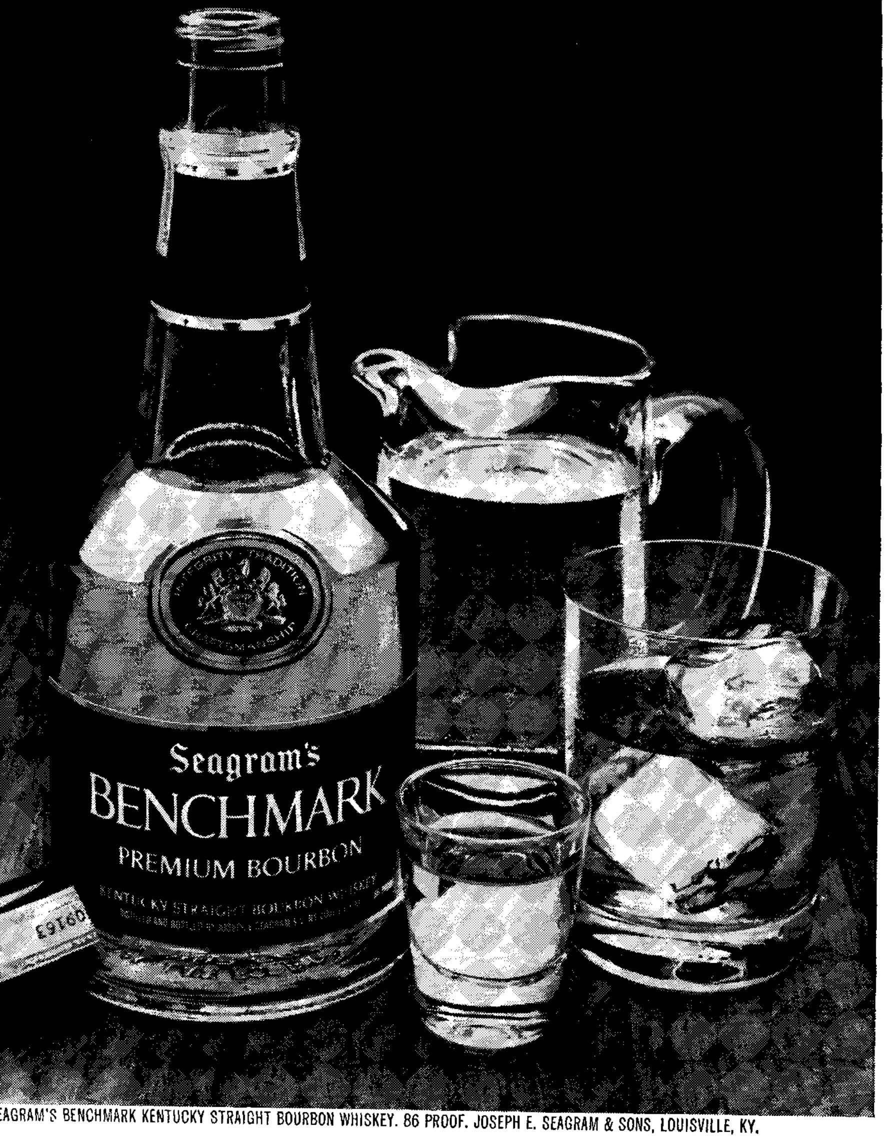

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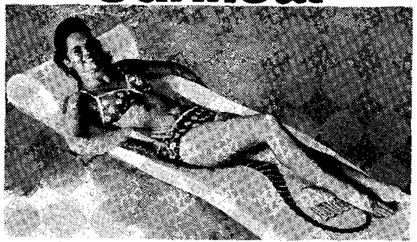

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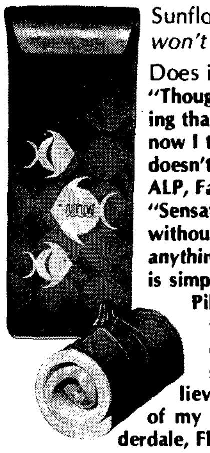

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fore James learned about the possible misinterpretation, and today he is by no means sure that he would have gone on fighting for what he believed, and had been assured, were his legal rights if he had known that the question he had raised had never been judicially resolved. "I felt then that because I was legally in the right I had to be reinstated in my job, and that while things would undoubtedly be awkward for me in school from then on, at least I could go on teaching and being myself to some degree without being shoved all over the place," he said recently. "When I drove our bus out of Elmira bound for Washington early the next morning, I was jubilantly singing 'We Shall Overcome' with eight or nine students from Elmira College who were on board. And I really thought I *had* overcome. I had stood up, and I had won. I didn't dream then how wrong I was, or how long and bitter and agonizing my fight would be."

AN article on James's suspension appeared in the Saturday-morning edition of the *Star-Gazette*. That day, the Addison school board met in a special session to discuss the case. While the board members talked about James, he was marching along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington with more than five hundred thousand fellow-citizens. It was the largest gathering of people in the capital in history, but it got surprisingly little attention. President Nixon showed his lack of interest in the mass pleas of his constituents by watching a football game on television while the great chanting, singing crowd passed by outside. In Horseheads, Mrs. James, who was worried about violence breaking out during the march, kept switching her television set from channel to channel in an attempt to get some news about what was happening in Washington. A.B.C. and C.B.S. didn't even have live cameras on the scene. All three major networks covered the event briefly on the evening news, but only N.B.C. interrupted, even briefly, the day's television schedule to report what was going on in the capital. Although the Administration had been unable to stop the mass protest from taking place, or to noticeably reduce its size, Agnew's anti-network speech two nights before had apparently succeeded in scaring the networks out of covering the Moratorium as a major news event, thus considerably reducing its effectiveness throughout the country.

Finally, Mrs. James switched off the television set and turned on the radio, which was presenting live, if somewhat spotty, coverage of the demonstration, and soon learned that almost no violence had occurred. She relaxed a bit then, but shortly after dark, while she was washing the dinner dishes, there was the clumping sound of heavy footsteps on the front porch and loud pounding on the door. "I was terribly frightened," she said later. "After what had happened, I thought it might even be night riders. But I went to the door and opened it. Standing there were two men in black raincoats. They scared the wits out of me. They asked if Mr. James was there. I said no, he was in Washington. Then they gave me a letter for him from the Addison Board of Education, and I closed the door." The letter, from the president of the local board, was dated that day and stated:

> The Board of Education of Addison Central School District has conferred with counsel and very thoroughly discussed the facts of your situation. The Board has, unanimously, confirmed the action of District Principal Edward J. Brown regarding your suspension on Friday, November 14, 1969.
>
> The Board deems your action to be a political act. As such, it is prohibited in the school. It is, also, deemed unethical action on the part of a teacher to engage in such activity.
>
> You may return to class on Monday, November 17, 1969, with the understanding that you engage in no political activities while in the school.
>
> Of course, the Board recognizes fully your absolute right to express outside of the school any beliefs that you may have.

When James read the letter, after returning from Washington the following day, he was outraged by its conclusion—that his act had been purely political in nature. He had hoped, and expected, that the school board would be more than a rubber stamp for Brown's decision. "The board failed, or refused, to see that the fundamental difference between a religious act and a political act is that in committing a political act you're only seeking to gain secular advantage in a contest between two or more secular forces," he explained later. "A religious act, on the other hand, can be political in style but it is essentially not aimed at a political end. A religious act, to some extent, has its end within itself, because it says something about what it means internally to the person who commits it but it doesn't have a specified result. Each person can react or not, as he or she chooses, to that act. If I wear an armband only to protest a particular war and ally myself with a particular group that thinks this war is a bad way to behave internationally, then that is a political act on my part. But if I wear

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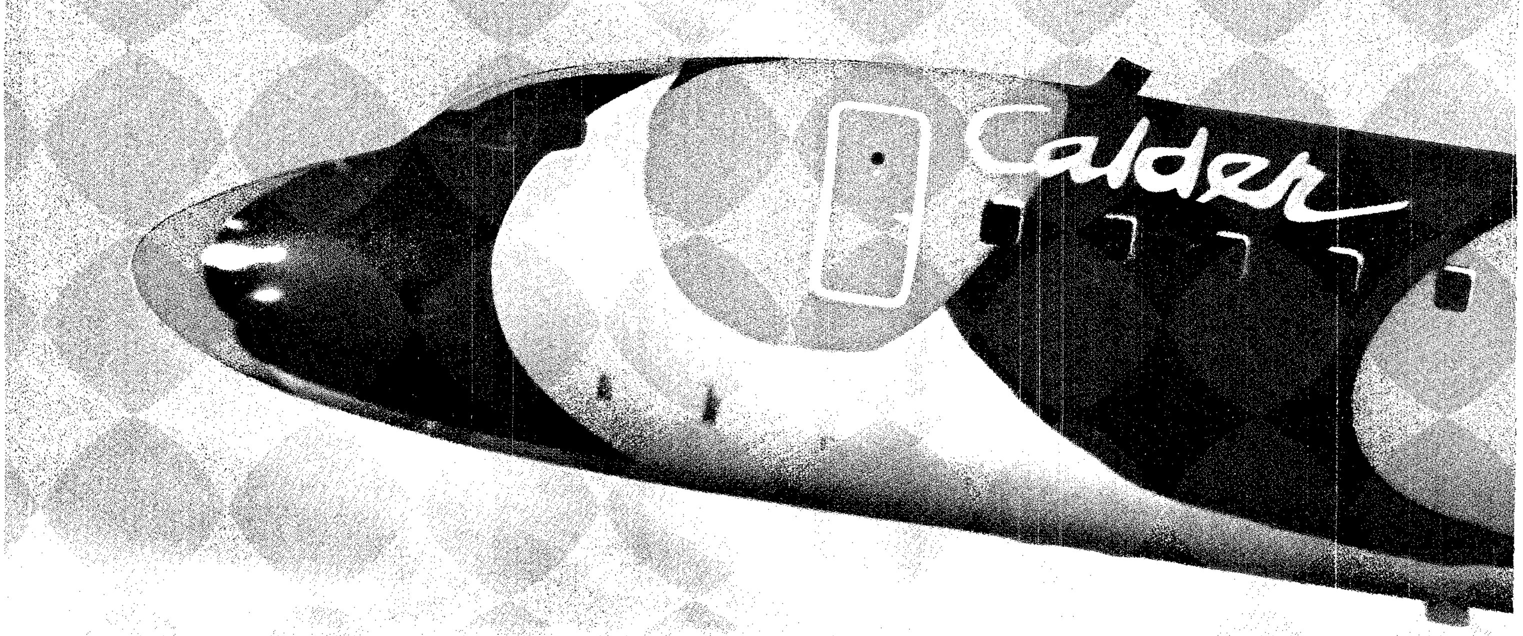

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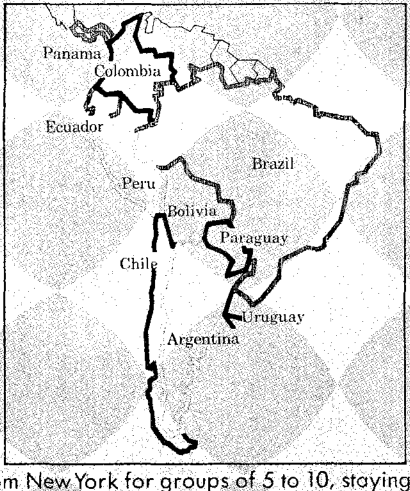

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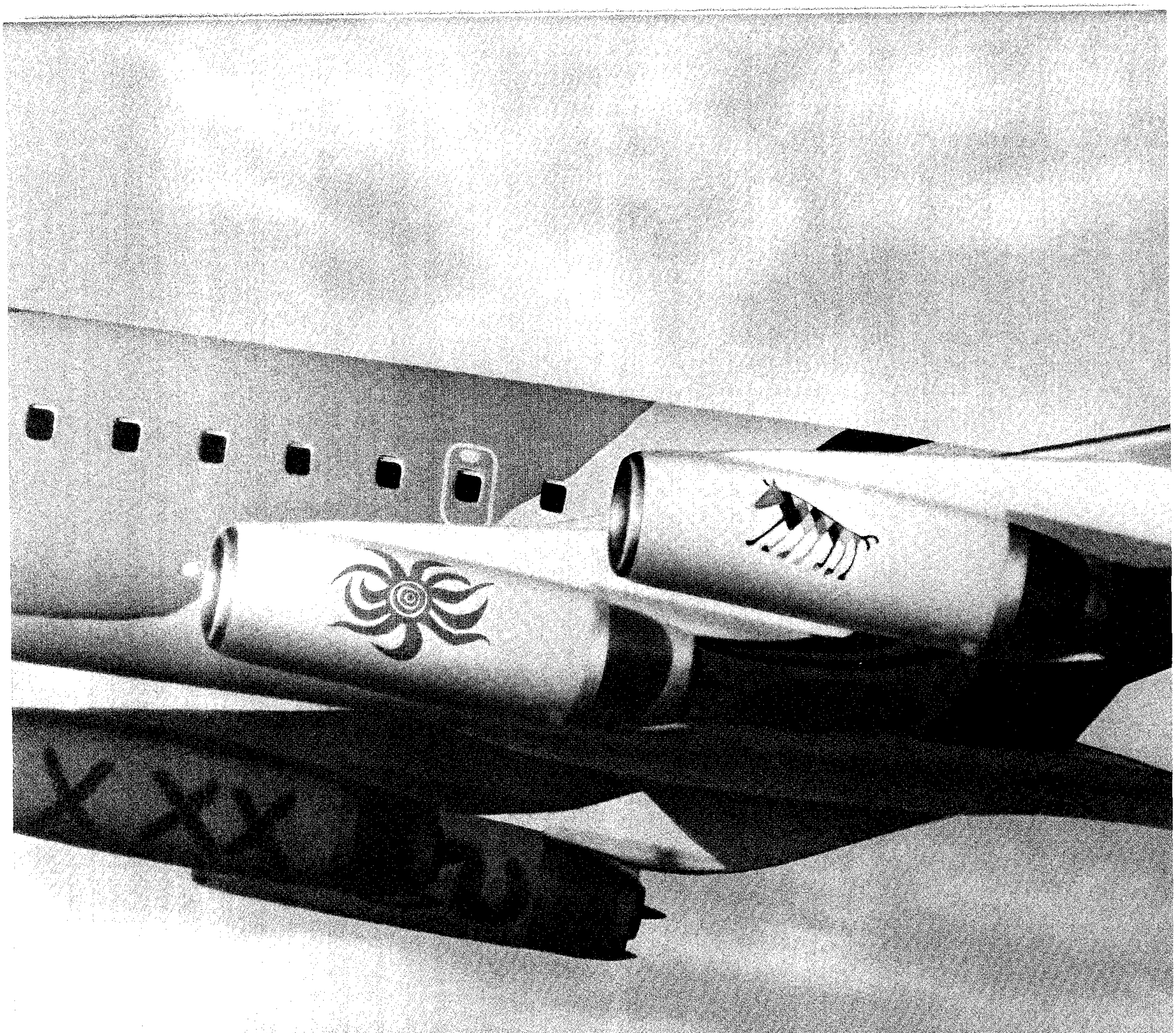

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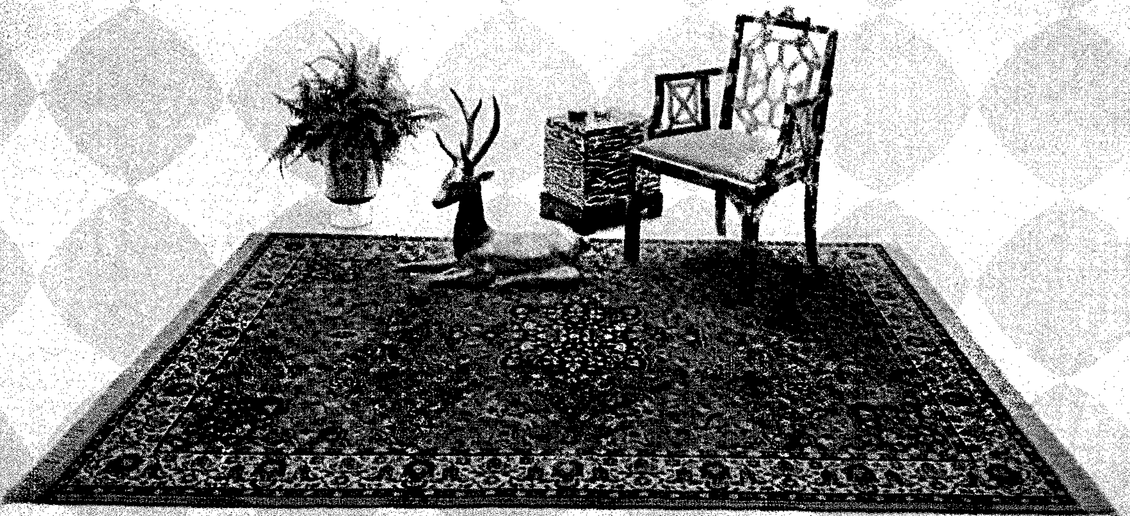

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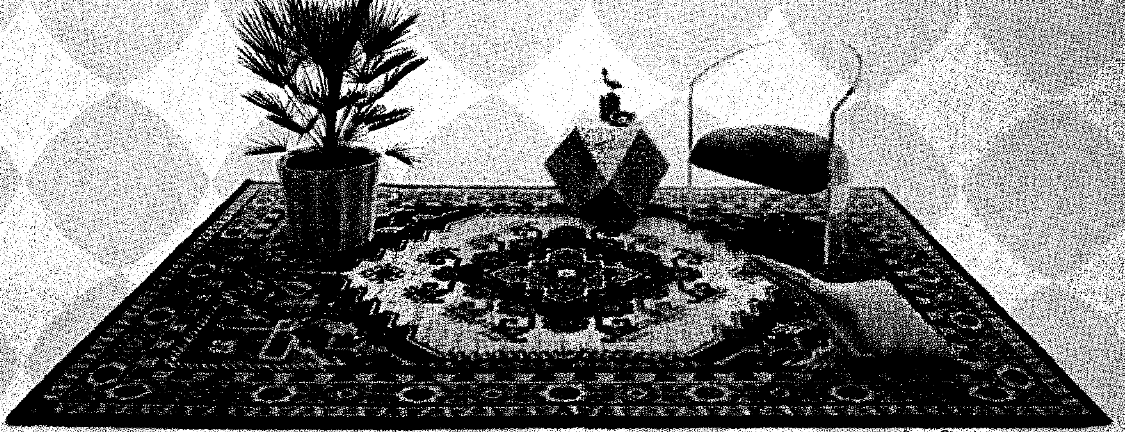

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a black armband because I'm horrified that this is the way men are solving their problems—by destroying themselves purposefully—and I believe that war and killing are wrong in themselves, then that is a religious act. However, if that war is also a political issue at the time, you cannot avoid becoming politically entangled, in the minds of others, when you object religiously. Some people can't understand that difference, because for them religion is something that is supposed to make life easier, as if man had created God. For the Quakers, religion usually makes life harder, though infinitely more precious, because in their view it is the spirit of God in man that counts, not the formalities of an artificial society that man has set up, more or less arbitrarily, to make the impossible task of people living together a bit more easy."

As James thought over the board's letter that Sunday evening, it occurred to him that neither Brown nor the board had formally rejected the A.C.L.U.'s position and that neither had demanded a promise from him that he would not wear the armband again in school. "Since I did not, and could not, agree with the board that wearing an armband to protest killing was a political act, I felt free to return to school the next day without being bound in any way by their restriction," he said not long afterward. "That the armband was political was their assumption, not mine, and they had yet to prove it. My assumption was that Brown had acted illegally and that neither he nor the board had any authority to limit my right to express my conscience. So I decided to go back to work." He did not decide then, however, what he would do when the next Moratorium was held, in mid-December.

In the next couple of days, the Jameses learned that several teachers in nearby school systems had also worn armbands on the previous Friday—some of them black and some red-white-and-blue—without being so much as officially reprimanded. "I concluded that the school board couldn't fire Charles, and knew it," Mrs. James said. "After the A.C.L.U. told Brown that he couldn't do that to Charles and the school board didn't respond, I was convinced that the board's members were merely bluffing, to try to save Brown's face." Bluff or not, there was a lot of support locally for the board's position. On November 20th, the Addison Teachers Association considered the issue, and voted twenty-seven to fifteen in favor of the board's position. Stories about the affair in the *Star-Gazette* and the Corning *Leader* created some interest in the case, and if the letters to the editors of both papers were any measure of public sentiment, most readers also supported Brown and the school board. So did the managing editor of the *Star-Gazette*, Burt Blazar, who observed in a column he wrote, "While James may think his armband means one thing, the context in which he's wearing it implies another. It implies opposition to the Vietnam war—a political thing."

Again James was offended by the attempt to interpret his motives. And when he read Blazar's observation that "political statement has no place in the school system—unless it is accompanied by equal views from the other side," James threw the paper aside. The standard requirement in New York State schools that all sides of any controversial issue must be presented if one side is presented had always struck him as a piece of absurd hypocrisy on the part of school authorities. "The entire public-school system in this country is geared to parroting traditional views," he explained not long ago. "That is the only side one can find in almost any history or civics textbook. In the history texts my children have used here, it's claimed that the Spanish-American War broke out when Spain declared war on us. I looked through several textbooks at Addison High and couldn't find anything resembling a fair view of, say, Castro. All of them are so terribly biassed that they don't attempt to teach one side of an issue fairly, let alone both sides. And that's true not just of history and civics courses. Anyone who teaches literature unavoidably gets into all kinds of social and political issues in the course of discussing plays and novels. It would be impossible, in terms of the time available, to present all sides, even if the teacher knew what they were. But the main point is that the farthest thing from the minds of those who run the school system is to have all sides of controversial issues presented to students. What the authorities want is what the school system was designed for—to turn out obedient, subservient young adults. If the schools' aim were to turn out imaginative, creative kids, they would at least get a chance to hear some radical viewpoints to balance the deeply conservative bombardment that they are constantly subjected to on the outside."

Subsequently, a couple of students at Addison High stated that they had been unaware that there was any sensible

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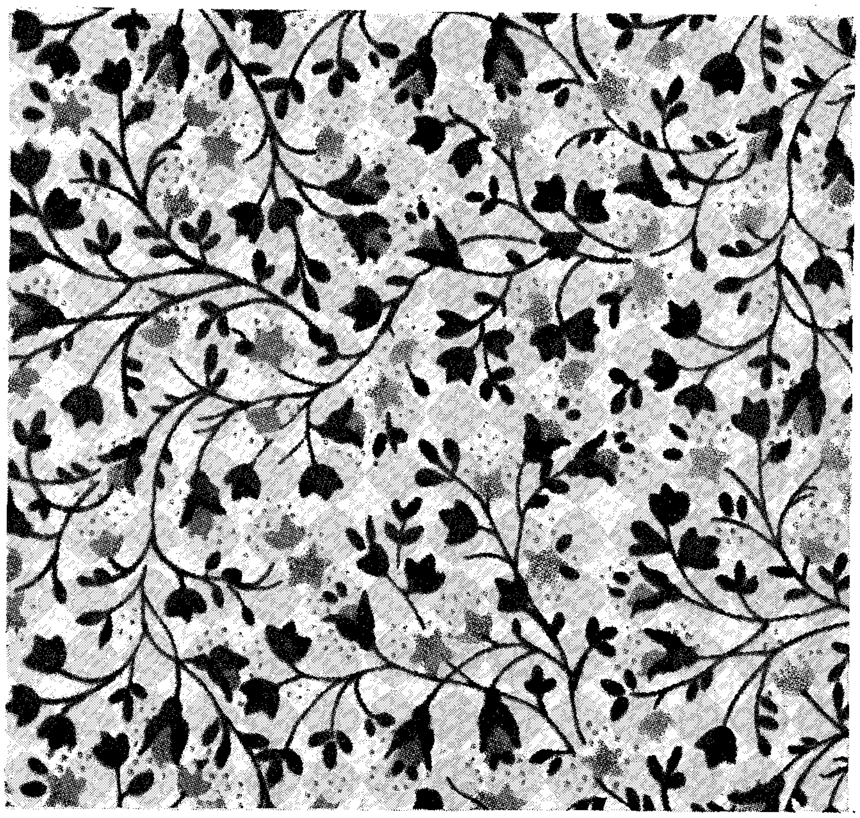
way to look at the war in Vietnam except the President's way; in fact, they said that most students in the school hadn't known what James's black armband stood for until he was suspended and the case got into the newspapers. Of course, they knew that people opposed the war, but they thought such opponents were largely hippies and crazies. When James was thrown out of school for standing up against the war, some of these students apparently realized for the first time that a serious and sincere man could be against what they had been taught to believe in. In the end, then, it wasn't James who taught them this lesson, it was Brown, who seemed to show them, however inadvertently, that there was another side to this issue.

NEVA JAMES's confidence that Brown would take no further action against her husband gradually weakened as the time for the next Moratorium, in mid-December, grew closer. "I figured there would be some kind of trouble, because I knew that the school had a tacit policy of getting rid of people who didn't fall into line," she said recently. "I didn't want Charles to wear the armband again. And yet I didn't feel I could urge him not to wear it, since I believed that the school board and Brown had been so wrong. All I knew at the time was that I didn't want another hassle with another community and be forced to pick up and move all over again."

During the month between the two Moratoriums, James's greatest concern was his wife's growing anxiety. "I was very defensive about it," he said. "Nothing was clear-cut in my mind. I wasn't acting out of certainty that I was doing the right thing. It wasn't as though I had the assurance that the morality of such an act as wearing an armband was clear. I don't think that acts of conscience have anything to do with traditional ideas of right and wrong, morals, or values. I was way out there at sea, and I had only my own mind and heart to steer by." A couple of days before the December Moratorium, his concern about his wife's reaction and the effect on his family if he wore the armband again became so unnerving that finally he drew back from that problem and retreated into an examination of his own motives, to make certain that at least he had not been corrupted by the attention he had received. "I don't know how fairly I treated Neva during that time," he said later. "All I knew was that it was a private decision."

Mrs. James wondered if a man was



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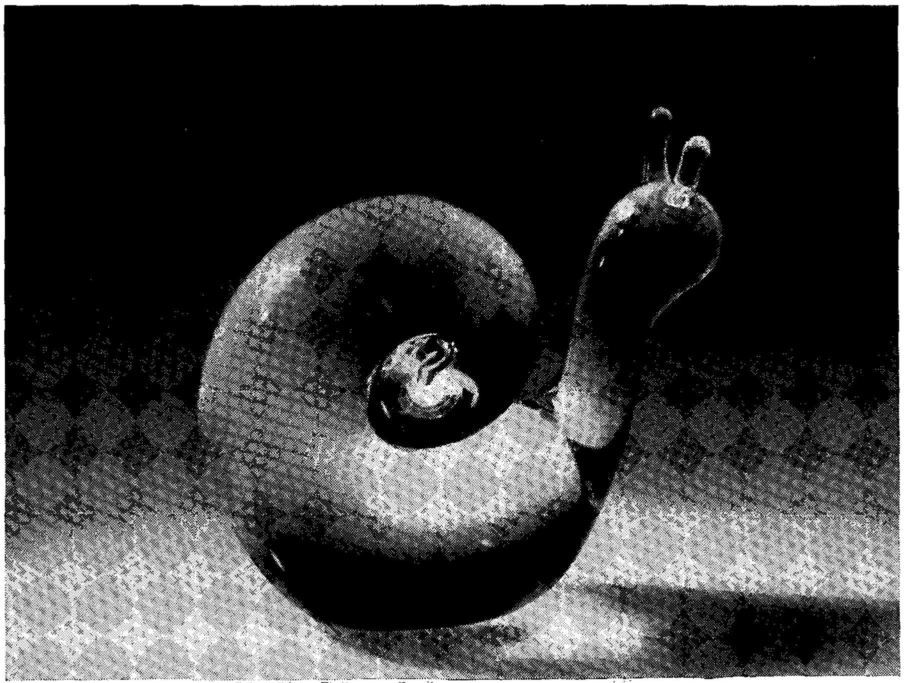

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entitled to make an entirely personal judgment about such a matter once he had a family. "Charles acted for himself, but the children and I have to assume the consequences of his action," she explained. "It wasn't my conscience or my children's consciences that were at stake. If you choose something personally, that's one thing. But if you have to go along with the choice someone else makes, that's quite a different thing."

The December Moratorium began on the twelfth, and the Jameses woke that morning before dawn. Both of them were thinking about the armband, which was again lying on the dresser, but neither spoke of it. James thought briefly about what might happen if he wore it to school again. He suspected that Brown would prefer to ignore it rather than to get embroiled in an unpleasant legal fight, which, it seemed then, he was certain to lose—above all, a fight that might make him look rather foolish in the end. Still, James realized, Brown could not abide disobedience or a public defeat. Finally, James decided that he could not base his actions on what Brown might or might not do. "I saw then that I had to act as I would have acted if I hadn't been suspended," James said later. "I couldn't let the suspension intimidate me in my behavior insofar as my behavior was evidence of what I believed."

As he started to get dressed, his wife came into the bedroom from the kitchen and asked, "Are you still sure you want to wear it?"

"Yes," he said.

She said nothing more, but she kept hoping that he would change his mind. James didn't change his mind, and a few minutes after he appeared in school wearing the armband Brown suspended him again. A month later, the local school board fired James.

JAMES was confident that his dismissal would quickly be countermanded by an administrative or judicial office of the state, and that he would be back teaching at Addison High School within a few weeks at the most. His involuntary idleness made him more aware than he had ever been of how much he liked his work—most of all, the persistent challenge of introducing students to the world outside their rather narrow lives—and he began planning new approaches to his task. He assumed that Pillard and Brown would resent his return and might make life difficult for him, but he also assumed that in time they would forget about the

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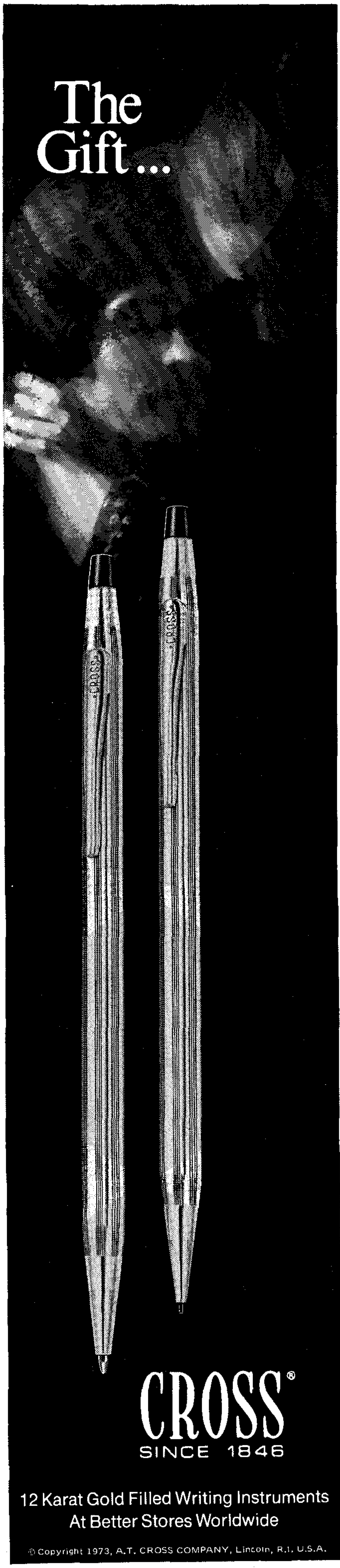
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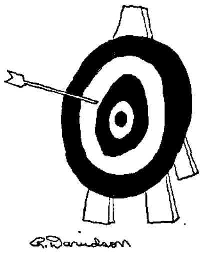
trouble and let matters go back to normal. Enduring a few trying weeks or months of that sort, he decided, would be better than pulling up and moving his family again, so when he was approached about a teaching job at a public school in Batavia, New York, a few days after he was fired and the case was reported in local newspapers, he didn't explore the possibility. If he had known how long the armband case would drag on and what deprivation lay ahead for him and his family, he remarked not long ago, he would have immediately taken any other teaching job that was offered. "I could have gone on fighting from a distance," he explained. "But I wanted my rights *and* my job back, and I thought it would all be settled soon."



If James had also known about the doubts that were initially entertained by some of the lawyers who became involved in his case, he might have given up his fight altogether right then. As it happened, when the representative of the A.C.L.U. chapter in Ithaca called the New York City office of the Civil Liberties Union, a lawyer there had too hastily assured him that James's Constitutional rights had clearly been violated. Another A.C.L.U. lawyer, who ended up handling the James case, later said, "I guess the response was the automatic one often given here—what should be right is—but when we finally sat down and discussed the matter we had some serious misgivings. What we were worried about most was the 'slippery slope' question—that is, if you allow someone to wear an armband, where do you stop? Do you then have to let others wear swastikas or Nazi uniforms or the white sheets of the Ku Klux Klan wherever and whenever they want to? That question was particularly unsettling when it was asked in the context of a public school. After all, if schools weren't run with some authority and discipline, the entire educational system might collapse. Where does one draw the line?"

In the end, the staff decided to draw the line where the Supreme Court had seemed to draw it in the case that James's first legal advisers relied on as a binding precedent—Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District, which the Court had ruled on a year before. That case involved a girl who was suspended from junior high school for wearing a black armband to protest the war in Vietnam. The Court decided that her act constituted symbolic expression, and was Constitutionally protected under the free-speech clause of the First Amendment. One sentence in the Court's opinion—"It can hardly be argued that either students or teachers shed their Constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate"—had persuaded Professor Freeman that the ruling extended to teachers, too, and the lawyers at the A.C.L.U. were inclined to agree. Still, they weren't convinced that the statement had to be read that way. In fact, the Tinker decision circumscribed students' First Amendment rights so narrowly that all one could say with any certainty about it was that Mary Beth Tinker had a right to wear a black armband to her school at the particular time and under the particular circumstances that existed when she wore it.

During this period, the A.C.L.U., like other civil-liberties outfits, was severely limited by lack of money and personnel, and the James case was turned over to its most active volunteer, a private lawyer by the name of Jeremiah Gutman, who at any given time handled a caseload of a hundred clients, half of whom he represented for little or no fee. Gutman agreed to take on the James case—at least through the administrative course of remedy, which seemed to him the simplest, quickest, and cheapest method. All that it required was an appeal, in the form of a legal petition, to the New York State Commissioner of Education, Ewald B. Nyquist, who was generally regarded as a fair man and a defender of individual liberties within the school system. Gutman had argued a number of civil-liberties cases before Nyquist, and had always prevailed. He was sure that he would this time, too. "With Nyquist's record," he said recently, "there was every reason to believe that he would be in our corner all the way."

The opening argument in the petition to the Commissioner was that James had been denied the ordinary safeguards guaranteed by the Constitutional phrase "due process of law." As James stated in an affidavit about his first suspension, "I received no notice of the charges against me, no advance notice of the board's meeting at which my case was to be considered, no opportunity to contest the action taken against me, no right to be confronted by the evidence against me, no right to present evidence on my own behalf, no right to cross-examine hostile witnesses or to call friendly ones, and no right to be represented by counsel, nor was I afforded any other means of presenting my position and views to the board." After that, the petition claimed that since James's assertion of his rights had not impinged on or restricted anyone else's rights, his superiors had exceeded *their* rights in firing him. The third, and final, point in the petition was the crucial one—the specific right that James had asserted and been denied. While Gutman was working on the petition, James became so nervous about this point that he drove down to the city to discuss it with him, and to make sure that his motive was clear—that he had acted out of religious conviction and had expressed his religious conscience by wearing the armband.

Gutman—a rather flamboyant, friendly man with curly gray hair and a full beard—heard James out, and essentially agreed. But then he pointed out that an expression of religious conviction was still an expression and, as such, fell under the free-speech clause of the First Amendment, which he read in full to James: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Once more James was distressed by the willingness of others to interpret his motives for him, but he didn't object or press his point, because he realized that the lawyer was merely doing a lawyer's job—trying to defend a client as best he could. As for Gutman, he later explained, "I wanted to emphasize speech, because I thought the Supreme Court's decision in Tinker was absolutely determinative. My impression was that the issue James was raising had already been settled. It looked to me like a sure thing—a clear First Amendment run-through."

James was distressed by the legal approach, because he felt that the misleading nature of his defense might ultimately seem to alter the character of what was being defended—his reason for wearing the armband. Still, he never expressed his dissatisfaction to Gutman. "I guess I lost control of my own fate at that point," he remarked not long ago. "I turned myself over to the lawyers, and gradually my goal changed from the moral vindication of my religious conscience to the practical business of getting my job back."

To many lawyers, James's objection would have seemed legally and historically irrelevant, since freedom of

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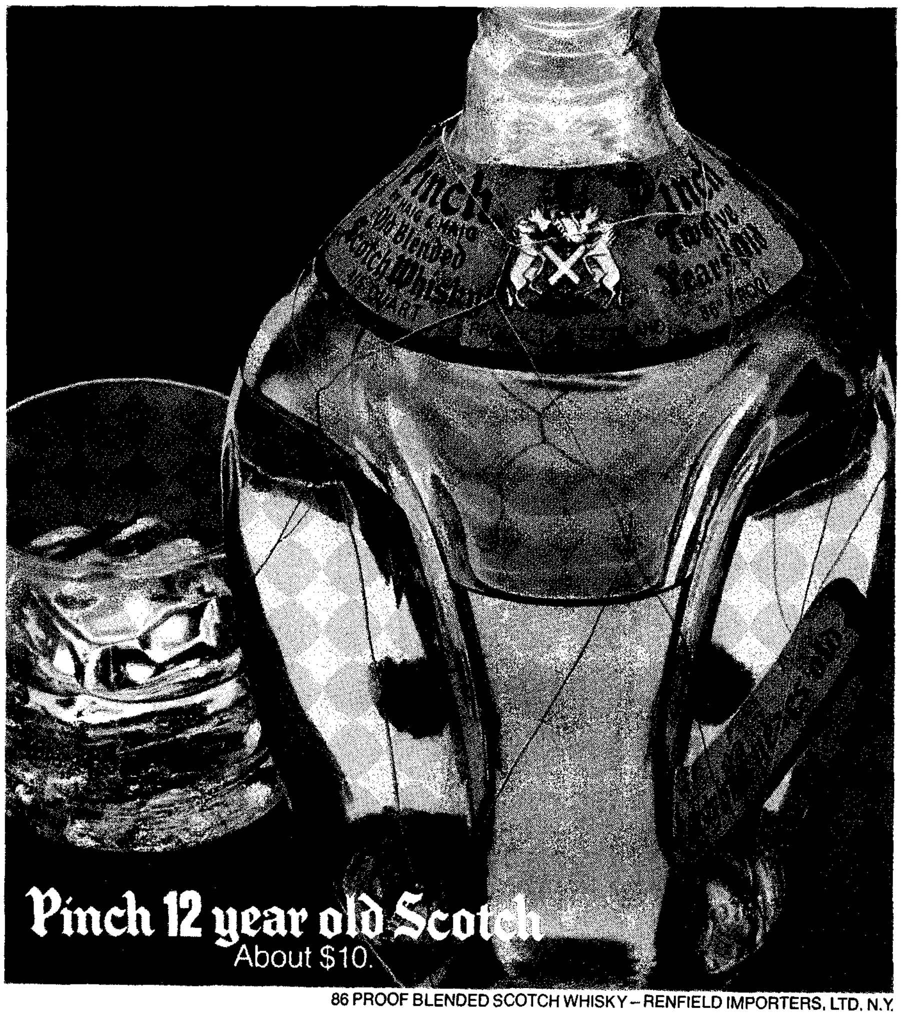

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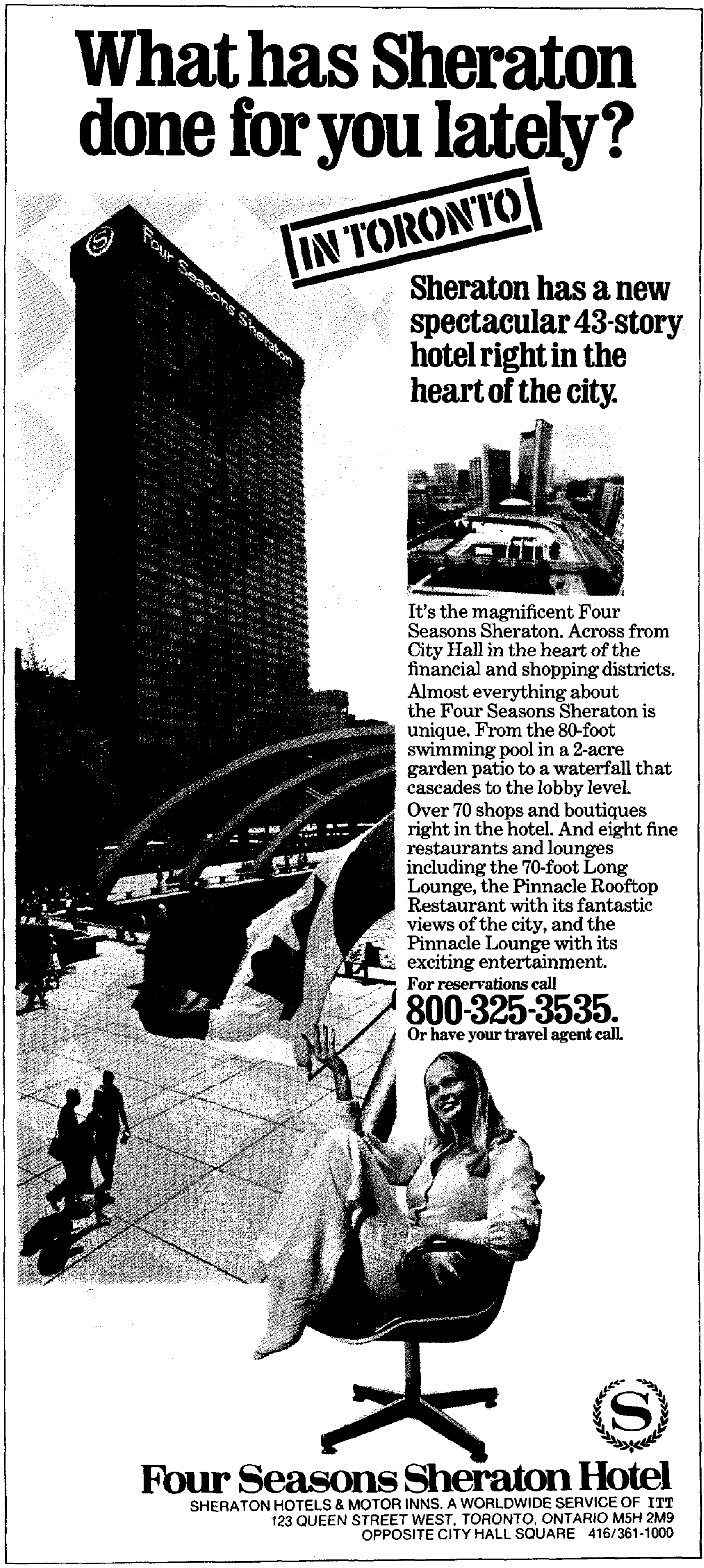

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religion and freedom of speech have always been inextricably entwined philosophically and practically. And, according to one of the lawyers who later worked on the case, "James's objection was personally irrelevant as well, because what mattered once he raised this issue was not *his* right as he saw it but rather *every* man's right as the *law* saw it. In our view, and ultimately in the view of the courts, the issue was freedom of speech."

On February 5, 1970, Gutman submitted to the State Education Department in Albany the petition contesting James's dismissal on the grounds that he had been denied due process of law and the right of freedom of speech. Copies of the petition were sent to Brown, Pillard, and the school board, and the lawyer who represented all of them, a private practitioner from Corning named Harry Treinin, submitted a response. It claimed that as a probationary teacher James had no vested rights under state law to a hearing or to be told why he was fired; that his failure to present a balanced view of a controversial issue to his students was unprofessional and unethical; that he had committed a political act by wearing the black armband to work at a time of national discord over the war in Vietnam; that he had been insubordinate in refusing to take it off; and that the issue of free speech was in no way involved.

At the hearing—held on Tuesday, March 10th, at the State Education Department headquarters, in Albany—Gutman and Treinin elaborated on the positions taken in their legal papers, and from time to time Nyquist asked each of them questions. For instance, when Treinin—a white-haired man with silver-rimmed glasses and a rather dramatic manner—repeated the charge that James had committed a political act in wearing the armband, the Commissioner asked whether it could be looked upon as anything but a political act. "No!" Treinin cried. At another point, Gutman argued that since everyone was unavoidably biassed in some ways, teachers should merely make their biases clear at the outset of any classroom discussion of a controversial matter, so that their students might know where they stood. Treinin was aghast at the suggestion, and excitedly described what would happen in public schools throughout the country if this viewpoint and James's act were upheld. One could envision the time, he warned, when fifty teachers would show up for work at a school like Addison High with twenty-five of them

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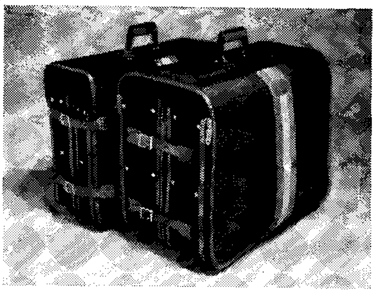

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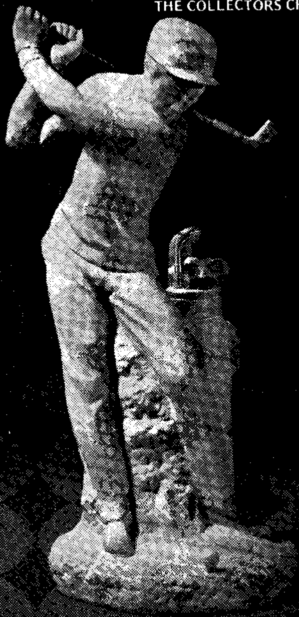

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wearing black armbands and twenty-five of them wearing sashes of red-white-and-blue. "It would be a standoff—a terrible situation," he said. "It would turn our classrooms into a battleground of opposing political forces."

In view of what had been happening in some colleges in the United States—student takeovers of administration buildings, barricades, riots, arson, bombing, and heavily armed policemen and troops patrolling campuses—an armband-and-sash confrontation by opposing groups of public-school teachers in a small-town high school seemed a comforting prospect. Nyquist suppressed a smile, and not long afterward he ended the hearing with the observation that since "important philosophic considerations" were involved in the case, his decision on it might take some time.

James left the hearing in a state of exhilaration. "It was great—it really was," he told reporters outside. Part of his reaction was due to his delight at listening, for the first time, to a discussion of the issues in the case—even if the freedom-of-religion issue was dealt with only in passing by Gutman. But a larger part of James's reaction was due to the positive impression that Nyquist had made on him. "I saw that he was intelligent and enlightened," James explained. "After the calm, detached way he behaved, I was certain that he wouldn't rule against me." And Gutman was equally confident—largely because of the negative impression that Treinin had made on him. "He had no legal basis for his case whatever," Gutman observed later. "His argument was more hysterical than legal, and I didn't see how anyone could take it seriously."

THE Elmira *Star-Gazette* and the Corning *Leader* gave the James case extensive coverage, which soon stirred up a good bit of controversy among local citizens over the act and the result of wearing a black armband. On one side, James was defended in letters to the editor as a hero crushed by systematic repression ("He had the audacity to buck the establishment; the principal gave an order, the order was not obeyed. The teacher was fired. This is once again an example of how authoritarian the public school system has become") or a target of the far right ("Too terrified of freedom of thought, speech, and action to tolerate [dissent], they . . . are self-styled Christians and patriots who pretend to defend freedom by advocating its suppression"). On the other side, he was attacked for being either dangerously

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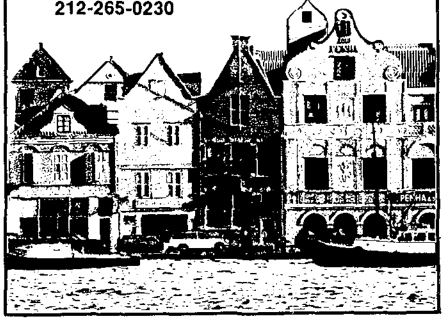

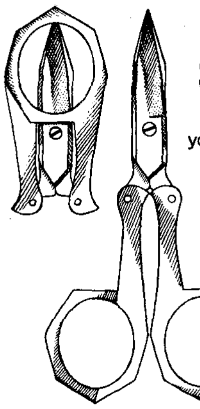

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misguided ("To allow everyone to do exactly as he pleases under the guise of Constitutional rights will not only create chaos but destroy the democracy that has provided so much freedom") or an outright traitor ("Hitler knew the way to power was in gaining control of the minds of the young. Are our schools, churches, and courts being infiltrated by a clever group seeking to undermine the great principles our nation was built on and eventually to overthrow our government?").

For his own part, James was more offended by the continuing attempts to describe his motives than he was by either the strident tone or the often silly content of such letters. "As I have repeated over and over, I acted out of religious conviction, to demonstrate my opposition to killing—any and all killing—of human beings," he wearily told a reporter. "But others keep telling me that my act was political, it was an attempt to influence students unfairly, it was unpatriotic, it was even treasonable. At the start, it was *my* act. But now it seems as though it wasn't mine at all." James was also exasperated by the outright refusal, on the part of many of his acquaintances and even members of his family, to believe that he had been fired merely for wearing a black armband. "Everybody keeps asking me in private, 'What did you *really* do?' " he said. When his sister's husband, who worked for the federal government, learned about the incident, he telephoned from Washington to ask James what he had really done, and clearly didn't believe the answer. And James's mother called to lecture him on how he must trust the government, as she did, and then to beg him to desist from whatever he was doing so that his brother-in-law would not be fired by the government for being related to him.

As the days passed, it became clear to James that the growing controversy over what he had done would make it far more difficult now for him to return to work comfortably, and that it would both encourage Brown to oppose his reinstatement and discourage other possible employers from giving him a job. Whichever way Nyquist's decision went, James began to fear, he would be tagged at worst as a troublemaker and at best as a person who would not accept injustice quietly. "People may claim to like a man who stands up for himself," he said, "but they don't want to hire him." One local exception to this rule was the director of the adult-education department at Corning Community College. Two

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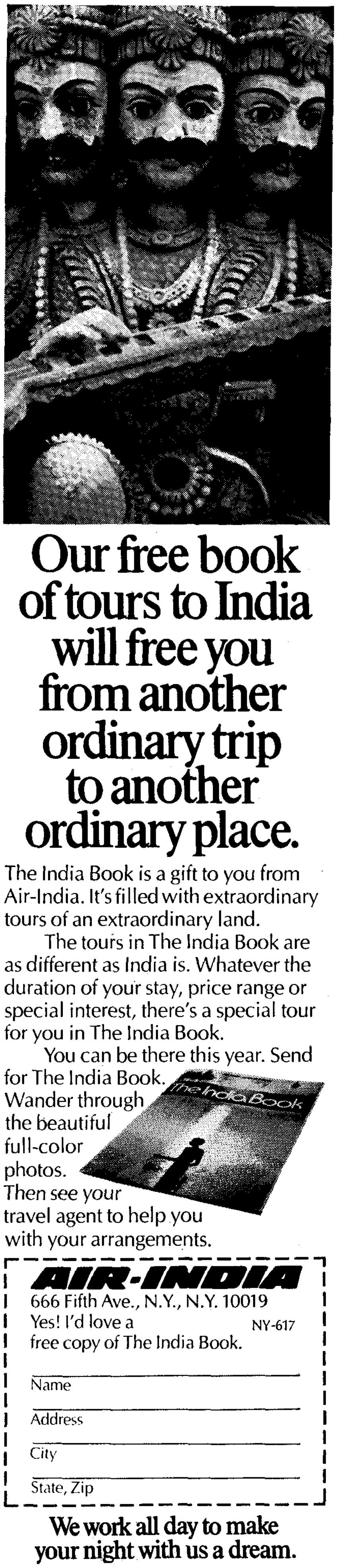

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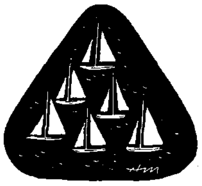
weeks after James was fired, the director offered him a part-time job teaching English literature one evening a week, at a salary of six hundred dollars for the term. James accepted at once, and shortly after he began conducting the course, early in February, he was told that he could stay on during the summer term with a three-course teaching load, at three times the salary. He accepted that offer, too, and then a little later he was asked if he wanted to stay on as a full-time instructor the following fall. That meant he could not go back to Addison High, but the chance to teach on the college level and to read and study was so attractive that James tentatively agreed to the proposal. Even so, he intended to go on with his case until he was vindicated.

About this time, Neva James decided to give up her job at Elmira College. It paid so little that it hardly seemed worth the expenses and inordinate difficulty it involved. James had to drive his wife to work in the morning, spend the day scouting around for part-time work, pick her up and take her home, and then drive into Corning and back for his evening teaching schedule. Some days, he put more than two hundred miles on the car. In any case, her resignation meant that they had less money to live on, and James began to look for higher-paying odd jobs than the few he had found so far. One Sunday, after attending the Quaker meeting in Elmira, he happened to mention to some members who went over to the adjoining house for coffee and a visit that he was looking for work to tide him over the next few months. Salle, the clerk of the Meeting, offered him a job helping to deliver and install commercial refrigeration units, at a wage of three dollars an hour. James went to work the next day.



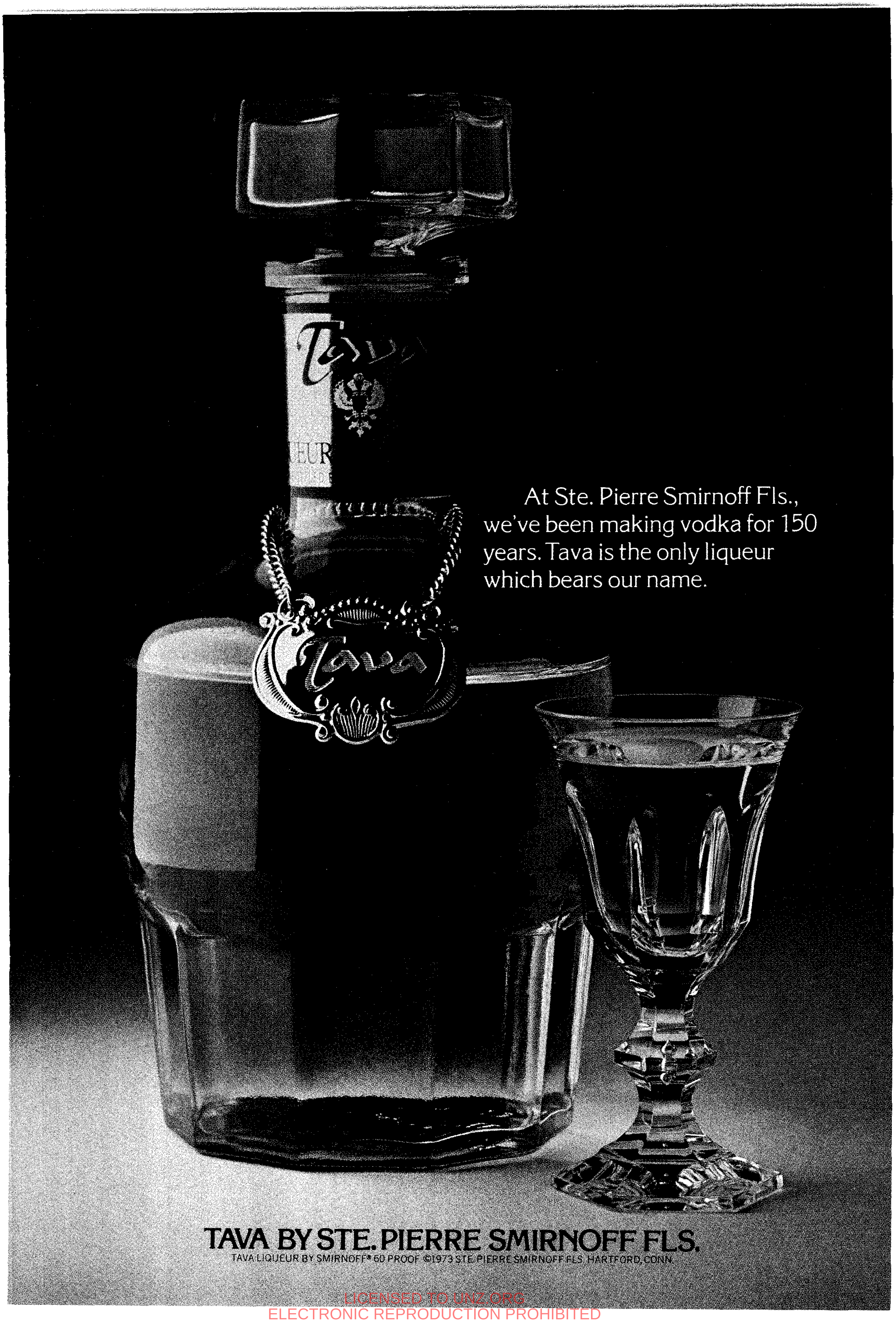
Late that April, South Vietnamese forces, supported by the United States, invaded Cambodia. The anti-war movement, which had been quiet since the December Moratorium, was revived by this unexpected expansion of the war. This time, the kinds of people who had usually not participated before in opposition to the war—ordinary middle-class and middle-aged citizens, business and social leaders, and even Wall Street lawyers—joined the demonstrations that swept the country. Students again rallied and marched, and at Kent State University, in Ohio, National Guardsmen shot and killed four of them. Stunned and sickened by that tragedy, more and more citizens joined the anti-war cause. One of them was the president of Corning Community College, who appeared on campus the next day wearing a black armband. Several local residents who had suspected his liberal tendencies took the opportunity to denounce him and to call for his ouster. That move failed, but early that summer they discovered that James was employed by the college, and pressed the school administration to get rid of such a notorious radical. In the end, the plan to take James on full time was quietly shelved—so quietly, in fact, that he himself didn't hear about it until nearly the end of the summer.

In the meantime, the Jameses had made some plans that were based entirely on the promise of a full-time job in the autumn. The plan was to buy a derelict farmhouse and some thirty-five acres of scrubby, worn-out farmland that went with it, for a total price of twelve thousand five hundred dollars. At the time, the Jameses were paying a monthly rent of a hundred and seventy-five dollars, and they figured that if they could raise the down payment for the farm—fifteen hundred dollars—James could get a G.I. mortgage, and they would end up paying only ninety-odd dollars a month for a place to live. Once again a member of the Elmira Meeting came to their aid—a woman who gave them a check for the down payment.

The farm was near the small town of Pine City, on a rural lane called Christian Hollow Road, about five miles from Elmira. The house itself—a dilapidated one-and-a-half-story clapboard structure—was uninhabitable, and anyone with less determination and enthusiasm than the Jameses would probably have concluded that it should remain so. But they went to work fixing it up at once. They scoured and disinfected, patched and painted, mended the roof and repaired the plumbing, and within a few weeks the house was almost fit to live in.

"We were really jubilant," Mrs. James recalled a couple of years later. "At last we had a home of our own—and even land to roam on." They planted a garden of late vegetables and pruned some scraggly grapevines and a neglected orchard of apple, pear, and plum trees that James found on the property, and they canned and froze whatever they grew but couldn't eat.

Mrs. James had become increasingly concerned about the children, who were beginning to show signs of being adversely affected by their father's case,



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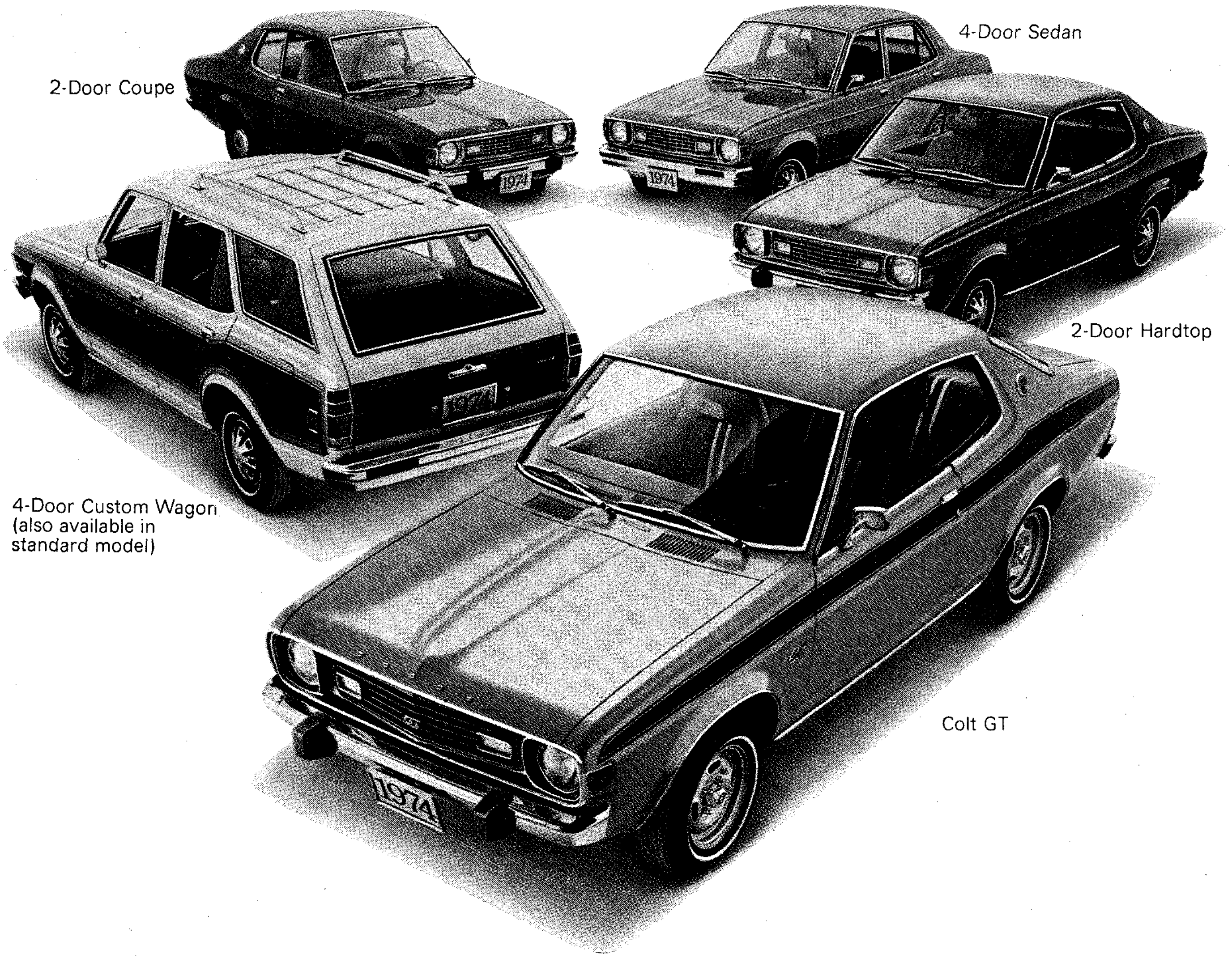
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and part of her reason for giving up her job had been that she wanted to spend more time with them. "The kids bear scars from all we've been through," she said recently. "We were absorbed, we were away a lot. When you never know if you're going to have money to eat next week or a place to live next month, it's hard to pay the attention to your youngsters that they need. When all you hear is talk about the case, when everyone talks about your father, the telephone is always for your father, the papers have stories about your father, you suffer. Also, it made the children too adult too soon. They should have had a better chance to be children and to grow up more slowly. I know they thought their father was right, and were proud of him. But I also know—I can see it in their faces sometimes when they look at Charles—that they're thinking, If it wasn't for your armband, we could have some new sneakers." James tried to make up for the lost income by taking on every job he could find, no matter how menial or low-paid, and he worked especially hard preparing for his evening classes, so that his record would encourage the school to keep him on, as it had promised, in the fall. All in all, it was a difficult period, but the Jameses were hopeful that their troubles would soon be over. "We didn't know it then, but we were just embarking on our long experiment—to see how little money a family of six could live on," Mrs. James recalled months later. "We didn't dream when we laid out and planted the garden that it would be our salvation during the coming winter."

The "important philosophic considerations" that Nyquist faced in resolving the James case were apparently more intractable than he had imagined, for the spring and summer passed without any word from him. Mrs. James kept Gutman informed about the family's situation, and in April he wrote Nyquist to tell him that the family had incurred some medical expenses and to ask that the school board be required to make James's health insurance retroactive when he was reinstated; an aide of Nyquist's replied a month later that James would have to file an amended petition including such a request and that the school board would have to be given an opportunity to respond to it. That procedure, of course, would have delayed the decision even longer, and since Gutman didn't want to impose any more hardship on his client, he dropped the matter. By mid-August, there still was no word on the case, and then James learned that the

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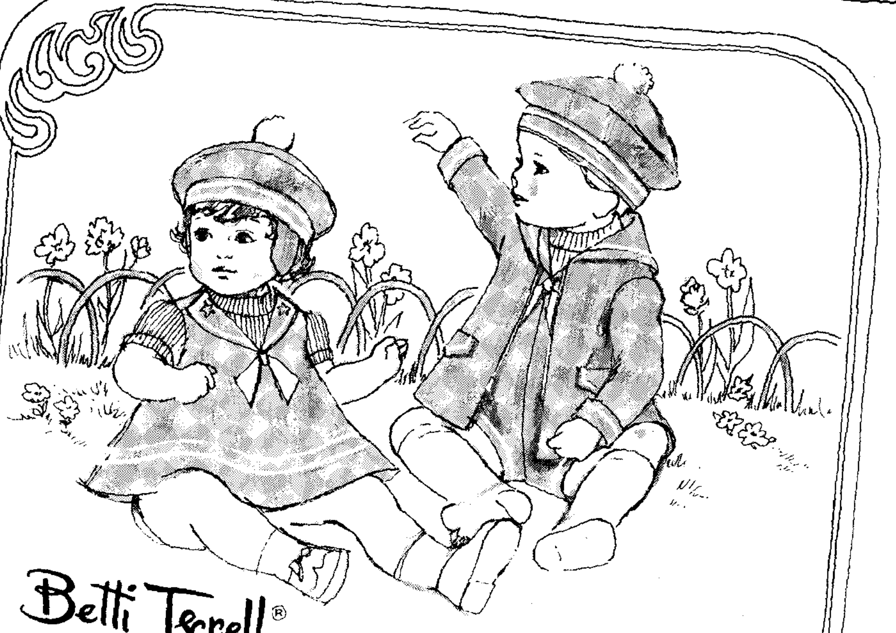

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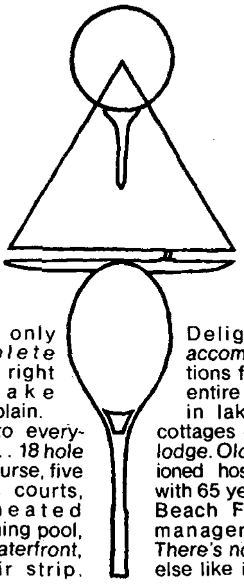

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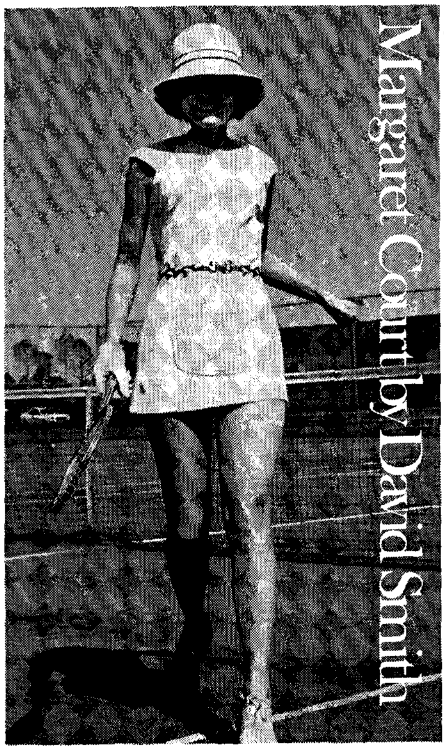
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full-time job at the college wasn't waiting for him after all. Although it was too late for him to get another teaching job for the coming school year, he applied to all the nearby school systems for a full-time post and for substitute teaching on the off chance that an opening would turn up. Nothing came of either effort, so he turned to the want ads in the *Star-Gazette* and the *Leader*. There was no work of any kind that he was qualified for; the recession that spread across the country that summer and fall hit the Corning-Elmira area rather hard, and many people there were unemployed. On a couple of occasions, James later learned, teachers with qualifications inferior to his were taken on by schools that he had applied to, and he began to wonder if he had been blacklisted—not officially but simply because he had come to be regarded as a troublemaker.

By the end of August, James had no job and no prospect of a job. His classes at the college had ended, and the family had reached the end of its meagre resources. If he didn't get money immediately, James realized, they would lose the farm, and have neither shelter nor food. "We thought and thought and talked and talked," Mrs. James recalled later. "Finally, we saw that there was only one way out for us—welfare. We decided that if society denies you a livelihood when you can and want to work, then it's up to society to provide you with enough to live on. After all, we had both been paying into the unemployment-insurance fund for years, so it wasn't as if we were asking for a handout."

When James went to the local welfare office to apply for assistance, a member of the staff told him that he had to take the first job offered to him, whatever it was. If he went to work on a ditchdigging crew and then took a day off for a substitute teaching job—the kind of chance that might lead to a full-time post—and was fired from the crew for being absent, he would lose his welfare rights at once. That meant no food stamps and no Medicaid as well as no money. James told the man who gave him these instructions that since the rule discouraged, or sometimes prevented, welfare recipients from getting the kind of work they were qualified for and could support their families on, it was "asinine." The man said, "That's right," and handed him a paper stating that he promised to pay back all the welfare money he received. This raised the possibility—or, in the case of a man, like James, who would probably never earn more than a very modest salary, the likelihood—that he would

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be crippled by debt for years. But James knew that he had no choice. "If I had refused to sign the paper, he would have let us starve," he explained to his wife. Before the welfare office would give the Jameses any money or food stamps, it dispatched a woman inspector to see how they lived and whether they actually had the number of children they claimed for their allowance—three hundred dollars a month. Once satisfied on these scores, the inspector asked to see their wedding license. "As if people like us were out there in the woods raising a houseful of bastards!" Mrs. James said. "I couldn't find the license, so I told her where we'd gotten married and said she could write and verify our legitimacy herself. That meant some work, so she said she'd take our word. And *that* meant there wasn't any strict rule on the matter after all, and that they were just trying to humiliate us."

In time, the Jameses got the impression that the welfare agency often used such demeaning tactics to discourage middle-class people from applying for aid. "When we first went to them," Mrs. James explained, "they acted horrified, and implied that no middle-class person with a college degree had *ever* come to them for help before." But the Jameses discovered that a fairly large number of such people had been forced to the same resort as they had. When the James children joined the federally supported free-lunch program at the schools they attended, a number of other children from middle-class families who were living on welfare but were too embarrassed to admit it were emboldened to join the program, too. Several of the youngsters confided to the James girls that they hadn't had a decent hot lunch for many months.

The humiliations that the Jameses—and, presumably, all other families living on such assistance—endured seemed endless and wholly unnecessary. For instance, James had to report to the welfare agency whatever he earned from odd jobs, and those sums were subtracted from his welfare check—a standard procedure that inevitably persuades all but the most independent-minded people who are driven onto welfare to stop looking for part-time work, since they are almost certain to receive the same amount of money without working. But the most unsettling revelation about the welfare system as the Jameses saw it was their discovery that the worst welfare chisellers were the people who manned the welfare agency. When the agency made a mistake in tabulating the Jameses' income, for example, it made

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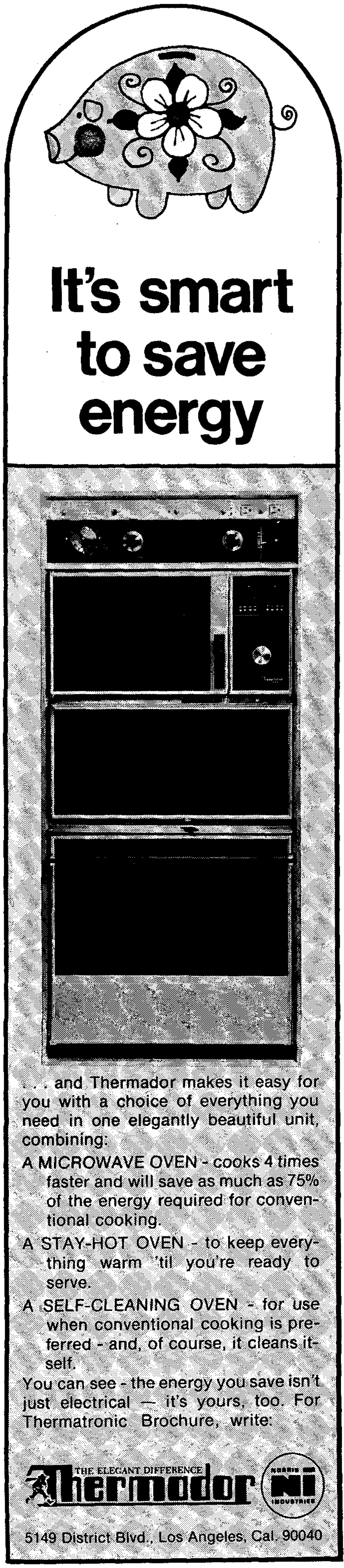
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up for the error retroactively for only one month, whereas if the Jameses had made a mistake in reporting income or in calculating what was due to them, they would have had to pay back all the money, no matter how far back the mistake went. "It was as if *they* would go hungry if they didn't get their money," James said. And when he finally got a part-time job teaching, the agency tried to limit his travelling expenses to two or three dollars a month. He argued and threatened to appeal to the state headquarters, and finally the agency grudgingly paid him forty dollars a month. The agency also insisted that it was obliged to pay only the interest, and none of the principal, due on his mortgage on the farm. Since James had worked for a summer in a welfare office in New York City, he knew that the law required the agency to pay both the interest and the principal for temporary recipients—otherwise, of course, many homeowners on welfare would face foreclosure—but when he pointed this out the agency supervisor said that they had always done it that way. "He acted as though a bad habit was all right if it went on long enough," James remarked. "I demanded a hearing, so then they backed down and paid the principal. That happened only because I knew the law. God knows how they chisel people who don't."

"It's appalling what the welfare system does to people," Mrs. James said. "You go to the welfare office to apply for aid or to straighten out some mess they've created through bungling or indifference or meanness, and you have to sit there for hours waiting, waiting, while the welfare 'workers' drink coffee and talk and laugh together—and pointedly ignore you. The waiting room there was very warm in the winter, but I noticed that the people who came in never took off their coats. Some of them were young men who had always supported themselves but now just couldn't find work. They were so humiliated by necessity that they sat there clutching their coats to them, as if they were protection against the cold, unfeeling system. Anyway, the experience we had while on welfare was the second step leading to our awareness of how people suffer in our country. It made us a lot more radical than we had ever dreamed we could be."

LATE that August, Gutman wrote a letter to Nyquist describing the Jameses' desperate plight and asking for a decision on the case. There was no answer. Outraged by this example of the state's neglect of and disdain for its citizens, Gutman wrote an angry letter to the State Education Department on September 17th, demanded a decision within a week, and threatened to take the matter to federal court if one wasn't forthcoming within that time. He also released the letter to reporters in Albany, and told them that James had clearly been blacklisted and that he, Gutman, meant to get to the bottom of it and find out who was behind the unwarranted delay and the persecution of his client. Precisely at the end of the time that Gutman stipulated, September 23rd, Commissioner Nyquist's office let it be known that a decision would be announced that day. Gutman alerted the Jameses, and they spent most of that morning discussing what it would be like for both of them when James went back to his job—as they were sure Nyquist would rule he was entitled to do. Around noon, James opened a bottle of Riesling that he had been saving for more than six months for this occasion, and the two went out into the yard to sit in the sun and wait for the telephone to ring. Before long, it did. Mrs. James hurried inside, and James poured out a glass of wine and waited. When she came back through the door into the yard, he grinned and raised his glass in a toast. She took a few steps toward him and stopped. "The decision went against you, Charles," she said. He stared at her for a minute without speaking. Then he flung the glass into the woods and burst into tears.

The Commissioner's eight-page decision began by disposing of the Addison school board's contention that under state law probationary teachers were entitled to neither a formal hearing nor an explanation for their dismissal; this rule, he pointed out, governed only cases where basic rights were not at issue. Similarly, he disposed of the argument that James's refusal to remove the armband constituted insubordination; if the order to take off the armband was an attempt to deprive James of his legal rights, Nyquist observed, he had not been insubordinate in disobeying it. The prior, and basic, question, he went on, was whether indeed James's rights had been violated. "The real issue before me, then," Nyquist wrote, "concerns the right of a schoolteacher in class to wear a black armband, which is expressive, though only symbolically, of a specific viewpoint." To explore that issue, Nyquist turned to the Supreme Court de-

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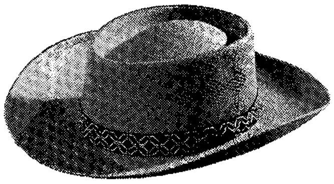

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cision in the Tinker case. Like Gutman, he noted that the Court had stated that neither students nor teachers "shed their Constitutional right to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate." But, unlike Gutman, he added that the Court, in Tinker, had concluded that the Constitution permitted "reasonable regulation of speech-connected activities in carefully restricted circumstances." Since the Tinker holding applied only to students directly, Nyquist moved on to another recent federal case concerning the First Amendment rights of teachers in class—Goldwasser v. Brown, in which the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had ruled the previous year that a government employee who had been hired to teach English to foreign military officers studying at a United States Air Force installation was properly dismissed for devoting classroom time to airing his views on American foreign policy and race prejudice; Goldwasser had appealed the ruling to the Supreme Court, which refused to review it. Then Nyquist continued, "It is a matter of fundamental educational policy that whatever subject of instruction may be involved, the teacher must present the entire range of information available in relation to such subject . . . so that the student may have complete access to all facets and phases of the subject." Since James had given his students "only one point of view on an important public issue," Nyquist noted, he had clearly violated this policy. Citing the joint code of ethics adopted by the State Teachers Association and the State School Boards Association, Nyquist pointed out that the code made it unethical for either teachers or members of school boards "to promote personal views on religion, race, or partisan politics;" the term "partisan politics," he added, was not "limited to the politics of political parties, but embraces any political subject on which differing views exist." In conclusion, he ruled that James's act violated "sound educational principles" and was not "Constitutionally protected."

Since James had meant his act to express a moral conviction that, to his mind, had nothing to do with politics, he could not see how it was partisan, even under Nyquist's exceedingly loose definition. When reporters called to get James's reaction to the decision, he told them, "It was a political decision on a moral act." Later, he clarified his position in a letter to the *Star-Gazette:*

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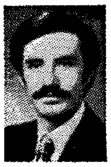

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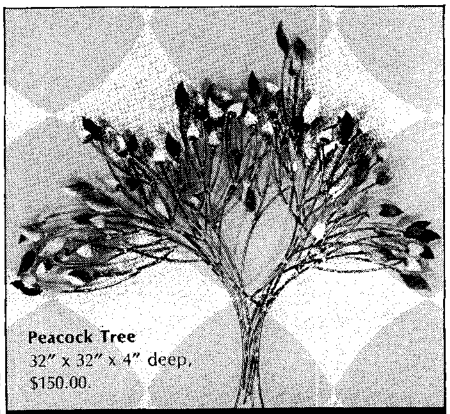

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Mrs. James put the decision in a more immediate context. "One teacher has asked if he must present the positive side of drugs as well as the negative," she wrote Gutman around the same time. "And we are all thinking of the fun in sex-education courses of presenting the positive side for premarital sex as well as the negative. And at Christmas we are going to demand that they present the atheist view along with the Christian approach. The irony of the situation is that quite likely Charles, for the first time in Addison, presented the other side of the issue of war and peace. I wish there were some way to force them to abide by this decision in their day-to-day teaching."

Brown admitted to the press that he was elated by the decision. Treinin predicted that the case would end up in the Supreme Court—an eventuality that he was reported to be anticipating with delight. And Gutman, who had not considered the case to be of any great significance when he took it on, agreed that it now might be crucial. "It wasn't important until we lost it," he said. "Then it became clear that if the ruling was allowed to stand, it would be a terrible precedent—a long step backward in the slow progress toward freedom of speech." Finally, the Civil Liberties Union announced that it would take the case to the federal courts.

By this stage, the Jameses had begun to feel that some measure of personal vindication among their neighbors was nearly as important as legal vindication in the courts. They realized that court action was unlikely to change the attitudes of suspicion and contempt they often met. In fact, a favorable court decision might well make matters worse for them, since the people who berated courts for "coddling criminals" were inclined to view radicals and even protesters against the war as being

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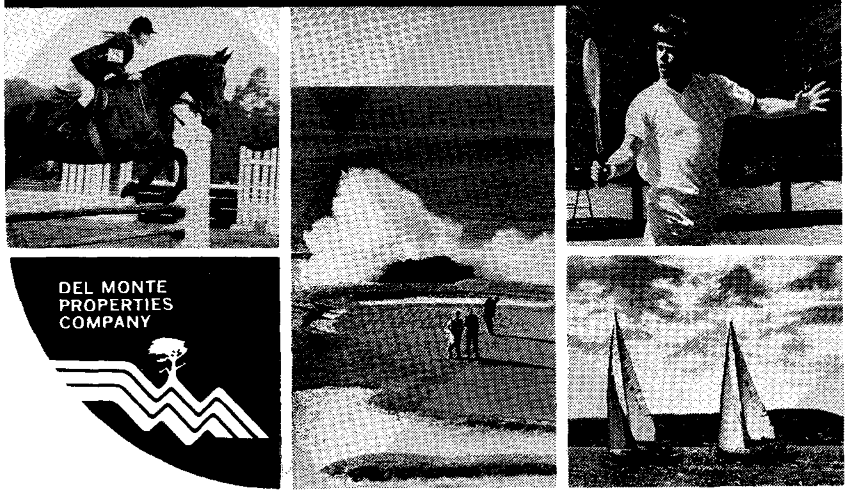

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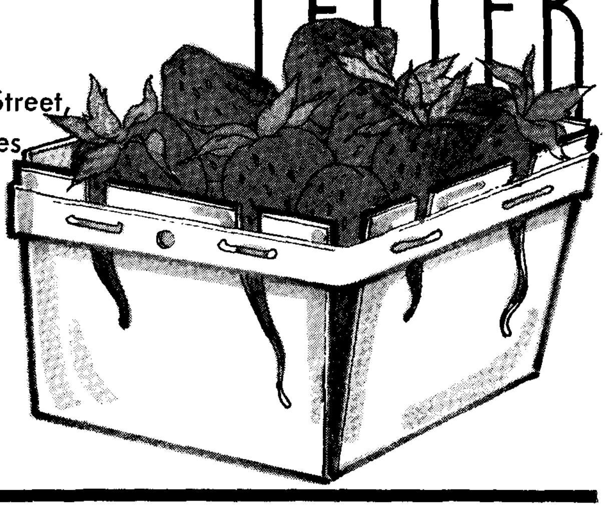

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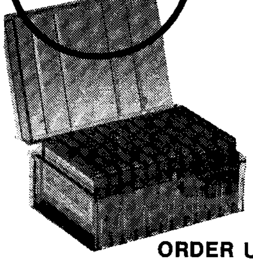

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among the worst criminals of all—traitors. To counter this viewpoint, the Jameses saw that they had only one weapon—more free speech. Accordingly, when a reporter for *Milady*, the *Star-Gazette's* Sunday supplement, telephoned Mrs. James and asked for an interview she agreed to talk to him, and he came out to the farm one afternoon. The article appeared as the centerfold in a mid-October issue of *Milady*, and included a large photograph of Mrs. James looking serenely gracious as she sat on the lawn before the farmhouse while a couple of dogs and cats lolled nearby. After a brief recounting of the Jameses' legal contest, the article went on, "One thing has changed—the James family's style of living. Early this summer they moved from a rented two-family house in Horseheads to a 35-acre farm they bought in Southport. One reason was Mrs. James' reluctance to spend the summer in the confines of 'the city.' Surrounded by apple trees and grape vineyards, she spends considerable time gathering fruit, baking pies, and making apple sauce or working in a thriving garden and corn field. Three affectionate hounds and two possessive cats are usually lying in the yard." The James family, the article mentioned at several points, was living on welfare aid. Residents of the community were incensed. They wrote innumerable letters to the local newspapers and repeatedly telephoned a local radio talk show to demand that the Jameses be taken off the welfare rolls at once. Finally, the host of the talk show telephoned Mrs. James, on the air, to get her response. "If they're so worried about our being on welfare, why don't they let Charles teach?" she asked. Within the next few days, he got two offers of one-day substitute teaching jobs, and took both of them; after that there were no more offers.

Not long afterward, the A.C.L.U. asked James for a description of his family's hardships, in case it was decided to ask the courts for damages. Mrs. James answered the request, and wrote:

> When it comes to damages, I suppose we could add the wild stories that have circulated relative to our purpose for being in Addison. It seems that there is "sure" info that we were "sent" to organize the western part of the state for a takeover. Presumably for some subversive group which remains vague—depending on who is repeating the story, it is the Weathermen, the Panthers, or the Communists. The most common attachment for us is the Communist one, which up here covers anyone who thinks differently than the person talking....

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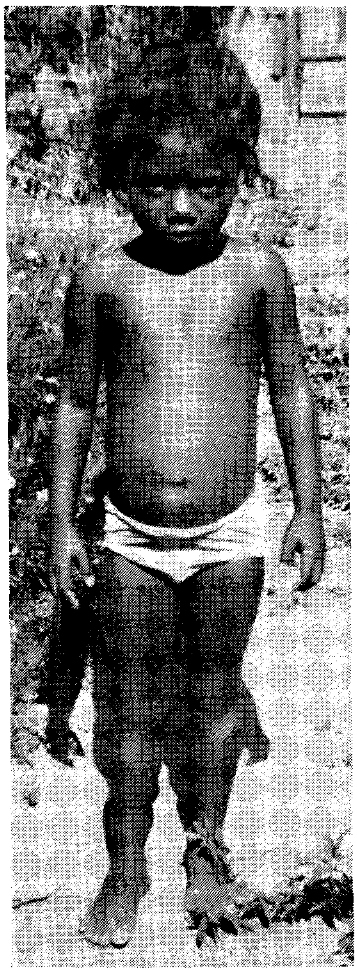
> We are frequently recognized in the grocery stores, and dirty looks as well as obvious remarks are made about our food stamps. It has reached the point where I really prefer not to shop with food stamps, despite the fact that I do so with gusto to keep them from feeling that they are in any way intimidating me.
>
> Yesterday, our daughters Amy and Honey, both juniors at Southport High in Elmira, had to sit in their English class and listen while their teacher read an article from some time ago which placed all the blame for student unrest and riots on Communism, and compared our current dissent to what occurred in Cuba prior to Castro's takeover. And so they must hear this one-sided presentation even while they know that Nyquist has said that this is bad educational practice. This is the kind of atmosphere in which a black armband becomes a threat.

About that time, Amy stopped going to the Quaker meetings in Elmira, and told her parents that she could no longer accept for herself their non-violent, turn-the-other-cheek approach to life, because it had prompted most people to walk all over them. And their eleven-year-old daughter, Laurie, decided that she would no longer pledge allegiance to the flag in school assemblies, because her father's case had proved to her that the guarantee of "liberty and justice for all" was a sham.

That fall, James enrolled at Elmira College and continued working toward a master's degree, which he had to have to qualify for tenure in the public-school system and which he wanted so that he could move on to college teaching someday. Members of the Elmira Meeting, who felt partly responsible for his predicament, paid his tuition and helped the family out in various other ways. "The Quakers made it possible for us to stay here and go on fighting," Mrs. James remarked not long ago. "I knew that if an emergency arose, I could go to them. They understood better than anyone else what was happening to us, and they appreciated what we were doing. That September and again in December, a woman from the Meeting with whom I'd had no close association sent us checks for a hundred dollars each time. That money enabled us to stay here. With it I could buy clothes for the children, who wouldn't have been able to go to school otherwise." At the beginning of 1971, James's fortunes improved for the first time since he was fired. That winter, he was made an instructor in education and philosophy at Ithaca College, assigned three classes, and paid a salary of three thousand dollars for the term. That was more than he had earned altogether since losing his job,



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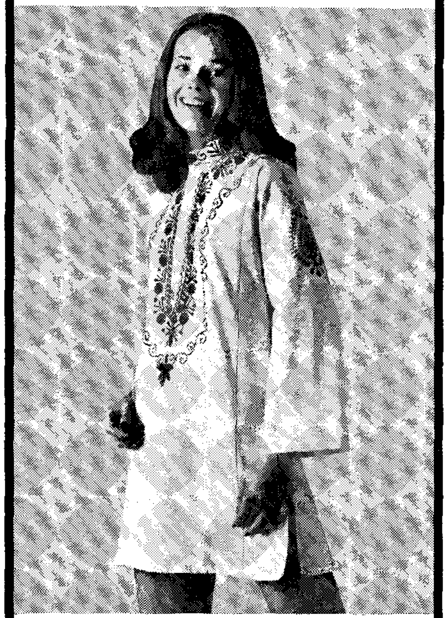

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and it enabled the family to go off welfare. James happily began teaching again, and one of his courses, called "The Problem of Evil," was among the most popular on campus.

In March, the A.C.L.U., which had been concentrating nearly all of its efforts and resources on combatting the Nixon Administration's direct onslaught against its most voluble and active critics on the national scene, went to work on the James case. It was turned over to Burt Neuborne, a thirty-year-old alumnus of the Harvard Law School, who found the practice of property law so dull that he had given it up and joined the A.C.L.U. legal staff five years before. He prepared a complaint for submission to federal court, and sent copies of it to James and his earlier legal advisers in Ithaca. James was delighted by the document, for it put primary emphasis on the claim that he believed most accurately reflected his position—that his Constitutional right to freedom of religion had been denied him. Neuborne also contended that his client's right of free speech had been violated; that the school board's failure to give him a formal hearing abrogated the Constitutional guarantee that due process of law be observed; and that since other teachers at Addison High School had been allowed to wear such symbols as crucifixes and Masonic pins and, in one case, to affix the sign "Peace with Honor" on a classroom bulletin board, James's dismissal had also violated his Constitutional right to equal protection of the laws, as assured by the Fourteenth Amendment. Neuborne asked the court to reinstate James in his job and to award him damages of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The complaint was filed in the U.S. District Court for the Western District of New York, in Buffalo, on April 14, 1971. On June 4th, Treinin answered for Pillard, Brown, and the school board with eleven defenses: that whether or not the plaintiff's statements were true, defendants had done nothing illegal; that the complaint raised no substantial federal question; that the Commissioner of Education's decision was final under the law of New York State; that James had not exhausted state remedies, as required by federal-court precedents; that his dismissal was entirely lawful; that he had accepted the school board's condition after his suspension, requiring him to abstain from engaging in political activities within the school, but had then worn the armband again; that both acts were political and violated the principle that students must be shown all sides of controversial issues; that James had thereby violated his professional code of ethics; that he had betrayed his "commitment" to the public; that he had ignored a memorandum sent out by the State Education Department asking all school officials and teachers to remain neutral during the Moratoriums; and, finally, that by practicing his religion within the school he had violated the principle of separation of church and state. Once all the legal papers were submitted, Neuborne told the Jameses that it would probably be several months before the District Court would hear the case and several more months after that before it would hand down a decision.

That same week, James got his master's degree from Elmira College, and he hoped that he would be asked to stay on at Ithaca College as a full-time instructor that fall. But several members of the faculty and the board of trustees who had long argued that Ithaca College should upgrade its standards and standing by requiring that all of its teachers possess Ph.D.s finally prevailed on the school administration, and when a recent Ph.D. graduate from Yale applied for a job he got James's. With the end of the spring term, James's income from the college stopped, and the family had to go back on welfare. As it happened, the social worker who was in charge of the James case was away for a few days, and the agency refused to help the family even by advancing it some food stamps until she got back; as a result, the family had to subsist on what was ripe in the garden for nearly a week.

LATE that spring, Neuborne happened to discuss the legal and personal implications of the James case with a friend who was a prominent Quaker teacher. After listening to the account of what James had done and what had followed from his act, the teacher observed that, to his way of thinking, James's sacrifice of his family for the sake of a symbol verged on idolatry. Entirely by coincidence, Mrs. James was beginning to question the meaning and value of her husband's act—not on theological but, rather, on personal grounds—at exactly the same time. Her doubts began to surface in her mind toward the end of April, when she and her husband took the two youngest girls and drove to Washington to join the huge, and almost entirely peaceful, rally that was held there just before the Mayday Movement's mass demonstrations. The Quakers had organized, and obtained an official permit for, a prayer vigil in Lafayette Square, across from the White House. The Jameses attended the vigil, and joined a group of some two hundred Quakers who then crossed Pennsylvania Avenue to picket, as planned under another permit, on the sidewalk in front of the White House. After a time, the police ordered the pickets to disperse or face arrest. The Jameses decided that Charles should leave with the children, so that his legal case wouldn't be complicated by an arrest, and Neva would stay and go to jail. "I wasn't really worried," she said afterward. "The Quakers had promised to take care of us. Anyway, I was in jail just long enough to be processed. I paid my ten dollars and came out, because we had to go home that night. It would have been more effective to stay in jail, as many of the other Quakers did, but I'd had enough, and we couldn't afford even the cost of my bond, let alone the cost of Charles and the girls staying in Washington for several days. We needed the money to live."

In a discussion of the episode some months later, James talked about it less as a personal matter than as an example of the difference between the Society of Friends and other religious organizations. He explained, "Institutionalized religions are paying very high prices—losses in membership and losses in public respect—by concentrating on immediate concerns, such as what people will think of them if they don't conform to society's narrowest concepts of propriety, instead of concentrating on ultimate concerns, such as what is right. The little bit of thinking done by the heads of organized religions is controlled by the status quo—practicality, common sense, security—whereas true faith must have the character of ultimacy and be a total risk. This seems to be the dividing line. Nietzsche said that one should be willing to build one's house at the base of a volcano. Well, you won't find many ministers building houses there."

As James spoke, his wife listened intently, and then shook her head reluctantly and with a deepening look of sadness. "This is where you and I have a conflict—in how we see ourselves and the world," she said quietly. "My anxieties about what has happened come from the threat to the sense of security that I need. It's one thing to discuss philosophically what we believe in and what are the roles of the church and religion in our society. You can do that

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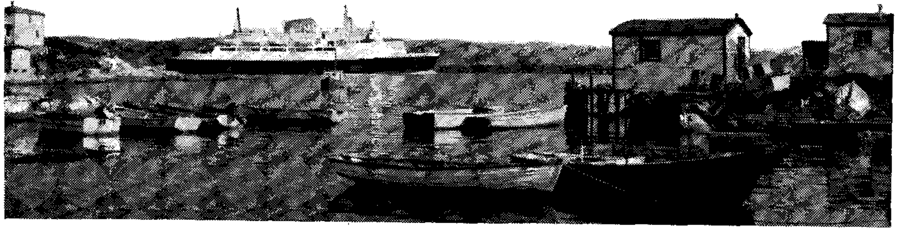

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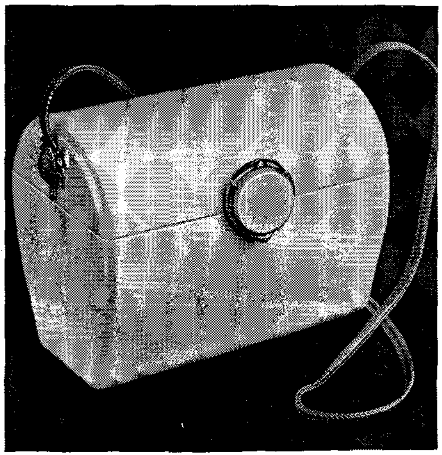

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when you have a steady job and an adequate income. And you can go out and act, within philosophical and social limits, to bring about what you believe *in*." She paused for a few moments, and then turned to an acquaintance who was sitting with them and said, "We have been terribly limited from the very outset because Charles hasn't been practical. So we don't have the freedom that we might have. *Basically, I'm not a materialistic sort* of person, but ever since Charles wore the armband I've thought of little besides food, clothing, and shelter for my family. I'm not sure where you draw the line so that you don't cripple yourself socially and emotionally, but I *am sure that you have to draw it* somewhere sooner or later. When you have no financial resources—and we've never had any—you're very limited in what you can do. Except for that one trip, we couldn't afford to go to Washington to demonstrate against the war that was destroying the country and all of us. We couldn't afford to join Common Cause or give five dollars to the anti-war movement. In fact, at one point we couldn't even afford an eight-cent stamp to write our congressman and urge him to oppose the war. Maybe the course that Charles chose—and that I accepted—was better for us than if he had kept silent and held on to his job. I don't know. All I know is that if something like this came up again, I would pray that Charles wouldn't do what he did before. You could spend your entire life in court, as a pauper, fighting injustice. I guess that in the end I'm more a political person than a religious person."

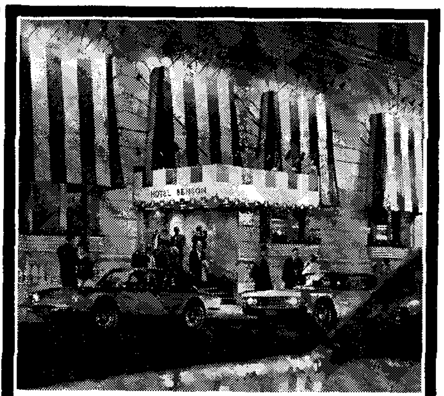
James did not say whether he would wear an armband again under the same circumstances. Instead, he looked at his wife and said, "But your responses to life are very religious."

"Maybe, but they are also very personal to me," she replied. "You make beautiful general statements, while I want to think about *us*. I'm very practical."

"Yet you got yourself arrested in Washington on purpose."

Mrs. James shrugged and looked away. "I knew there was no risk," she said. She was silent for a few moments, and then looked at her husband and added, "Besides, that act was far more effective than wearing an armband."

EARLY on the morning of September 27, 1971—nearly two years after James first wore the black armband—he and his wife drove to Roch-



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ester, where a hearing on his case was to be held that day in federal District Court. Neuborne had flown in from New York City the night before, and they joined him for breakfast at the motel where he was staying. A deceptively pugnacious-looking man, with fluffy black hair, black-rimmed glasses, and a gentle manner, Neuborne had become fond of the couple, somewhat to his surprise, in the course of an earlier visit to them to get the basic facts of the case and during innumerable telephone conversations he'd had with them since. "Despite my profession, I'm not very contentious myself, and a lot of the people I represent—those who go out and fight for their rights regardless of the cost—are too belligerent for my taste," he said recently. "While I may admire them, just as I admire someone like John Lilburne or John Peter Zenger for what they did to secure human rights, I wouldn't want to have them over for dinner. But the Jameses seemed different to me. They hadn't sought out contention—they had been forced into it unwillingly and were hanging on more than they were fighting."

At breakfast, Neuborne sensed that James, at least, had changed in the months since they had last met. He seemed more radical in his general outlook and more pessimistic about his chances before the bar of American justice. And he had adopted some of the standard earmarks of the "Movement"—namely, long hair and a full, drooping mustache. For his own part, James knew that these attributes were the kind of symbols that were bound to antagonize the same sort of people who would object to a black armband, and he wore them with a sense of amused defiance. But as the time for his appearance in court drew nearer, he became rather nervous about the prejudicial effect his appearance might have on the judge. Finally, he asked Neuborne if he should get his hair cut short and his mustache shaved off before going to court. Neuborne smiled and shook his head. "No, that's why you're here—because you want to be yourself," he said. "I'll get *my* hair cut."

The courtroom was crowded—mostly with people to be arraigned in minor criminal cases involving such federal offenses as rifling mailboxes, forging small checks, and driving stolen cars across state lines—and few of the defendants were accompanied by lawyers. The judge, an elderly man named Harold P. Burke, sat slumped at the bench, barely seeming to listen as one

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case after another was hastily called. "The Judge's clerk went through the rigmarole of telling them they had a right to have a lawyer present and asking if they wanted one, and all of them looked uncomprehending and said no," Mrs. James recalled. "They were run through there like animals through a slaughterhouse. It scared us. We'd had no idea this was the way that citizens, even the lowliest citizens, were treated by *their* government. And we'd had no idea that a man who had stood up for his beliefs by wearing a black armband would be thrown into a situation where he was made to feel that he had committed a crime. But that apparently was what we had waited nearly two years for."

Although Judge Burke had been known to show leniency toward young men who resisted the draft because of moral opposition to the war in Vietnam, he was still generally regarded as a rather harsh conservative whose unpredictable legal behavior often led to reversals by the Court of Appeals, frequently on grounds that his rulings violated elementary Constitutional safeguards. Neuborne hoped that his freedom-of-religion defense of James's act would indirectly persuade the Judge, who was a Catholic, that if one teacher was forbidden to wear a Quaker armband to school, other teachers might be forbidden to wear crucifixes, and that this defense would also avoid introducing the nonreligious aspects of the slippery-slope problem. In any event, by the time the James case was called—more than three hours later—the courtroom was nearly empty, and the comparative silence after all the hubbub created a semblance of judicial calm.

Neuborne was first to present his side. He had prepared well for the case, and felt that he was singularly in tune with his subject. In fact, he later said that he had delivered the best oral argument of his legal career that day, despite one major drawback—about halfway through his presentation, he suddenly got the feeling that the Judge wasn't listening. During the questioning from the bench afterward, Neuborne's feeling became certainty, for several times the Judge mentioned that the youngsters in James's class had been "eleven-year-old students." Once when Neuborne corrected him by saying, "No, Your Honor, they were eleventh-*grade* students," Judge Burke nodded and replied, "That's right—eleven-year-old students." Neuborne's performance may have been wasted, he learned later from a fellow-lawyer, for the Judge was hard of hearing.

When Treinin got the floor, he repeated his favorite argument—that if James was upheld, someday fifty teachers would turn up in a school like Addison High with twenty-five of them wearing black armbands and twenty-five of them wearing red-white-and-blue sashes, and the result would be a spreading dislocation of the nation's public schools and probably violence. Then he talked for a time about insubordination—namely, that James had disobeyed both the school-board letter and the State Education Department memorandum asking teachers to avoid taking sides in the Moratoriums. But his main point was that the case was *res judicata*—that is, it had already been judged and thus could not be legally raised again. Neuborne listened to these contentions with a mounting sense of incredulity. "First of all," he said afterward, "those two documents told people to waive their Constitutional right of free speech. And, second, the *res-judicata* theory was legally laughable, because the only judge of the issue so far had been Nyquist, who isn't a judge."

Three days before Christmas, Judge Burke delivered his decision, a two-page opinion that concluded:

> The questions raised by the complaint in this action are *res judicata*. The plaintiff in wearing the black armband in the classroom was effectively presenting only one side of an important political issue. In so doing he chose to ignore the expressed policy of the State Education Department calling for neutrality and objectivity in dealing with "Moratorium Days" on the part of teachers and administrators.... His actions in this respect amounted to insubordination. His actions were not Constitutionally protected. Plaintiff's dismissal did not violate his rights under the First Amendment of the federal Constitution, nor any of his federally protected rights. He was not entitled to a hearing prior to his dismissal. The complaint is dismissed on the merits.

News of the ruling plunged the Jameses into despair. When they went to bed that night, Mrs. James kept saying to herself, "If only I don't wake up, I'll be happy." James was hurt and angry, and he was also baffled by a telephone conversation he had had that day with Neuborne. The lawyer called to tell them about the decision and to promise that he would take the case to the Court of Appeals, which would certainly reject at least some of Burke's findings—most of all, his inane support for the theory of *res judicata*. Unknown to James, Neuborne had mistakenly got the impression after the hearing in District Court that his client

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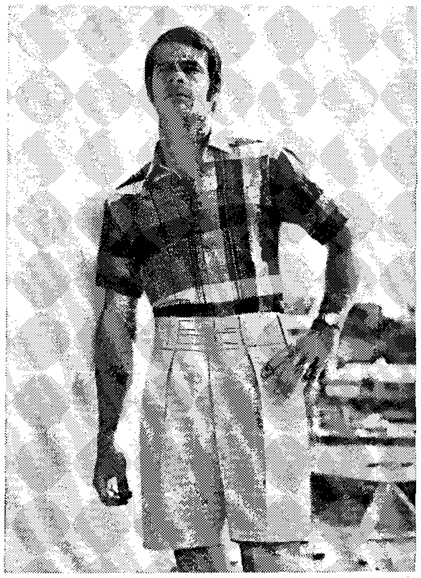

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disapproved of the freedom-of-religion basis for his defense, and would have preferred that the case be based on freedom of speech. Now Neuborne, thinking that he would please his client and also end up with a stronger defense, told James that he intended to switch his emphasis from religion to speech in the papers he submitted to the Court of Appeals. Dismayed by this switch, James nonetheless didn't express any objection to it—in part because he was too numb right then to react, and in part because he was reluctant to tell a lawyer whom he couldn't even pay what to do on his behalf. "I still wanted my case to rest on freedom of religion, but the basis for it was changed back to the original defense," he said later. "I wasn't asked if that was all right. It just happened."

James's failure to state his preference, which Neuborne would have accepted and followed unhesitatingly, may have reflected the conviction that often overcomes people who go through such experiences—that they can do little, and perhaps nothing, to determine their own fate. As the case moved on through the courts in a protracted and complicated fashion, James came to feel that he had less and less to say about what happened to him. At times, he even felt that he was the helpless victim of a mindless and remorseless legal system that he could influence no more than he had been able to influence the personal whim of a school principal, the rubber-stamp actions of a school board, the delay and neglect of a state official, or, for that matter, the strategy of his own lawyer. In a way, James had missed the point. Although he had worn a symbol to express himself and only he could tell what he had meant to say by it, once he had put the piece of black silk on his sleeve he became a symbol, too. Now it was up to society to determine what *that* symbol—a citizen and teacher wearing a black armband—meant to it. And there was no way for society to do this except through the blind and lumbering processes of the law.

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

◆

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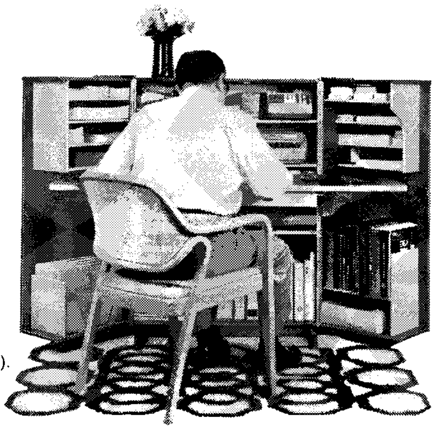

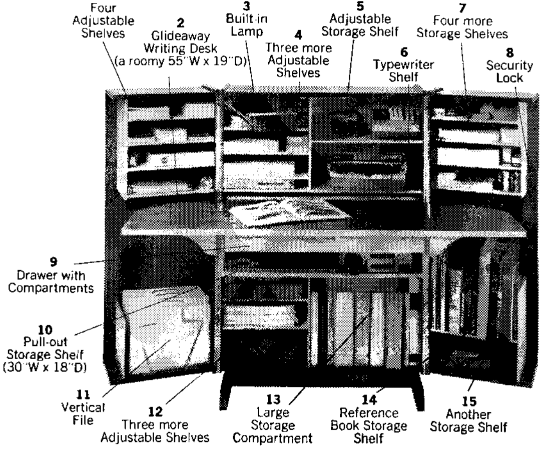
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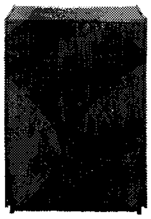

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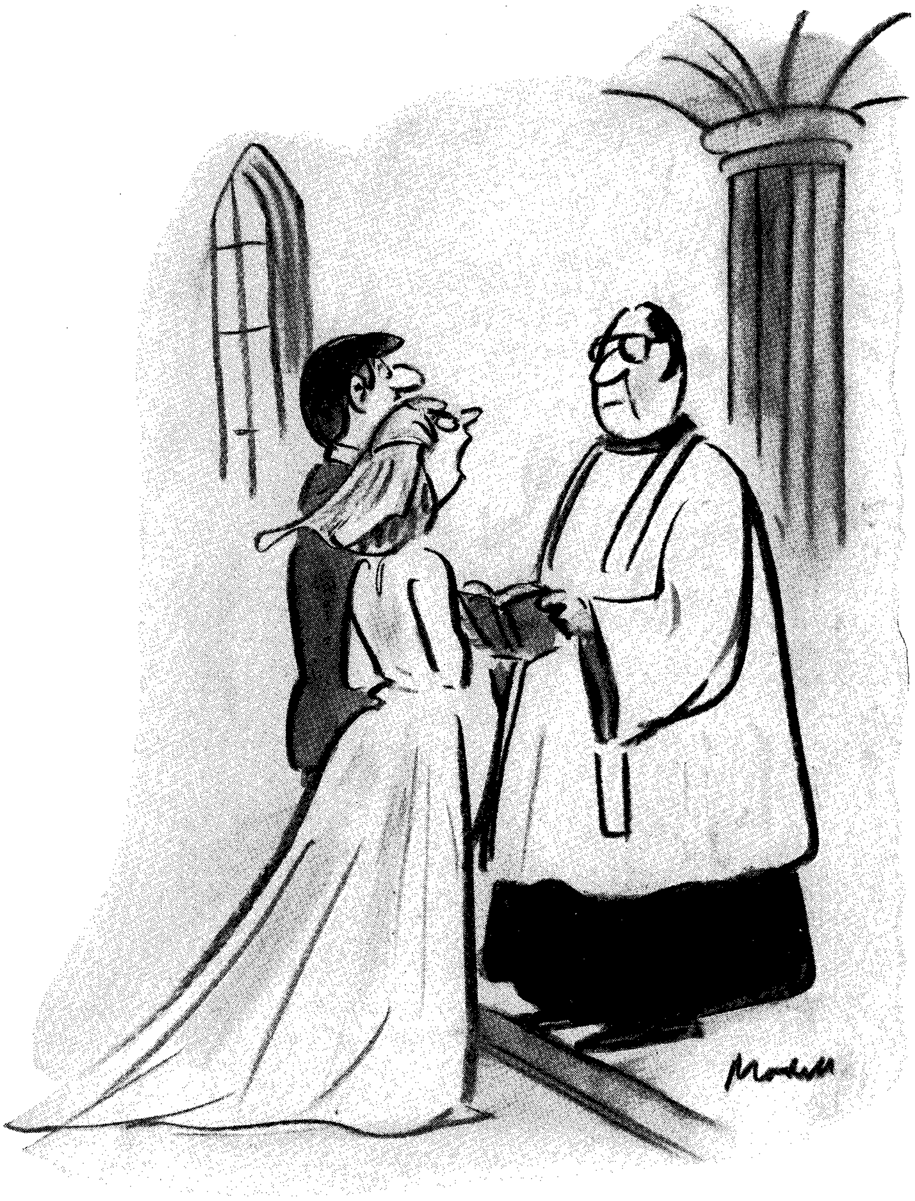
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THERE are four characters in "In the Deepest Part of Sleep," by Charles Fuller, this season's final offering of the Negro Ensemble Company, at the St. Marks. They are a middle-aged woman named Maybelle, recently returned home after two years in a mental hospital and on the verge of another breakdown, who spends most of her time in an upstairs bedroom complaining and raising hell; her seventeen-year-old son, who spends much of his time in a downstairs living room trying to study, though a confusion of feelings is almost tugging him apart; the boy's stepfather, a mechanic, who has loved Maybelle but cannot now bring himself to touch her and is too loyal and decent to leave her; and her live-in nurse, who has been having an affair with the husband and is pregnant. The place is a house in Philadelphia, and the time is "April, 1956; Wednesday"—a date that presumably means more to the playwright than it does to the audience. The situation is pretty much the show. Despite its extremely active action, "In the Deepest Part of Sleep" is a play not of plot (little has been done in the way of dramatization), or even necessarily of character (although the parts are certainly playable), but of atmosphere—an atmosphere of sexual tension, stifling and ominous, and of a household under stress—which is effective and may well be as much a matter of the performance as of the script.

The performance, under the direction of Israel Hicks, is very good. As Maybelle, the remarkable Mary Alice raves and screams and demands and drives everyone crazy, and the best moment of the evening comes when she realizes that her husband actually has been sleeping with the nurse, and her voice seems to drop a full octave, all shrillness gone. The second-best is a sweet and funny scene in which the boy (Todd Davis), whose swaggering manner in no way conceals his total ignorance, clumsily tries to seduce the nurse (Michele Shay) and, to his surprise (and dismay), meets no resistance whatever. Mr. Davis is charming throughout. Miss Shay, in the role of a proud professional on the receiving end of a lot of abuse from her patient and furious at the jam she is in, acts with controlled emotion and with some dry humor. Charles Weldon is fine, too, in the difficult role of the husband. The double-decker setting and the costumes, by Mary Mease Warren, look exactly right. —EDITH OLIVER


"He does."

•

MUD TIME IN WESTPORT

[*From the Westport* (*Conn.*) *News*]

A long standing feud erupted into a brief brawl in the mud and two arrests Wednesday, police reported.

Edith O'Keefe, 47, of 391 Main Street, and David Royce, 42, of 382 Main Street, her neighbor, were both charged with assault in the third degree and released on no cash bonds.

Police said Mrs. O'Keefe and Royce have frequently quarreled about a wooden railroad tie dam that Royce put across a stream at the upper end of his property.

Police were at a loss to figure out why Royce installed the dam because it creates a pond not on his property but on that of his neighbor, Mrs. O'Keefe.

Police said further that Mrs. O'Keefe has complained to them it results in floods in her basement and causes other property damage.

Yesterday was apparently the last straw. With ax in hand Mrs. O'Keefe went out to destroy the dam. Royce, however, resisted and a struggle ensued between the two after Royce arrived and took Mrs. O'Keefe's ax from her.

Police said when they got to the scene Royce and O'Keefe were sitting near the stream covered with mud in the wake of a fierce mud fight.

Both were taken into custody and Royce was additionally charged with larceny in the fourth degree when he refused to give Mrs. O'Keefe her ax back.

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THE RACE TRACK

The Winner and New Champion

I'VE seen no more gallant sight all season than that of Little Current storming around the leaders on the turn into the stretch in the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon. He came from far behind them in the last half mile of the mile and a half, swept by them as though they were standing still, increased his lead with every stride, and passed the winning post seven lengths to the good—his margin of victory in the Preakness three weeks before. No matter what you may think of the three-year-olds of 1974, John Galbreath's Little Current is easily the best of the lot. Driving behind him, Jolly Johu and Cannonade finished inches apart, with Rube the Great fourth, three-quarters of a length away.

Altogether, it was Belmont Day at its best; the sun shone, the old place never looked more delightful, and if everyone in the crowd of 52,564—which bet $5,907,476 in the tote—didn't have all the winners, at least the right horse won the big one. Though there were twenty-three runners in the Kentucky Derby and thirteen in the Preakness, only nine went to the post for the Belmont Stakes. Twelve had been named at entry time, but there were three scratches. Two were Accipiter, the recent winner of the Withers Mile and a running mate of Rube the Great, and Covered Portage, a speedy stablemate of Little Current. Both of them had been put into the race to make a fast early pace. (Horsemen call them rabbits.) The third scratch was El Espanoleto, whose stable had second thoughts about his chances for the gold and glory.

Ordinarily, the walking ring at Belmont Park is the perfect place to see horses, but long before saddling time for the classic it was crowded to capacity. As at Pimlico, Little Current and Cannonade outlooked the other starters; Little Current, whom Lou Rondinello turned out especially fit, had a slight edge in looks over Cannonade, who was quieter than he was before the Preakness. If you bet on numbers, there was reason to play Little Current. He led the parade to the post, having drawn No. 1 on his saddlecloth (Cannonade had the same number in the Kentucky Derby), so the horseplayers who remembered the old saying "First on the track, first home" took one look and made for the mutuel windows to get a bet down.

The start for all races at a mile and a half is directly in front of the stands, and the start for the hundred-and-sixth Belmont Stakes was one of George Cassidy's best. Jolly Johu (it should have been Jolly John, but either the Rolling Ridge Farm, which bred and owns him, or the Jockey Club register inadvertently put down Johu instead of John on his papers), a big, rough, lively Maryland-bred who'd never run outside his home state before, was first away at the break. He led around the clubhouse turn and on into the backstretch, followed by Shady Character and Cannonade. At the halfway mark, though the pace had not been fast, Shady Character tired, and there was a roar from the crowd in the stand as Cannonade joined Jolly Johu and the two went head and head from the far turn into the long run for home. All this time, Little Current, with less than half a mile to go, had only one horse, Kin Run, beat. Then he began to move. Most of the way, he saved ground along the rails, but a furlong from the turn Rivera eased him to the outside. Later, Rivera said he did it to fool the other jockeys, who, expecting him to come up on the inside, as he did in the Preakness, would certainly have shut him off. As it was, when Little Current swung into the stretch, it was all over but the cheering as John Galbreath led in his second Belmont winner.

The pace was surprisingly slow for a fast track. The first quarter was run in 0:24⅖, the half in 0:49⅗, six furlongs in 1:14, the mile in 1:39⅕ (that's almost buggy-horse time), and the full distance in 2:29⅕—five and a fifth seconds slower than Secretariat's time last year. Had it been faster, it would have been easier for Little Current; the leaders, who had never gone that far before, would have tired sooner. Anyhow, it was a good gallop for the $101,970 purse that Little Current picked up, which brought his earnings this year to $299,992. Now he will rest till the Travers Stakes at

Saratoga in August. Dearie me, I'd forgotten to say that he's a medium-sized chestnut colt by Sea-Bird out of Luiana, by My Babu, with a lovely head like his sire's, and so well proportioned that he hardly looks the nearly sixteen hands that he is.

ENGLAND seems to have the same sort of three-year-olds that we have this season—no Mill Reef, no Nijinsky, not even another Sir Ivor—so I was hardly surprised last week when a 50–1 shot, Snow Knight, won the Derby Stakes, the blue ribbon of British racing, at Epsom Downs, or that a 20–1 shot, Imperial Prince, was second, with the favorite, Nonoalco (an American-bred, French-trained colt, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, the first of the classics over there), down the course. The total failure of the favorite was easy to explain—he swallowed his tongue. High-strung horses have a distressing habit of doing that in a race if they are too wound up. That's the reason you see trainers tying down the tongues of starters at saddling time. Oddly enough, this isn't done so much abroad as it is here.

I caught the race on TV, and I enjoyed every second of it. In the course of Snow Knight's seven previous starts, he developed a fear of the starting gate, and when he reached the gate at Epsom he proceeded to give Brian Taylor, who rode him, a merry time. Taylor was tossed once, and when he remounted, the assistant starters had their hands full getting Snow Knight into his place in the machine. Once there, however, he settled down, and when the gates opened he was off on his toes and was never far behind the leaders over the mile-and-a-half, up-and-down course. Then, as he approached the sharp turn at Tattenham Corner, he took the lead, going on to win by two lengths from Imperial Prince, Giacometti, and the fifteen others. Snow Knight, a chestnut colt by Firestreak out of Snow Blossom, was bred in England and sold as a yearling at Tattersall's to Neil Phillips, a Montreal lawyer, who races a small stable in the name and colors of his wife—who, of course, led in the winner. While Snow Knight's starting price was 50–1, it must have been longer than that in the future books, for he had a poor record last season. Still, 50–1 is good enough if you get it. By the way, Snow Knight's share of the $317,220 purse was $214,150—more than twice as much as first money in the Belmont Stakes.

—AUDAX MINOR

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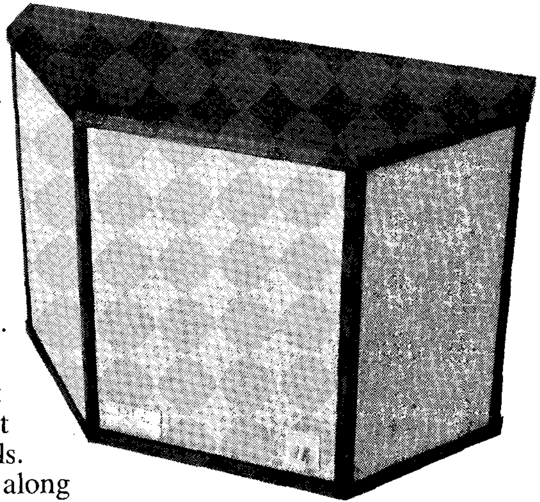

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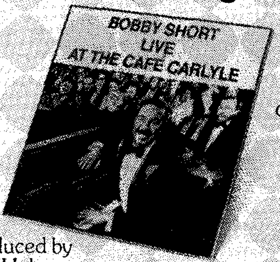

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ATLANTIC

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Brilliant Bunglers

"BLACK is beautiful." Yes, but "Uptown Saturday Night," directed by Sidney Poitier, demonstrates something more revolutionary: "Black is fun." "Uptown Saturday Night" is a larky story that nobody but blacks could have brought off. It is full of rolling eyes and Rochester's mixture of cheek and intentionally overacted cowardice. Any white who had made it would have been run out of town for prolonging Uncle Tom stereotypes. The quick action and non-stop dialogue are like a blackface parody of a white fast-talking thirties comedy, mixed with uniquely black bad-taste jokes about blacks which take one back to the old days at the Apollo Theatre.

The film begins with what seems to be the classic black situation of a pretty black wife (Rosalind Cash) cooking for a slouching husband—Steve Jackson, played by Sidney Poitier—who behaves like a kid, snoozing and teasing as if he were twenty years younger than she is. His friend Wardell Franklin (Bill Cosby) goes out with him on a spree to a gambling place. They have an air of playing hooky. In a stickup, they lose a wallet with Jackson's wife's winning lottery ticket in it. They ineptly try to hire a broadly funny and obviously criminal detective called Sharp Eye Washington (Richard Pryor) to find the wallet. Sharp Eye is constantly on the alert against a leap on him from the law, though the friends take his quick-wittedness to be the mark of a good detective. His face jumps with nerves. He carries on about the strain of his job like a babbling housewife at the end of her tether about a pileup of laundry. He twitches his Venetian blinds, pays no attention to his stammering clients, and talks with concentrated egomania about the fatigue for his right eye of keeping such a perpetual lookout for danger, pulling down his left lower lid by mistake to show the optical wear and tear of his career. He takes not the faintest notice of his clients' shy attempt to hire him. His mind is obviously more on making a quick exit, which he does by way of a window and a fire escape—or possibly a water pipe—waving goodbye professionally as if he had everything under control. End of any aid from him.

Sidney Poitier, who must be well over six feet, has somehow made himself look smaller. Splendidly erasing his pious recent past in films, he acts here an aging and inefficient lounger who ordinarily dreams of booze and girls' legs in front of the television but suddenly finds himself in a startling uptown world where men are thrown out of gang saloons as if they were chewed-up cigar stubs, and where pushers tell him and Franklin to "agitate the gravel." The Franklin of Bill Cosby has a forehead like corrugated iron, a flattened blue beret matching his suit, and a gift for making swaggering empty threats, which he flourishes at enemies like unloaded weapons. His first opponent is a gang leader played by Harry Belafonte, who has here perfected a meticulously rude and widely publicized facial imitation of Brando in "The Godfather," complete with middle hair-parting, a stifled, succinct voice delivery, lower cheeks stuffed with cotton wool, and the repose that belongs only to the highest-executive criminal. Franklin tries to explain away his fugitive moments of bravery in the confrontation as a temporary symptom of a fit. As the explanation grows on him, though it deceives no one else, his thin, hirsute face takes on the eerie calm of an early Christian sitting on the top of a pillar. The friends then attempt to defend themselves with a stool in another insane attempt to take on low-life-saloon politics, in a bar run by a suffocatedly furious man called Little Seymour and a silent aide called Big Percy, who looks as if he might be Cyd Charisse until we can see under his hat. Big Percy idly undermines the gesture by cracking up another barstool as though it were a pretzel. A lot of gangsters share the same lazily dandy spirit, making clothes-conscious entrances one by one and with a very slow sway, wearing big hats and promising mysterious enjoyment later, as if they were Folies-Bergère girls who were eventually going to dance the cancan.

The film's hair-raising moments are in fact a lot less frightening than an act on a high wire at a circus. There is no blood-spilling, and only one mild swear word, recognizably making fun of white pronunciation. Time and again, it is being white or the adopted air of being white that is sent up. A crooked congressman named Lincoln (Roscoe Lee Browne)—it is no accident that the chief gangsters and buffoons in the film have the names of white statesmen—is married, it turns out, to one of the come-on girls from the gambling place (Paula Kelly). She looks as if she should have a long-stemmed red rose between her teeth, and she sits on a congressional desk wearing evening dress in broad daylight to show off the goods, because that's business. Congressman Lincoln, at first alone, has been expecting official visitors. Nixon's portrait hangs behind his desk. He is wearing the city suit of any white man. Jackson and Franklin arrive to ask for help in tracking down the lost, er, document and other valuables. "They look rather *ordinary*," says the congressman's white secretary anxiously before showing them in. Oh. Constituents, that's all. The Congressman quickly slips an African robe over his head, turns Nixon to the wall, and wears a welcoming smile for you real plain folks, talking about "my beloved wife" before she makes her giveaway nightclub entrance, and deploring the "linguistic shackles" that bind the black race. "Dens of iniquity," like the one where his entirely identifiable wife turns out to work when she enters, also come in for a blast of congressional hellfire. His constituents, politely ignoring the obvious, describe the thieves. "They were wearing masks, but we were sure they were black," they say to the Congressman, who talks sternly about "traitors to our race" until his point is wrecked by the entrance of his wife, who he has rather suggested up till now would be a frump offering cookies and dowdy support.

Bill Cosby's stammer in the gangsters' saloon is very funny. In his skinny, agitated way, which makes him look as if he were holding off a swoon only by very collapsible will power, he seems about as capable of taking on a gang as Popeye's Olive Oyl would be. Franklin's method of getting out of an impossible situation is talk; Jackson's is handsome, desperate silence; the gangsters' is to surround themselves with henchmen and subordinate henchmen, and to wear clothes that take the eye like the dresses of dowagers at Ascot.

Flip Wilson makes a brilliant cameo appearance as a pacing preacher at a revival meeting, using as his text the wartime slogan "Loose lips sink ships." ("Bubble, bubble, bubble," he says, being a battleship destroyed by dastardly gossip.) He evades trouble by the same sort of manic chatter that rescues the dubious private eye. In one of the film's several instant cutaways to godliness from scenes of the underbelly of gangster life—of which the preacher is certainly a part—Wilson strides sternly to and fro at the revival meeting to preach about sinners who "go around kissing lips that don't belong to them." Perhaps the inspired improvisation on the text of loose lips is his own; perhaps it comes from the scriptwriter, Richard Wesley, who can write the hind legs off a donkey and has managed to say something farcical with courageous and truthful underpinnings about black ways of escape into a world that is full of far more fun than any that more privileged whites ever seem to create.

The climax of the film is an enormous revival picnic. The arrangements are solemnly announced in church by Flip Wilson as if he were reading an edict of St. Paul. At the not particularly sacred fête champêtre, bottles of hooch are cheerfully slipped into the perspiring black wives' bowls of fruit salad. The gangsters merge with the hungry, booze-starved faithful. One slice of low life, a lissome hulk called Silky Slim (Calvin Lockhart), looks like the deb of the year. Blithely cheating at baseball as in life, he murmurs that he hasn't had so much fun since he was at reform school. In the meantime, with police cars approaching, Jackson and Franklin carry out a brilliantly muddled plan to steal back the gang's haul from the stickup, including the winning but vastly overestimated lottery ticket. Jackson ends up on top of one of the escaping gangsters' cars, which is loaded with head gangsters who have somehow found the time to get themselves into drag. The Brando-Belafonte character is outstanding in a pale-red wig that makes him look like a sinister marigold. The gang members have pistols, naturally, but Jackson, reeling around on the car roof, has to make do with a hammer pinched from a tool kit he found in the back of a revival bus. At great danger to his person, he manages to lean down and crack the car windows so that they're impossible to see out of. In a jam, he throws himself off an immensely high bridge over a river to recapture a jettisoned suitcase that has the lottery ticket in it. Franklin, recalling that his friend can't swim, loyally flings himself after accomplice and suitcase.

In a white film, the lottery ticket would have been lost. In a black film, everything works out fine. That's the difference. A broad smile appears on everyone's face at the end, in gratitude for not very much except the achievement of hauling life up by the bootstraps, and in implicit contempt for

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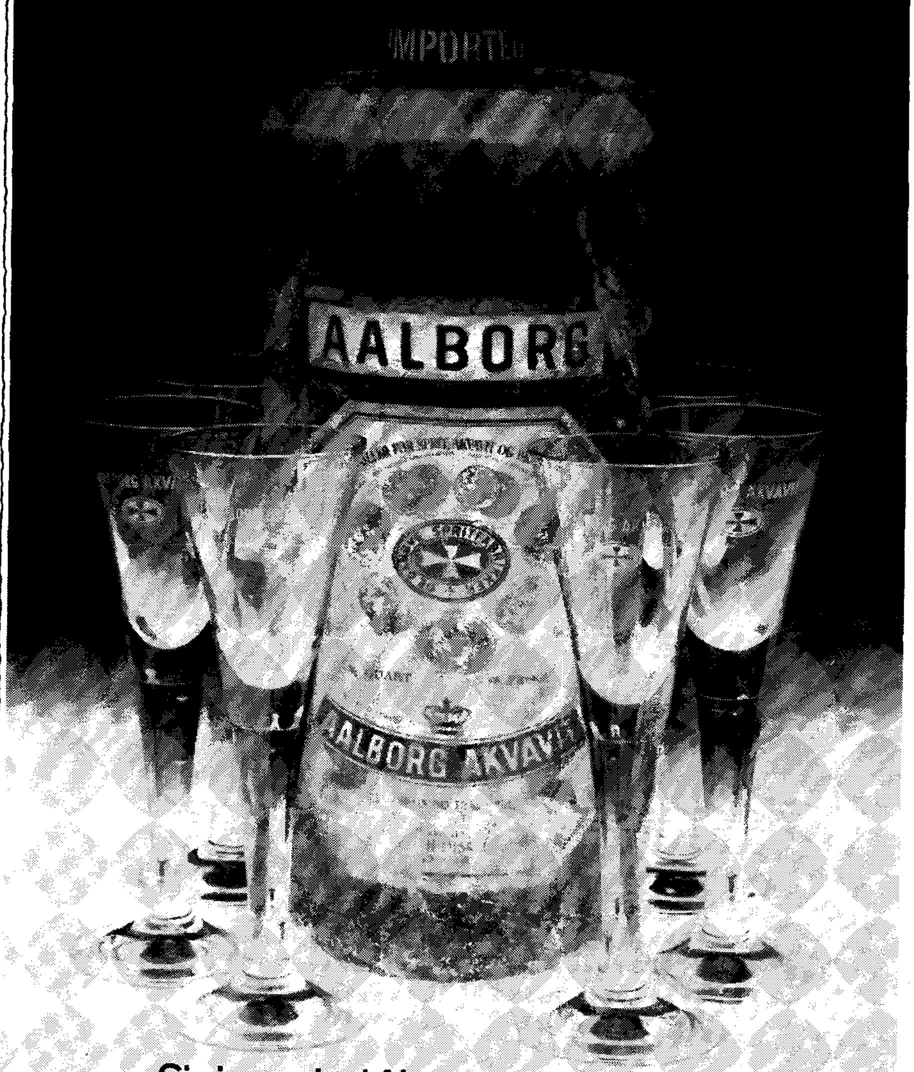

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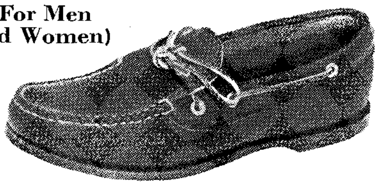

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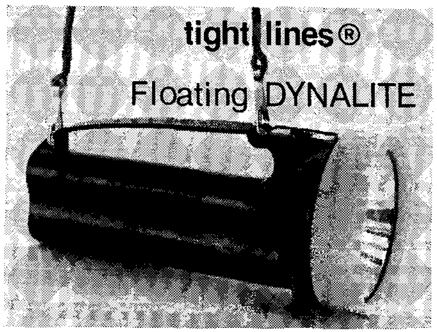

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white propensities to the droops. We are in a world where No-Cal would be a waste of money, where quick getaways from trouble have to be invented by devices of sheer character, and where film entertainment means what it did to white audiences in the Depression: cheerfulness, fast talk, twists as swift as a quick draw in a Western, love and loyalty, and a movie shown to a solidly cohesive audience wanting to forget real trouble and to sit close together in the back rows.

"MALIZIA" is directed by Salvatore Samperi. The title suggests the name of a pretty young girl, but it means "malice." Being a Sicilian comedy in the genre of "Divorce—Italian Style," the film is steeped in elegance, inappropriate sexual longings clownishly dealt with, voyeurism, financial stinginess mixed with sensual largesse, and an intense sense of the class system. We find a household shrouded in a mood of mourning which is obviously about to lift. The wife of Don Ignazio (Turi Ferro) is dead. She has left behind her three sons, at various stages of growth: virginal longing (Antonio, aged eighteen, played by Gianluigi Chirizzi), keyhole sensuality (Nino, aged fourteen, played by Alessandro Momo), and childish ignorance of tact (Enzino, aged nine, played by Massimiliano Filoni). The house is full of Sicilian mourners, densely packed around the place like ravens, praying and having a good time. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with the coming of a village girl named Angela (Laura Antonelli). She has been assigned to be a mere housekeeper, but she is destined to plague and delight them all. Antonio wants to make love to her. The father wants to marry her. Nino, in a spirit of mixed courtly worship and carnal longing, wants to preserve her from everybody. He invents defensive hallucinations of his dead mother, involving his younger brother in the invention, and the befuddled father loyally puts the wedding off. Nino plays blackmailing, halfway sexual games with Angela, which the girl takes to be necessary if she is to marry the father, but has the wit to turn to her own mischievously lewd advantage. A snobbish grandmother in a wheelchair—Lilla Brignone—objects to the idea of her son's marrying a "servant." The oblivious old lady explains her wheelchair with dignity: "I'm not paralytic. I'm just tired. Understand?" She makes her condition sound like the fatigue of Ancient Rome, the exhaustion of centuries of civilization. The smallest brother pays little

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heed to his grandmother's folie de grandeur, and declines to kiss her, because, he says, in the true voice of a nine-year-old boy, she stinks.

The funniest character in this story of boy nymphets, which is sunk deep in a peculiarly Italian sarcasm about love and voluptuousness, is a fat, ginger-mopped, intimidated little voyeur called Piggy. Piggy is a baron. His title makes him no less easily mortified and no less Nino's subject, though probably more miserable. The widower, sent distraught by Nino's and Enzino's stories of hallucinations of their dead mother, eventually pleads with an overcolored portrait hung up in her memory. He promises that if she won't show up anymore he'll have a hundred Masses said for her: religious superstition bargaining with a superstition about ghosts which the canny boys know very well how to exploit. "*Tutto tranquillo,*" says Angela after each bout with her charges, though she is glowing with anything but tranquillity.

This is an oddly dated picture, finely photographed by Vittorio Storaro but marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness, which toy with the seductive without being very erotic. The know-all ending, foreseeable from the start and having little grip on character, tells everything about primitive Sicilian ideas of sexual maturity and nothing about being grown-up.

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The stone was found by Brandt Lawson, an Earlham student, who is working this summer at restoration of the doctor's house, which now has been moved onto a site in the restored pioneer settlement. It is about 11 inches high and six inches wide.—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

How *is* the little doctor, by the way?

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[*From "The View from Tower Hill," by John Braine*]

It was a rainy September evening, they were sitting over tea in the drawing room and Mrs. Tomkins had just switched on the electric fire, there being a faint chill in the air. The sound of the rain against the windows, the faint muttering of the gas fire took her back to the first time she'd been alone with Stephen in Charbury.

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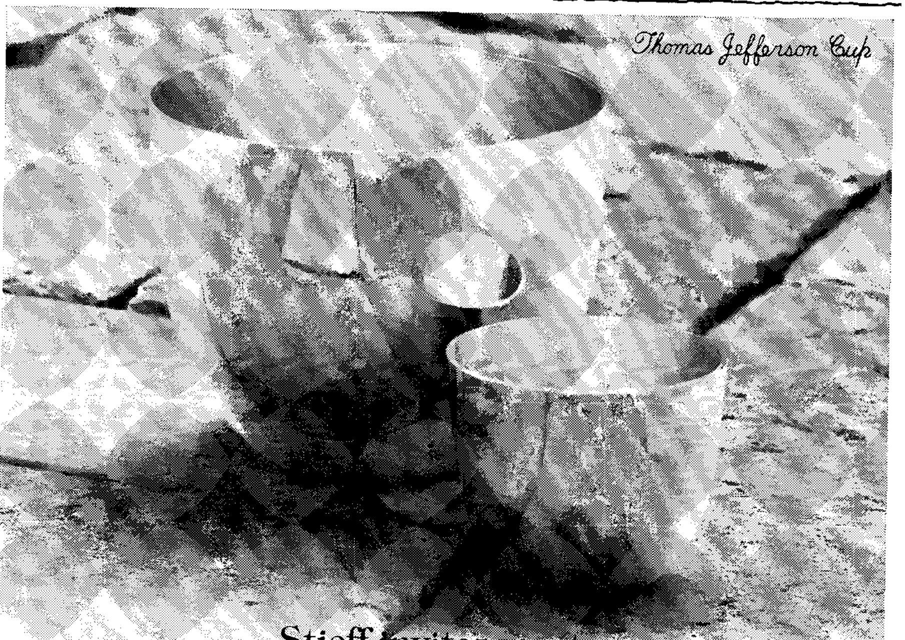

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LETTER FROM DAMASCUS

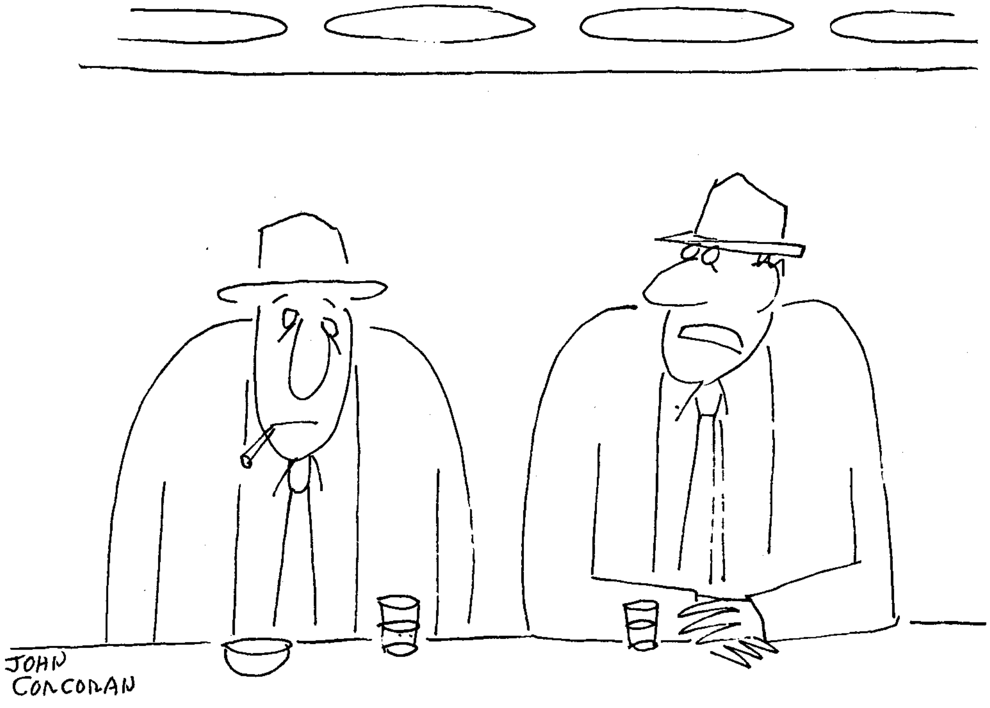
JUNE 5

THE road to Damascus—whether running west from the desert or east from the sea or north from the Golan Heights or south from Aleppo—is a two-lane macadam highway flanked by occasional billboards that advertise the likes of Aeroflot, the Baghdad Fair, and Syria's ruling Arab Ba'ath Socialist Party. In the city proper, because a main power plant knocked out by the Israelis in the October war has yet to be repaired, all lights glow at about a thirty-watt level. Car, truck, and bus traffic—always far sparser than that in Cairo or Beirut—drops to almost nothing after nine at night. At the most fashionable restaurant—which is sometimes called the Piccadilly and sometimes, in deference to a half-forgotten decree banning English names, the Córdoba—wallpaper of an abstract Arab design has been slapped on over what a peeling patch reveals to have been a pleasant representation of eighteenth-century London, with sailing ships on the Thames. Gambling is tolerated at the Club d'Orient, but only a handful of crones and codgers indulge in the play. The best hotel in town, the New Omayad, with its sameness of food, drabness of furnishings, and multitudes of idle clerks, recalls a provincial hostelry, vintage 1950, in one of the People's Democracies. The main local markets—the Souk el Arwam and the Souk Hamidiye—are, as the usually enthusiastic *Hachette Guide* admits, "devoid of any local color." The Merjeh Square, at the center of the old town, which is more often known as the Hanging Square, after public executions of spies in the nineteen-sixties, has as a chief architectural feature a memorial to the establishment by the Turks early in this century of the so-called Hejaz telegraph line to what is now Saudi Arabia. While the Barada River, which runs down from the mountains of Lebanon, makes the waters of Damascus sweet and gives the city abundant spots of greenery, the air is dusty from the new construction under way in suburbs on all sides of the town. What is perhaps the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world is becoming a series of villages.

The recent rush of international events, however, has imparted to Damascus an aura of power and influence consonant with the undimmed splendor of its name. President Nixon is expected on the 15th. In April and May, Henry Kissinger flew in thirteen times, as part of the shuttle diplomacy that brought a disengagement between Israel and Syria along the Golan Heights front. Andrei Gromyko came to Damascus on three occasions, and his first and second trips sandwiched a six-day visit to the Soviet Union by Syria's President Hafez al-Assad and practically all the officials of his government. Egypt's President Anwar al-Sadat, Saudi Arabia's King Faisal, and Tunisia's President Bourguiba all sent high-level representatives to see President Assad. It was officially noted, too, that Algeria's President Boumedienne spoke to Assad on the phone. The leading figure in the Palestine resistance, Yasir Arafat, came calling. So did the head of the Arab League, Mahmoud Riad. All the while, Syria was building up a record against Israel which no Arab state had previously achieved—eighty-one days of slugging warfare, on foot, in tanks, and in the air. Every now and then, you could see Israeli and Syrian jets in the distance. Almost every day, you could hear the artillery from the Israeli positions only twenty-five miles to the south. Once, when I was visiting military headquarters on the south side of Damascus, the concussion of the incoming shells was rattling the nearest windows. I glanced pointedly at the shuddering panes. The Syrian officer I was talking to shrugged. "It's background music," he said.

THE "background music" was fully appropriate to the bizarre drama being enacted by President Assad. He seems at first glance to be just another of the military strong men who have emerged in the past decade in all the Arab countries and, indeed, throughout the underdeveloped world. He was born in 1928 into a poor rural family, and rose to prominence through service in the Air Force. After a period as Commander of the Air Force and Defense Minister, he took over in a bloodless military coup in 1970. A picture of him, unsmiling and in Air Force uniform, stares down from every government office. He and his family still live in officers' quarters. He rules Syria through a quartet of trusted comrades, who control the main instruments of police and military power. A special praetorian guard, called the Defense Platoons, is headed by his brother Colonel Rifaat al-Assad. The secret police is run by Colonel Muhammad Said Salih, while military Intelligence activities are handled by two other colonels, Muhammad Khuli in the Air Force and Adnan Dabbagh in the Army. In private, apparently, Assad makes no bones about the military-cum-police base of his government. He once told a sometime political opponent whom he was trying to win over to his side, "I know we've had political differences in the past, but there are only about a hundred people in Syria who care about political differences. We can easily throw all of them in jail."

In public, however, President Assad carefully masks the military quality of



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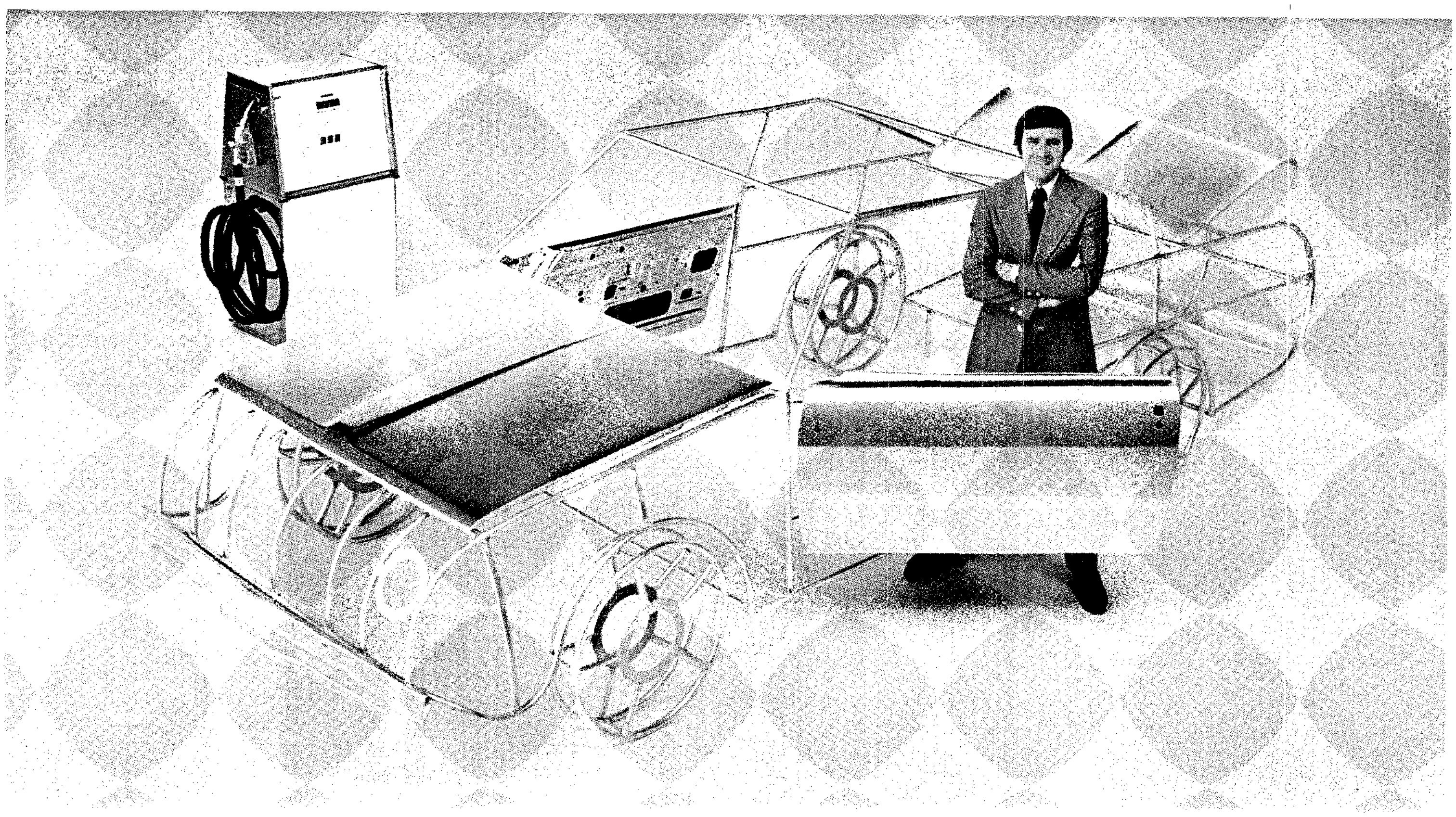

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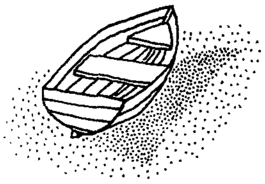
the regime. For he is set apart from the garden variety of confident military strong man by three special circumstances. First, Assad and most of his closest associates are Alawites. The Alawites, numbering about eleven per cent of Syria's population of six and a half million, are a secret, dissident Muslim sect, concentrated in the remote hillside villages back of the Mediterranean port of Latakia. In times past, they were a persecuted, poor minority. Most were agricultural laborers, and those who came to town became servants or entered the Army, in an era when better-class Muslims tended to regard it as infra dig. But the point, Syrian friends have told me, is not that the present regime expresses the victory of a downtrodden minority. On the contrary, the Alawites are just one among many minorities. Not only are there Christians (both Greek Orthodox and Catholic), who make up fifteen per cent of the population, but in southern Syria there are the Druze, another dissident Muslim sect, who make up three per cent, and near Hama and in the Nusayriyah mountains there are the Ismaili, still another Islamic sect, who make up one per cent. There are also Kurds and Armenians and Turkomans and Circassians. But the important thing is that the Sunni, or orthodox, Muslims, who constitute an ethnic majority—sixty per cent of the population—live in separate, largely autonomous communities. Damascus, Homs, Hama, and Aleppo, the four major towns of Syria, grew up as desert ports, trading across the Arabian sands in a commerce as rivalrous as that of the Italian city-states. "Ask a Syrian what he is," Mahmoud Riad, of the Arab League, once told me, "and he will say, 'I come from Aleppo,' or Damascus or Hama or Homs." A French Arabist, J. Weulersse, who did a study of the Alawites, asserts that these communities in Syria have a minority complex—"a collective and pathological susceptibility, which makes every gesture of the neighboring community appear as a menace or a challenge to one's own community."



When Syria, which had been under a French mandate since 1920, became independent after the Second World War, communal differences pervaded and determined national politics. Damascene interests found expression in the National Party. Homs—and particularly the dominant Atasi family there—made its bid for control in the People's Party. The merchants of Aleppo backed the Syrian Popular Party. Small landowners around Hama voiced their grievances through the Arab Socialist Party. The Kurd and Armenian minorities were particularly prominent in the Communist Party. The obvious consequence of these groupings was the immediate instability of Syrian politics. This made room for the growth of a party that appealed to Muslim dissidents among the Druze, the Ismaili, and the Alawites. One of the Alawites who joined that party in the late nineteen-forties was Hafez al-Assad, and in that fact lies the second circumstance that sets him apart from most military leaders. Far from being an anti-party and anti-political hero, after the fashion of the prototypical strong man, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Assad came to power on the back of an established political group with an organizational apparatus, an elaborate doctrine, and a complicated history. That party is the Ba'ath.

The Arab Renaissance Socialist Party, to give the Ba'ath (which means "renaissance") its formal name, was founded by three Paris-trained intellectuals—Michel Aflaq, Salah al-Bitar, and Zaki al-Arsuzi—who taught school during the nineteen-thirties, when the League of Nations mandate that France exercised over Syria was visibly weakening. All three spoke and wrote French more fluently than Arabic. The Party they founded was heavily ideological, and much of its ideology flowed from notions current in liberal circles around the Sorbonne during the Depression years. Parliamentary democracy was one article of faith. Secular Socialism, emphasizing state control of large enterprises and of marriage and education, was a second major theme. Finally, Ba'athi doctrine was highly nationalistic. But, if only because Aflaq was a Christian and Arsuzi an Alawite born in Turkey, their nationalism rose above the parochial self-assertion dear to the competing parties with roots in the highly localized politics of the major cities, and it also soared beyond mere territorial aspirations for a Syria independent from France. Ba'athi nationalism was the nationalism of uprooted intellectuals casting about for a place. It seized upon the common past and the common tongue—upon Arabism, or, rather, Pan-Arabism. It was summed up in an almost mystical slogan: "One Arab Nation with an Eternal Mission."

That doctrine was preached—especially by Arsuzi and Aflaq, who were

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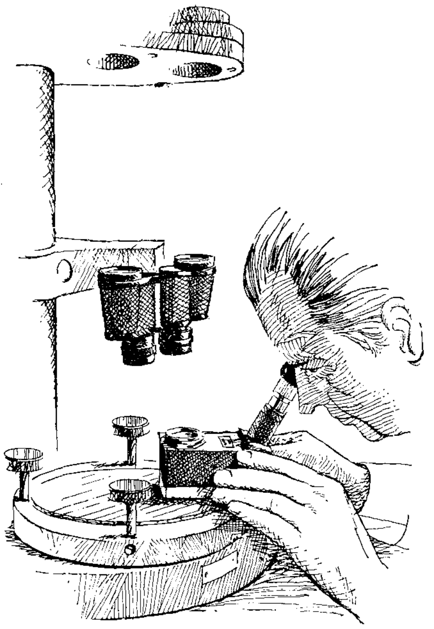

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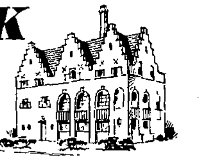

the chief theoreticians—with messianic fervor. One of Arsuzi's students, Sami al-Jundi, who became a Ba'athi Cabinet Minister but is now an exile in Beirut, echoed that fervor when I talked to him there not long ago. When I asked him why Syria had become such a focus of Pan-Arab feeling, Jundi burst into a monologue worthy of his teacher. "Why is Syria the heart of Arabism?" he asked rhetorically. "Where did civilization begin? In Damascus or in Cairo? Are the pyramids the first sign of life? Or is it the Aramaic palace built under the Omayad Mosque in Damascus? Did monotheism begin with Ikhnaton in Egypt or with Moses in Palestine? I don't know. Nobody can say. But the fact is that this area, right here, is the cradle of civilization. The Song of Songs in the Old Testament is taken word for word from an original in Aramaic. The first laws were given by Hammurabi, an Arab, from what is now Iraq. Plato was a student of Sahar Wadi, not only of Socrates. Through history, Syria has been the crossroads of history, the place where the civilizations of the East meet the civilizations of the West."

The passionate beliefs of the Ba'athists did not exactly set Syria on fire. When the Ba'ath held its first National Congress, in 1947 in Damascus, Aflaq reported that "during the first three years of its existence our membership did not exceed ten." By 1947, the membership was less than five hundred—a figure that included Iraqis, Jordanians, Lebanese, and Palestinians as well as Syrians. In 1954, at the time of the second National Congress, the membership was about twenty-five hundred. But if the recruitment success was modest, Salah al-Bitar and Akram Hourani—the latter a former leader of the Arab Socialist Party, who merged his party with the Ba'ath in 1953—were great organizers. They set up an international party embracing all Arab lands, with Michel Aflaq as national secretary-general. They established regional branches in Syria, in Iraq (where the Ba'ath is also currently in power), in Lebanon, in Jordan, and in other Arab states. In Syria, events favored the Ba'ath. A series of military coups—including three in 1949 alone—weakened the traditional parties. In the 1954 election, which is generally considered the last relatively free election here, the Ba'ath won twenty-two seats in the National Assembly out of a hundred and forty-two. The parties fell to squabbling once more, and again turned to the military to settle affairs. The soldiers, impor-

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tuned on all sides, hesitated, and then looked to the rising star of Gamal Abdel Nasser. In 1958, the Syrian military and the Ba'ath arranged for a union with Egypt in the United Arab Republic. The Ba'ath leadership—especially Aflaq and Bitar, who had by then squeezed Arsuzi out—supported it warmly.

Union turned out to be not the Arab love affair projected in Ba'athi literature but the military overlordship of Syria by the Egyptian Army. Many Syrians were rapidly disenchanted. An exodus of Syrian merchants and landowners was set in motion by Colonel Nasser's penchant for nationalization, land reform, and the blocking of bank accounts. Syrian soldiers, who became directly subordinate to Egyptian commands, were particularly alienated—especially officers who, on suspicion of being against union, were ordered to Egypt and placed under surveillance. Some of these officers, who had previously been loosely affiliated with the Ba'ath, set up a separate, secret military group. And in 1961, when the Syrians threw off the yoke of union, the Ba'ath Party, which emerged as a leading force, was divided. Aflaq and Bitar remained in control as founders, but the secret Ba'ath Military Committee was full of doubts about the civilian leadership. The leaders of that Military Committee included Major Salah Jadid, and Captain Hafez al-Assad. There lies the third circumstance that distinguishes Assad from the ordinary strong man. Not only does he represent a religious minority, and not only is he associated with a highly ideological political party, but he comes from a minority wing of that party which usurped power from the Party's founders.

Eight Ba'athi Cabinets, five of them with Salah al-Bitar as Premier, held office between March, 1963, and February, 1966. In 1965, at the eighth National Congress, Aflaq resigned and was replaced as national secretary-general of the Ba'ath—a sign of the waning influence of the founders. In February, 1966, the Ba'ath Military Committee staged a coup against the Ba'ath civilian government. In the military, or neo-Ba'ath, regime, which took over that month, Hafez al-Assad, as Defense Minister, handled the armed forces. Salah Jadid held the post of assistant secretary-general of the Syrian Regional Ba'ath and shaped general policy. He pushed toward a left-wing dictatorship, emphasizing nationalization of property, land reform, and the supremacy of secular ideals. Organizations to control women, students,

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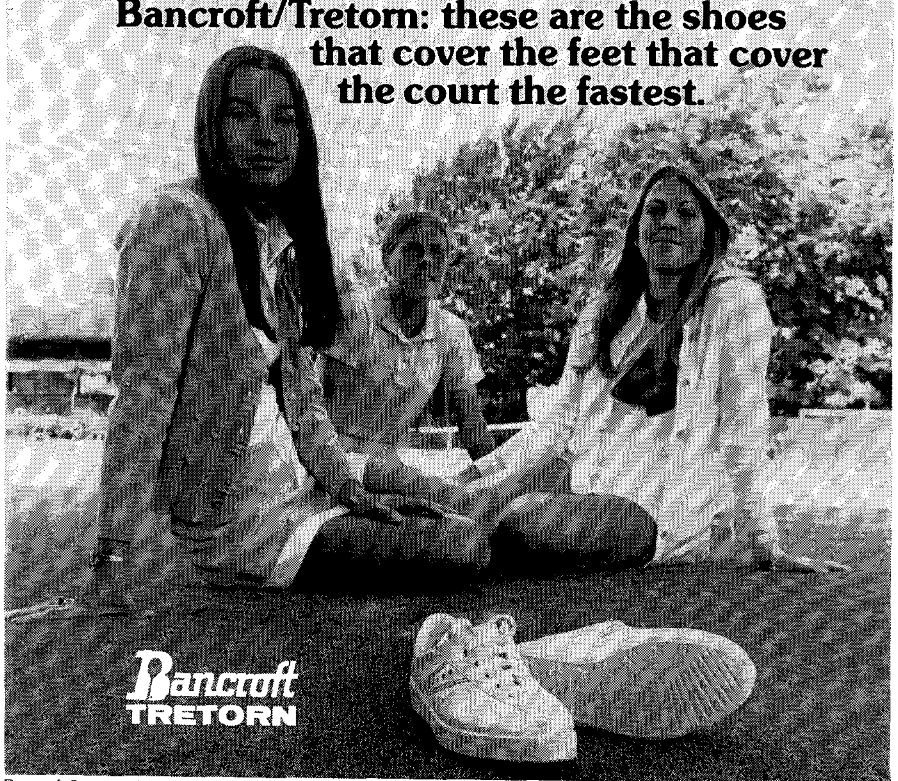

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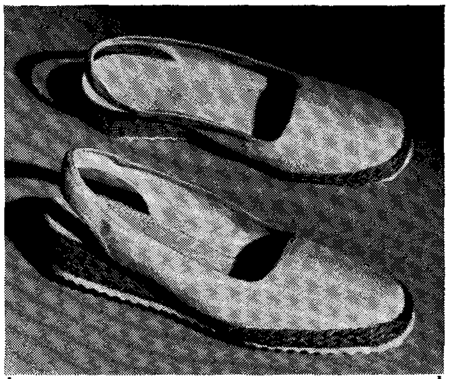

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workers, and peasants were created anew or taken in tow. Martial law was maintained, and public meetings and public criticism were virtually banned.

In foreign policy, Salah Jadid moved to outflank both Colonel Nasser and the old-line Ba'ath leaders by emphasizing revolutionary Pan-Arabism. Palestinian refugees, who were numerous in Syria, were organized into a paramilitary force, the Saiqa, and trained by the Syrian Army for sabotage commando raids on Israel. The more conservative Arab kingdoms of Jordan and Saudi Arabia and the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf were denounced as imperialist stooges. Even Nasser was taunted—for not moving against Israel. Indeed, it was the Syrian gibes, coupled with the seeming inevitability of war between Syria and Israel, that apparently pushed Nasser to make the moves that touched off the Six-Day War of 1967. The Syrians barely fought in that war, and when Israel finally moved against them, on the sixth day, they lost the Golan Heights, including its capital, Quneitra. But the military debacle only confirmed the regime in its revolutionary defiance. Syria, unlike Israel and Jordan, refused to participate in the United Nations efforts to formulate an agreement ending the Six-Day War. When the Palestinian commandos moved against King Hussein of Jordan in 1970, the Syrians came in on the Palestinian side. The rout of the commando effort helped bring about the ouster of Salah Jadid. That November, the military faction of the Ba'ath asserted itself in yet another coup. Hafez al-Assad became Prime Minister of Syria and Secretary-General of the Syrian Ba'ath Party.

ASSAD put into practice what is called, in Party jargon, a movement for "rectification" or "correction." This actually meant slowly and secretly undoing all the works of Salah Jadid, and unobtrusively nudging Syria away from insatiable revolutionary nationalism toward the more finite objectives of a national state. The regime has been broadened by the addition of an advisory National Progressive Front, including Communists, Socialists, and Nasserites as well as Ba'athists. Local elections were held in 1972. Martial law was repealed and repression eased. "I cannot say everything about anything, but I can say something about many things," Marwan Hamawi, the head of the Syrian Arab News Agency, told me in describing what the press can say under Assad.

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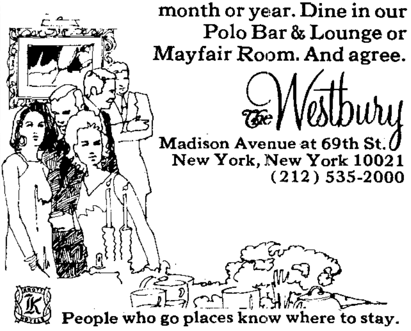

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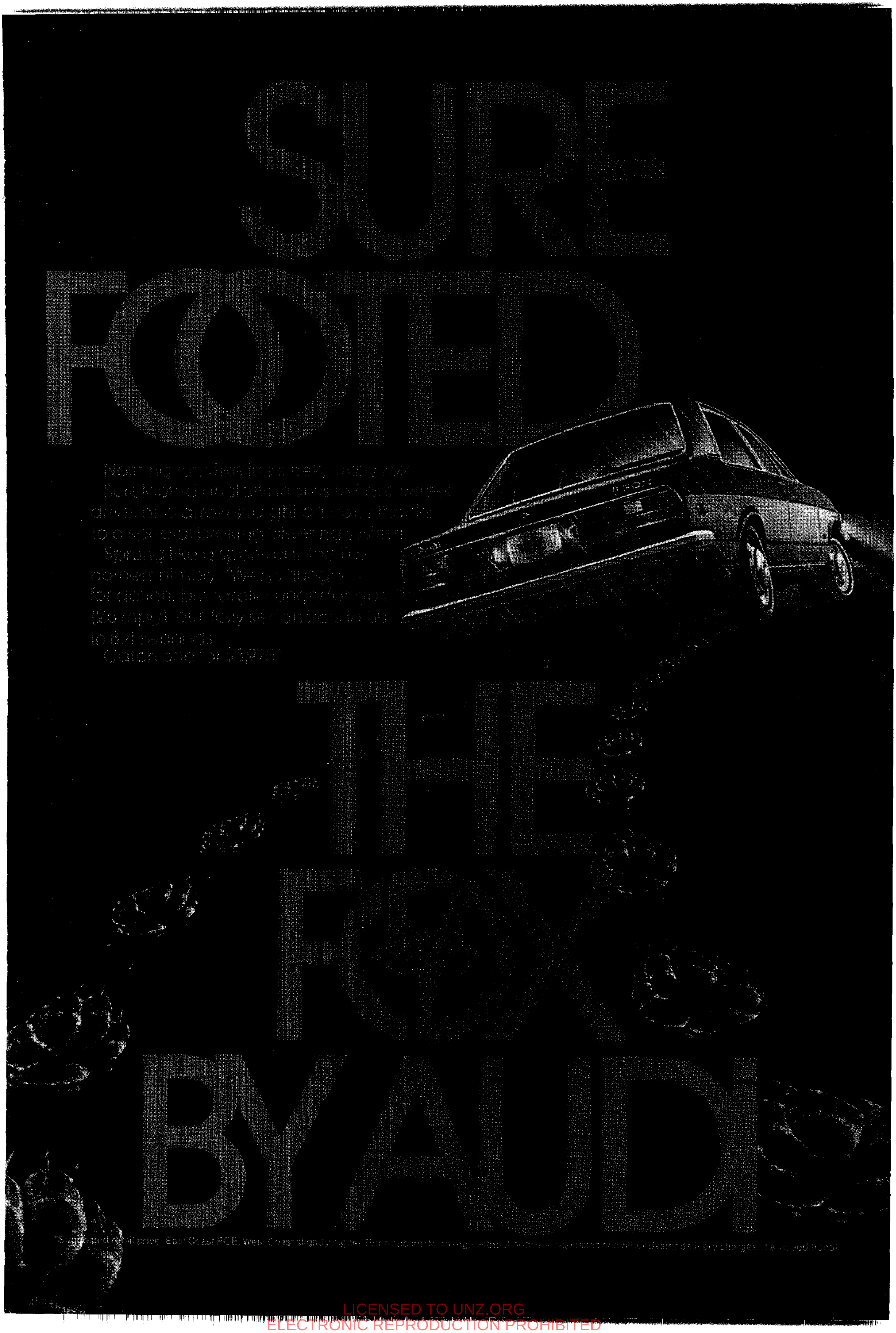

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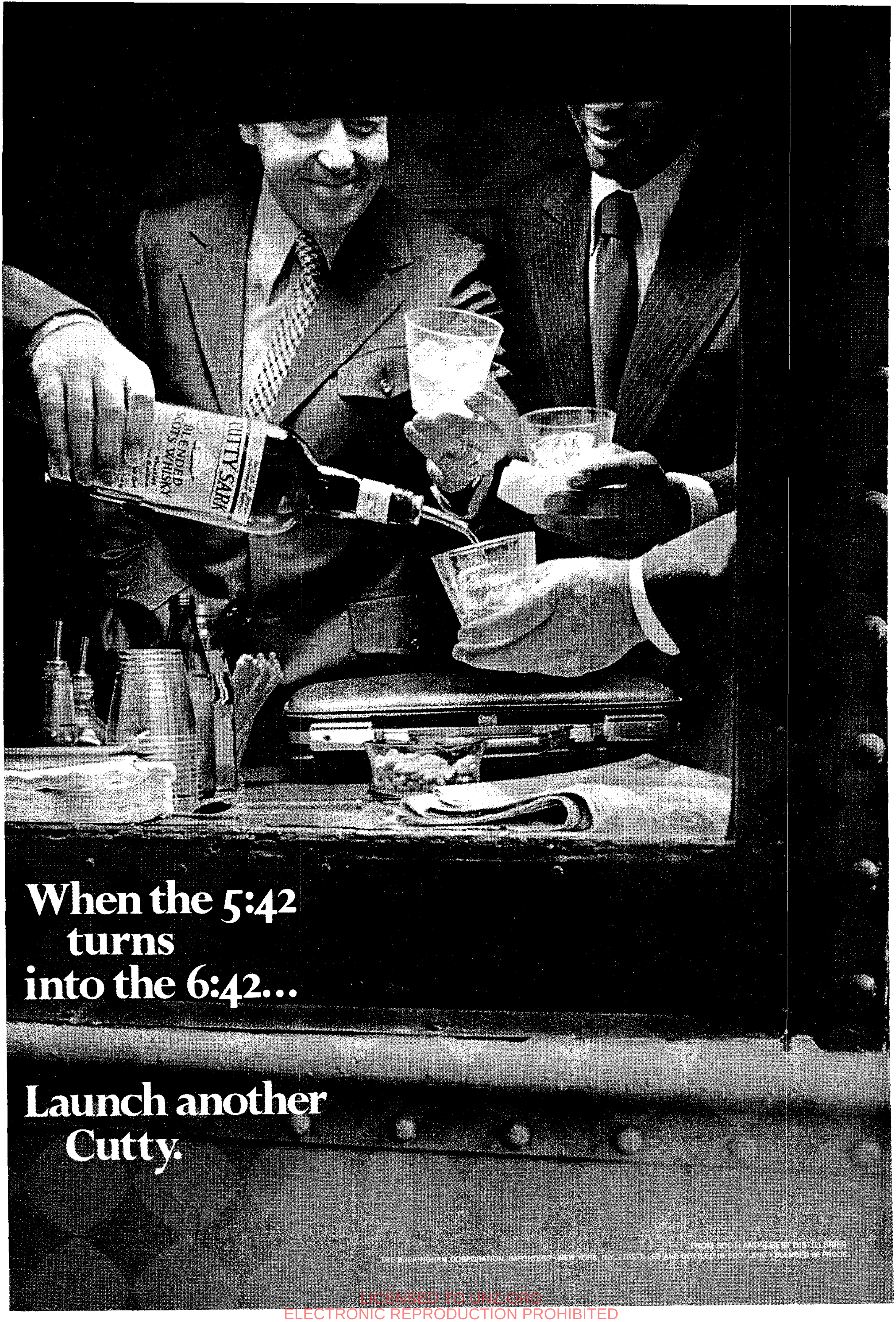
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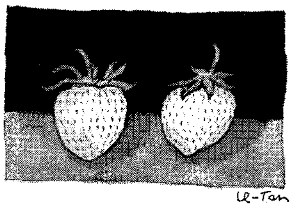
state in promoting development remains central. The biggest thing going on in the country is the construction of the Euphrates Dam—a mammoth structure that is intended as an antidote to the droughts that have repeatedly cut back Syrian production of grain and cotton. Under Assad, work has been accelerated, and the dam will probably be finished this year. It was begun with Soviet help, but now Rumania and Japan are supplementing the Russian financing. Apart from the dam, the emphasis is clearly on bringing in foreign investment capital. Syria is trying to shift its cotton sales from Eastern Europe, which pays in barter agreements, to Western Europe, which pays in hard currency. There is a program to develop tourism along the Mediterranean coast, and both the Sheraton Corporation and Air France are planning new hotels in Damascus. The hidden instrument for this shift in economic emphasis is liberal exchange controls. Muhammad al-Atrash, the soft-spoken, well-dressed, and London-trained deputy governor of Syria's central bank, made the point to me. "You may have noticed that you didn't fill out any currency forms when you crossed the border," he said. "Neither did anybody search you. The fact is that we now have very liberal controls. Importers are allowed to buy foreign currency without government approval. The political leadership wanted this. The whole Middle East is building up. We need to stay abreast in order to tap the capital being accumulated by the oil countries. If they are going to be asked to invest here, then we have to meet some of their conditions for safe investment."



Foreign policy has been changing accordingly. Instead of needling the conservative Arab states, Assad has knitted up relations with Faisal and Hussein. He has composed Syria's differences with Egypt—a task made possible by the death of Colonel Nasser, just before Assad seized power. Relations with the European democracies, broken off after the Six-Day War, were resumed. The new Syrian policy determined the character of the Yom Kippur War. For once, Syria and Egypt collaborated perfectly. Instead of the uncoördinated lurch to hostilities that was common in the past, both countries staged a slow, camouflaged buildup, then caught Israel by surprise. They attacked simultaneously, thus obliging Israel to face what it least wanted—a two-front war. But when Israel went over to the offensive Syria bore the brunt of it. Israeli armor drove the Syrians out of part of the Golan Heights, which they had recaptured in the first days of the war, and pushed them to a line only twenty-five miles from Damascus. Israeli air strikes—dramatically intensified after the Syrians hit a kibbutz with a ground-to-ground missile—shattered Syria's industry. On a recent trip outside Damascus, I saw many signs of this. The oil refinery at Homs had been gutted. At Banias, which is the Mediterranean terminus of a pipeline from the Iraqi oil fields, the oil tanks and pumping station had been destroyed. The power plant in Homs, like the generators in Damascus, had been disabled. The Syrians estimate the total damage at two billion dollars—almost as much as their gross national product.

THE close coördination with Egypt, however, did not survive the fighting. On October 24th, Cairo and Israel agreed to a ceasefire. The Syrians grudgingly went along, but with Assad complaining that they had not been consulted in advance. In November, the Egyptians and the Israelis worked out an agreement for disengagement of forces, whereby each side abandoned territory seized from the other. This accord left the Syrians in a fix that became very apparent when Dr. Kissinger made his first visit to Damascus, in December. Dr. Kissinger proposed that Syria and Israel work out a disengagement along the lines of the Egyptian model. He told President Assad that Israel would submit proposals provided the Syrians gave Israel a list of their prisoners. President Assad, according to Dr. Kissinger, was astounded. "He pointed out that giving Israel a list of prisoners would be one concession," Dr. Kissinger told me. "He said, 'Now you come to me and ask that I negotiate with the Israelis on a disengagement line. That means a kind of recognition of Israel, which would be a second concession.'" The Syrians refused to yield the list and did not attend the opening of the Geneva peace conference, on December 20th, at which the Egyptian-Israeli disengagement agreement was formally certified.

Syria's diplomatic isolation was further underlined in late February, when the Syrians at last turned over the list of prisoners. Almost immediately, the

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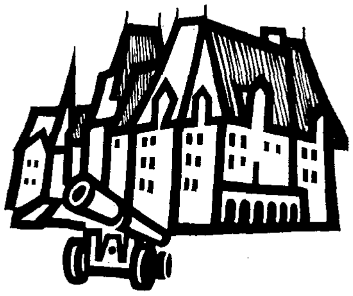

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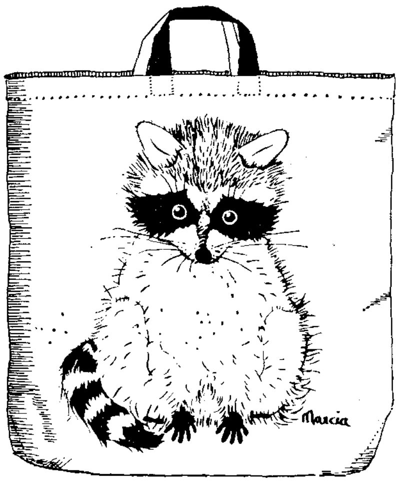

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Arab oil states, under pressure from Egypt but against the wishes of Syria, lifted the embargo on shipments to the United States. One of the very few sanctions working against the United States in a way that could bring pressure on Israel for concessions was thus cast away. President Assad found himself in the worst of all possible diplomatic positions—the position of having a big appetite and no teeth.

The appetite was, at least in part, stimulated by the zealousness of his followers. The most realistic Syrian officers and diplomats—those who had accepted the existence of Israel and had become accustomed to thinking of their country as a national state rather than as the paladin of Arab nationalism—insisted on the need to regain immediately the land lost in the Yom Kippur War, and to regain very quickly the land lost in the 1967 war. Zakaria Ismail, an experienced career diplomat trained in Britain and France who is now Deputy Foreign Minister, told me flatly, "We are completely and definitely determined to recover our occupied territory." The notion that Israel might need parts of the high ground on the Golan Heights to maintain security was laughed off. "That's like saying the United States needs Japan to protect itself," an Army officer told me. But people with political connections, and especially people with Ba'athi political connections, went way beyond the mere return of lost Syrian lands. They spoke in the accents of Pan-Arabism, and insisted that, no matter what Egypt did, it was Syria's sacred duty to keep the way open for Palestinian claims on territory in Israel itself. Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam, a veteran Ba'athi who served as Minister of Economy under Salah Jadid, declared that Syria had to remain "intransigent" on the rights of the Palestinians, because any flexibility would be "a concession." Georges Saddikni, a Ba'athi politico who is now serving as Minister of Information, told me in an interview, "The main aim of the Arab struggle is to recover the occupied lands and guarantee self-determination in Palestine."

THE force of the Syrian commitment to the Palestinians was impressed upon me when I went to lunch at the home of a well-known novelist, Colette Khouri. Miss Khouri lives on Kasar Street—a fashionable district with many pleasant shops—in an apartment full of avant-garde paintings and thick Persian rugs. When I remarked on the attractiveness of the place, she

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launched into her personal story. Hers was among the few middle-class families, she said, that had remained in Syria after 1958. The year before that, at the age of eighteen, she had written her novel "Days with Him," which dealt with an eighteen-year-old girl's affair with a brilliant older man, whom she renounces because she values her own independence and self-sufficiency.

"The novel said that a woman could not be merely the shadow of her man, that she had to choose for herself," she said. "It was a great success here, especially with the young revolutionaries. They called me the Françoise Sagan of the Arab world. They said my book announced the revolution, and I have been on good terms with them ever since."

As Miss Khouri talked, she kept nervously twisting the dial of a radio and bending down to put her ear next to the speaker. Eventually, she found what she wanted—a French broadcast from Jerusalem by the Israeli radio. It was a running account from the graveside of the funeral of the eighteen Israelis massacred by three Arab terrorists on April 11th in the border town of Qiryat Shemona. The massacre was a reprisal for the killing by Israelis of three commando leaders, including Kamal Nasser, the spokesman for the Palestine Liberation Organization, in Lebanon, a year earlier. As Miss Khouri listened, she explained, "Kamal Nasser was a friend. For a year, I've waited for revenge. Do you know the Israelis shot him thirty-three times—ten times in the mouth—to silence him? They also crucified him. I'm not a person who believes in force. But now I'm happy. I want the commandos to hit ten more cities. I can't tell you how many people have called me today to tell me they're pleased with what happened."

DESPITE such Syrian enthusiasm for violent confrontation, Assad seems at all times to have had it in mind to make a partial settlement with Israel. He wanted an immediate return of the land taken in the 1973 war, plus a sliver—around the town of Quneitra—of the Golan Heights area taken in the 1967 war; the rest he would be content to have returned after further negotiations. In a speech in April, marking the twenty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the Ba'ath Party, Assad listed as the central element of peace "the liberation of all lands that were occupied in 1967." That phrase, in an otherwise routine propaganda speech, was underlined by Syrian diplo-

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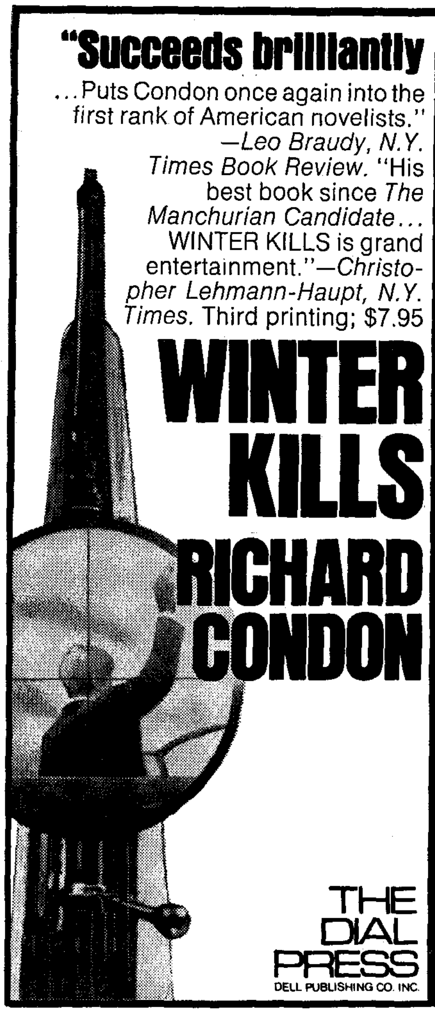

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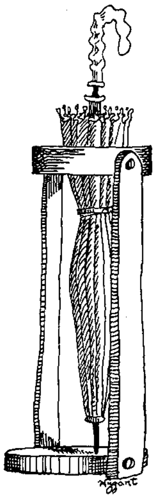
mats and reported to American officials as an indication of Assad's limited territorial ambitions. But if Assad had fixed his mind on a fairly modest demand for territory he still had to develop the bargaining power to get it. He also had to show his most zealous followers that he was trying with might and main to get more. That is what the "background music" was all about.

The opening chord was struck on March 8th, when the Syrians resumed fighting along the Golan Heights. The artillery duels, patrols, commando raids, and air battles that went on for the next eighty days served a multiple purpose. Israel was made to suffer the burden of further casualties, and was thus given an incentive for making concessions. Arab states that were disposed to make a separate peace—notably, Egypt—were put on notice that Syria could drag them back into war. American officials with a vested interest in arranging a settlement in the Middle East were made aware that there was no way to bypass Assad. Finally, the Palestinians and their supporters in Syria were shown that the Assad regime, unlike the Sadat regime in Egypt, was going all out for the Pan-Arab cause.

Even on its best day, however, the Syrian Army cannot with impunity take on the Israeli forces single-handed. So if the renewal of the war was the main theme of the "background music," there had to be some counterpoint—Russian counterpoint. Moscow was particularly eager to help the Syrians in April and May, because President Sadat was making hostile noises that seemed to presage Soviet expulsion from Egypt and maybe the whole Middle East. It seems likely that Sadat timed his remarks, and sharpened the point, so as to give President Assad more purchase on the Russians. In any event, the Syrians made the most of any Soviet apprehensions that Russia had about keeping a footing in Damascus if it was to have a footing anywhere in the Middle East. On his visits to Damascus, Andrei Gromyko reiterated Soviet support for the Syrian territorial claims against Israel. When Assad went to Moscow, Leonid Brezhnev promised that Russia would make good any losses suffered by Syria in the war of attrition against Israel. Implicit in the promise was something far more formidable than a mere supply effort. The Israelis were being warned that Russia might intervene if they launched a full-scale attack. The threat of Russian entry, in fact, obliged the Israelis to keep the fighting around the Golan Heights at a level that the Syrians could manage to counter over a long period. It was under those conditions, with the Syrian forces applying pressure on all parties and in a position to keep doing so indefinitely, that, on May 3rd, Assad received Secretary Kissinger for the beginning of the round of shuttle diplomacy that eventually yielded the disengagement agreement.

The agreement, which was signed twenty-eight days later, was almost exactly what had been foreseen at the start of the negotiations. Syria regained the salient occupied by Israel in the Yom Kippur War. A piece of territory occupied by Israel in the 1967 war, including Quneitra, was also abandoned by Israel. A thin buffer zone between the two forces was turned over to a United Nations contingent. Prisoners were returned, and further negotiations, involving Israeli and Syrian officials, were scheduled to settle outstanding issues. An American aid package of a hundred million dollars would smooth the way. Assad haggled over details at almost every step. He fought over the length and breadth of the buffer zone and over the size of the United Nations contingent. He insisted that the latter be called a United Nations Disengagement Observer Force rather than a United Nations Emergency Force, as a similar group was designated in the disengagement agreement between Israel and Egypt. Repeatedly, he brought in other Syrian officials to hear from Kissinger arguments that the Secretary of State had already laid out for Assad. On two occasions, he flatly rejected Israeli conditions. Early in May, the Israelis presented a ceasefire line that would have kept both Israeli and Syrian troops in Quneitra. Assad threatened to break off the talks, and moved to assemble an Arab summit meeting as a first step toward reimposing the oil embargo. Eventually, the issue was settled by a proviso that moved Israeli soldiers out of Quneitra. Toward the end of the negotiations, Assad rejected an Israeli demand that the ceasefire agreement contain a written prohibition on paramilitary as well as military actions. The Syrians felt that such an agreement would commit them to blocking the Palestinian commandos. The issue was finally settled by an American understanding with Israel whereby the United States



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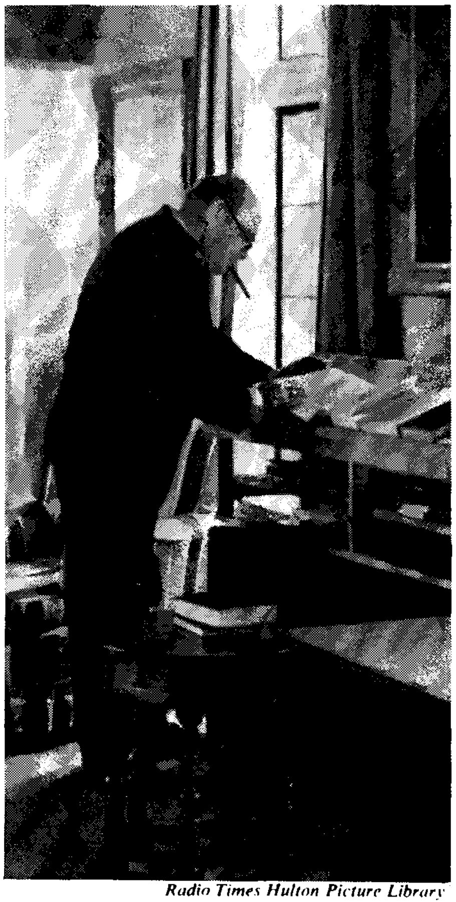

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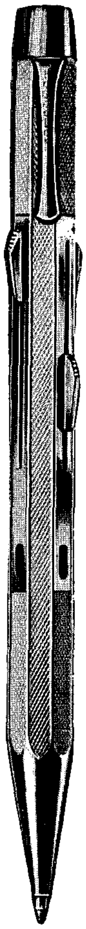

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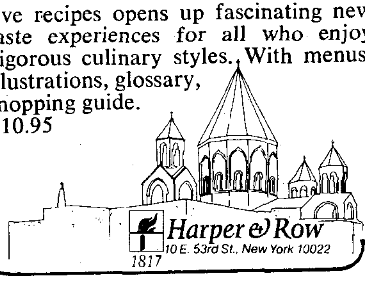

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would allow Israel a free hand in policing its territory against Palestinian terrorists.

An American said that Assad was "highly intelligent and humorous but unsure of where he was going, because he had to organize a consensus every step of the way." In any case, Assad's bulldog stance, combined with the eighty-one days of battle, made it possible for Assad to accept a formulation on a matter dear to Israel which was far less explicit than even his closest supporters had feared would be necessary. That matter was the relation between the Israeli withdrawal now and the eventual Israeli withdrawal when a final peace is arranged. Almost everybody here in Damascus expected a tight linkage—maybe even a timetable. Instead, the agreement merely stipulates that the disengagement is "not a peace agreement" but "a step toward a just and durable peace." Despite this concession, there were no adverse repercussions, even among Pan-Arab extremists. "We lead the Arabs now," a student at Damascus University told me. From Yasir Arafat, the Palestinian leader, who had been constantly in touch with Assad during the negotiations, there came no word of protest against the disengagement agreement. That was the most that Assad could have expected, and he acted in a manner calculated to let sleeping dogs lie. He himself made no public statement on the agreement. Syrian newspapers, radio, and television did not immediately report that an agreement had been concluded. When the formal ceremony took place in Geneva, the Syrian representatives would not sign until the room had been cleared of journalists, whose stories might get back to Syria. But this week, as Syria awaited President Nixon's visit and the probable resumption of full diplomatic relations with the United States, the government paper, *Al Thawra*, called the disengagement agreement "a great success for us." —Joseph Kraft

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—*Adv. in the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

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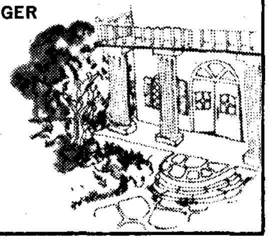

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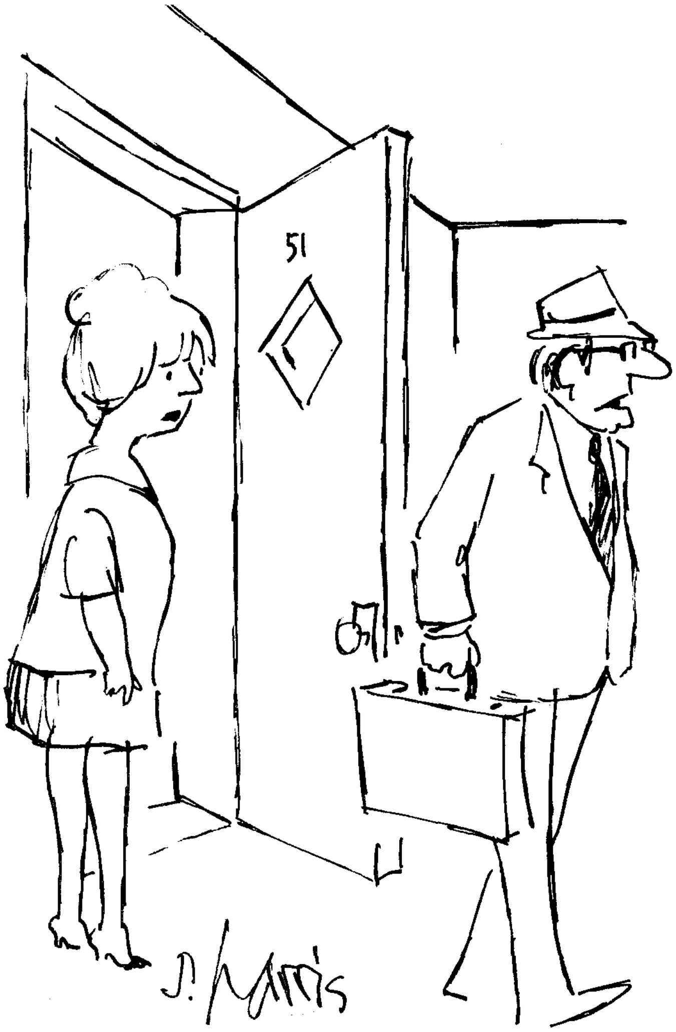
BOOKS

. . . *And Nothing But the Truth*

“All the President’s Men,” by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster), is a breathless account of the part played by the two young Washington *Post* reporters who did more than any of their colleagues on the *Post* or on any other newspaper to bring to light the outrageous and often felonious doings commonly referred to as the Watergate affair. It was a professional anomaly that these two found themselves working on the story at all, for both of them were on the “metropolitan” staff, which meant that they were primarily concerned not with Washington as the capital of the United States but with Washington as one more American municipality surrounded by suburbs and beset with such familiar problems as crime, inadequate housing, transit difficulties, pollution, and racial tension. What led them into this mess and made national figures of them was a misunderstanding—a confusion between the small and rather unimportant headquarters of the local Democratic Party and the Party’s national headquarters, in the huge residential-business complex called Watergate. The *Post* got word early on the morning of Saturday, June 17, 1972, that some burglars had been caught in the act at Democratic headquarters, and for a short time it was assumed that the local rather than the national headquarters had been broken into; in that case, coverage would have been provided by the metropolitan staff. By the time Bernstein and Woodward, who had been alerted, got to their office, the misunderstanding had been cleared up, but the two young men, who had for some time disliked and distrusted one another, found themselves partners in investigating and reporting events of immense national importance.

Within a short time, fortunately, their misgivings about each other were overcome, and they worked together splendidly at their large task. Their book is of a peculiar genre; it is written in the third person: e.g., “Woodward said he agreed; Bernstein felt the same way.” It is as if someone who played no role in the matter had researched and written about it, and to some extent this may not be very far from the fact—at least in the writing—since they give credit for assistance to others numerous enough to do a dozen books. This, though, is of small consequence. As narrative, the book, while undistinguished in style, is admirably straightforward and, as far as one can judge, wholly objective in its treatment of the facts. Very little in the way of reflection or characterization is allowed to intrude on the developing events. This on occasion is a pity, for Bernstein and Woodward saw a great deal of the Watergate cast, and one wishes that they had spent some time and thought on the meaning of the events they covered and the nature of the people they dealt with.



“Hello, dear. I had a very hard day at the office, and grabbed a bite on the way home. I’ve brought home some work, which I’ll be doing in my study. See you in the morning. Good night.”

Now and then, facts are accompanied by insights. Woodward developed a source—clearly someone strategically placed in the Administration—who would never yield his identity and was known to the two reporters as Deep Throat, a code name inexplicably drawn from the pornographic movie of a year or so ago. Deep Throat, who concocted the most bizarre ways of getting in touch with Woodward and generally met with him in the darkest corners of underground garages, kept insisting that a minimum of intelligence was common among the Nixon spoilers, and once he insisted on the point with such force that his statement is printed in the book in italics: “*These are not very bright guys*.” It is understatement, but even so no sounder generalization is to be found in the book. The plotters were every bit as much victims of their own inanity as of their pursuers’ wiliness. In adroitness of maneuver, the White House “plumbers” will recall to movie fans the deftness with which the Three Stooges went about their self-appointed tasks. Donald Segretti’s “dirty-tricks” division moved quickly from prankishness to a viciousness and scurrility which revealed to the victims—Muskie, Jackson, Humphrey, et al.—that character assassination rather than the sowing of confusion was the object. As for the bankers and paymasters, their methods were so chaotic that, were the facts known, no high-school sophomore would have entrusted any one of them with the duties of class treasurer. Many thousands of dollars, generally in hundred-dollar bills, nearly all of which had been illegally donated and recorded, were moving around the country in hip pockets, hotel envelopes, and shopping bags, to pay off the plumbers and dirty tricksters and their families, and accounts were being kept in the minuscule amounts of gray matter in the heads of the disbursers. Twenty years ago, McCarthyism might

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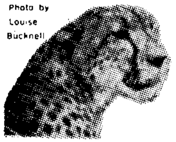
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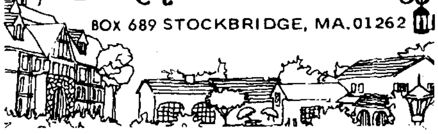

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have been a grave and continuing menace to the liberty of all of us if the leader had been less indolent and more hungry for power than he was; two years ago, the triumph of the Watergate mentality might have become similarly disastrous if those who planned and executed it had not been almost wholly lacking in political finesse.

"All the President's Men"—the title apparently comes from Robert Penn Warren, by way of Mother Goose—is a carefully drawn account of developments in an unprecedented series of events in American history. It will probably be among the two or three most authoritative books on Watergate, which in time will be the ruination of forests. The authors are resourceful young journalists of unquestionable integrity, though sometimes they failed to understand the requirements of integrity in a case like this. (For example, they tried to pry loose secrets from a woman they mistakenly understood to be on one of the Watergate grand juries. Fortunately, she had none to yield, and the authors include an apology for what was in any case a gross impropriety.) Yet it is regrettable to have to report that they have produced a book which is scarcely more interesting or enlightening than the day-by-day newspaper accounts. It is a work barren of ideas, of imagination, and of any sense of either the tragic or the comic aspects of the subject, and one that would be essentially boring if it were not for the historical importance of the events dealt with. The reportorial techniques employed by Bernstein and Woodward differ hardly at all from those that might be used by a pair of reporters examining the misdeeds of small-town grafters, and while this is not in itself a failing—small fish and large ones are caught by the same means—the lack of a sense of history diminishes the magnitude of the story. But this account will be indispensable to those who for one reason or another have not kept up with the running accounts of events and to those who will someday place it in its proper historical setting. It is, by the way, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

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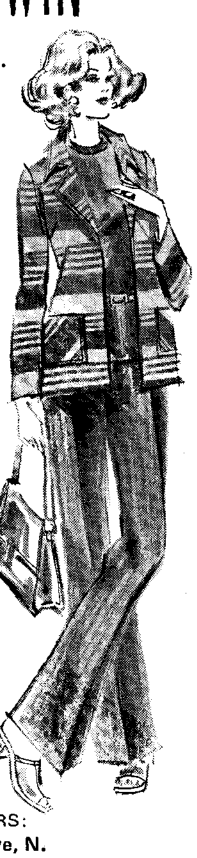

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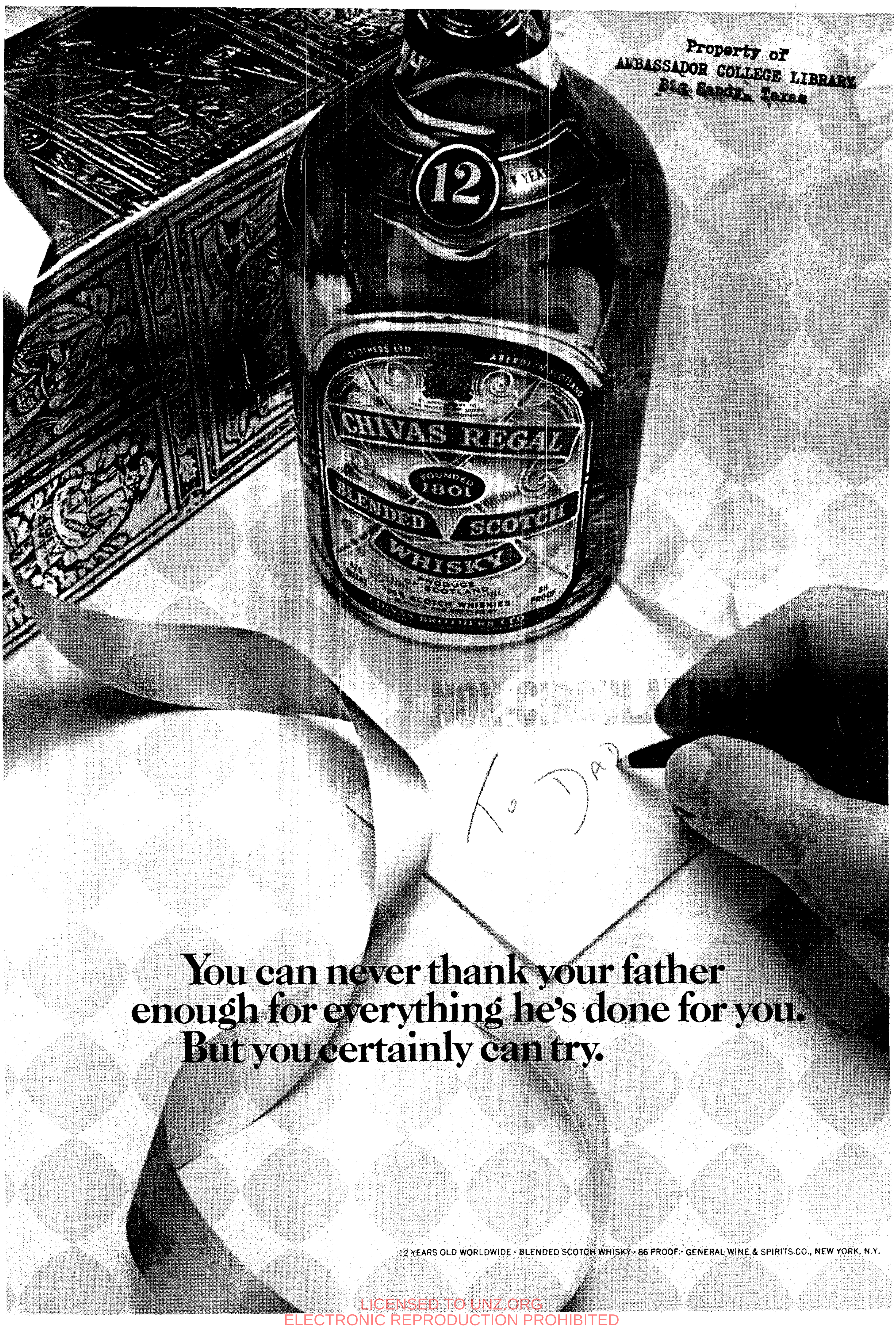
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